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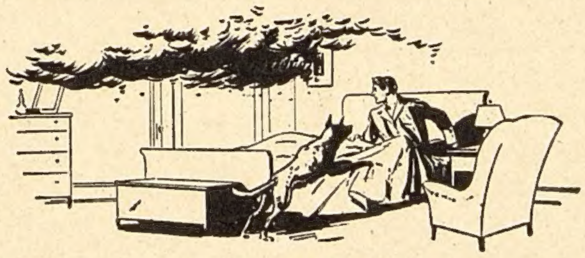

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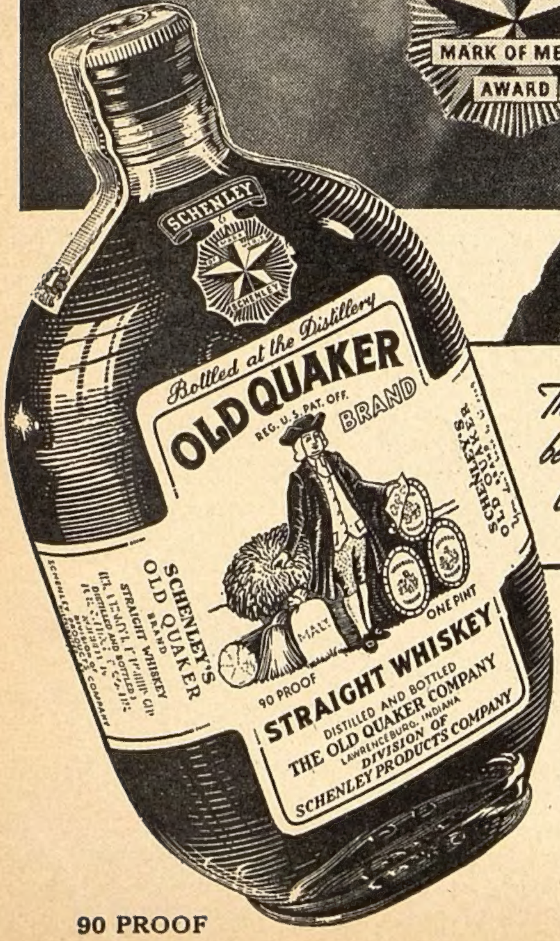
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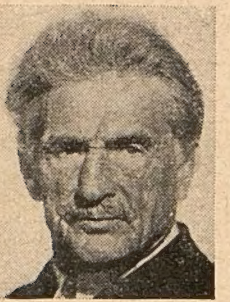
MARCH 12, 1938
Liberty
VOL. 15, NO. 11

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

WHAT IS WRONG WITH EDUCATION?



BERNARR MACFADDEN

WE are inclined to be boastful of our educational system, but we have no definite system. It is a conglomeration of everything and anything. There is no clear description of the nature of what we call education.

We all acquire the impression we are being educated when attending school, but that is a mistake. Our school experiences should give us the "tools" with which to acquire an education. There we should be taught to reason clearly, and many of our schools are sadly lacking in that important requirement.

We acquire the ability to decipher fairly difficult problems, but we are not taught with sufficient emphasis that when definite experiences bring certain results we can depend on similar results from like experiences.

We are supposed to be taught to reason from cause to effect, but that procedure has gone sadly awry in the complicated processes of our lives. But, regardless of how much knowledge we may store away, many of us are incapable of reasoning dependably, and that accounts to a large extent for the popularity of the wild governmental theories that have passed for dependable thinking in the last few years.

From past experiences with our governmental system we know that it has brought us riches greater than have ever been previously recorded in history. The workers have secured a higher standard of living from this system than that which has been obtained in other countries.

What is often referred to as the common people are given many of the luxuries furnished by modern improvements, and yet there are some of our citizens so dense that they are condemning this system.

None of our people want a Mussolini or a Hitler form of government. They all want a continuance of the freedom they have enjoyed. And yet their reasoning is so warped they are willing and ready to commend various changes that would automatically lead directly to these forms of government.

It is our defective educational system that should be blamed for this stupid confusion. Our boys and girls are crammed with all sorts of information. Their memories are doubtless improved; but learning dates and filling the mind with a vast assortment of facts does not necessarily teach one to reason clearly.

Education should come more directly in contact with life. It should prepare us for life as it is lived today.

It should teach us how to cope with emergencies . . . it should start us on the road to success.

But unless we are taught to reason from cause to effect, and to store up knowledge from previous experiences, we are lost in this chaotic world of today. We should learn all we can from the experiences of others, for we would hardly like to test a deadly poison to learn its harmful effects.

But life as it is being lived today is not by any means a bed of roses, and the struggle necessary to find our place in the world is what builds strong bodies and stabilizes character.

Intelligent physical and mental guidance of the youth of the land is my special hobby.

The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation now owns two schools that are conducted on a nonprofit basis: Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, with an enrollment of nearly four hundred students, and a school for boys and girls from three to ten years of age at Briarcliff Manor, New York.

The Foundation is now considering a school for girls of junior-high and high-school age, wherein strength and beauty of mind and body will be glorified . . . with proper preparation for wifehood, motherhood, and home building generally.

But few American girls secure the training necessary to develop their bodies. They never grow up physically, which largely accounts for the broken homes which crowd our divorce courts.

A lazy, inactive life leads nowhere. Clear thinking should be cultivated by maintaining at all times an open mind. And pass all information through your own mental sieve . . . make all conclusions your own. Do not take the statements of others as truth in fact unless they can be accepted after reviewing the data from which they were deduced.

I have been acquiring an education for the last sixty years. I have had lessons almost every day, and but few of them were presented in school. Clear reasoning, dependable conclusions—these are the principal requirements if one is to advance in a life of outstanding achievement.

Bernarr Macfadden

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DECORATIONS BY
EARL WINSLOW

Presiden

An Authorized Advance Publication of His Introduction to a Forthcoming History of His Administration

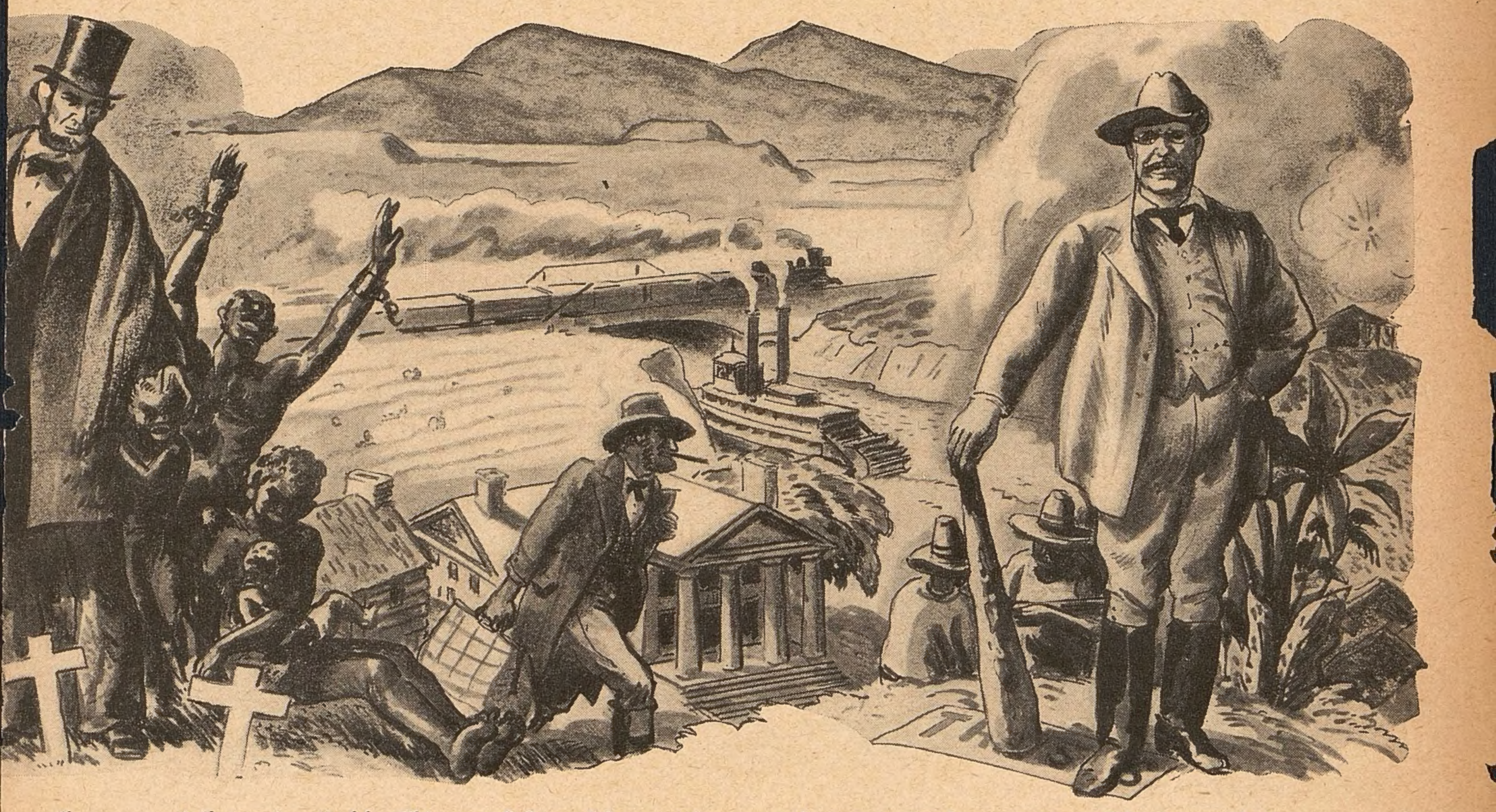
READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

IN this generation the people of the United States have been facing two major problems, the solution of which seems more and more vital to the continued functioning of what we call the requirements of modern civilization.

The first of these, the maintenance of that ideal of government known as the democratic process, is not new, for it goes back in our own history for nearly two centuries. During our existence as a Nation, the United States has found it necessary from time to time to carry on extended political movements for the retention of [illegible] es.

We must not assume that our democracy in 1789 corresponded to the interpretation of the term in 1933. At the time of the first inauguration of George Washington, voting was, in general, restricted to the owners of a substantial amount of property. The natural result was that those chosen to fill executive and legislative positions came, virtually by common consent, from the best educated classes. We must remember that much the greater part of the whole population of the original States was made up of men who had received either no education at all or only what we today would term a smattering of the rudiments of education. T[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]arly days the

Roosevelt's Own Story of the New Deal



" . . . civil war inevitable. This was followed by another era of unrestrained expansion, wildcat speculation . . . "

control of government rested in the hands of a definite minority of the male population.

As time went on, the proportion of voters to the whole population increased gradually. In our own generation universal suffrage is in effect except in a very few parts of the United States. During this gradual extension of the franchise, the actual control of government, nevertheless, passed from time to time from the hands of the voters themselves to various groups of citizens—groups which were not classes, as classes are known in Europe, but rather aggregations of power concentrated in a very small percentage of the population. In the earliest days such concentration of authority was actively sponsored by men in public life, many of whom had even been ardent supporters of the American Revolution. In later days important financial and banking interests became so powerful, not only in the economic but also the political system, that the Jacksonian period came as a logical protest.

The material in this series of articles is from President Roosevelt's history of his administration, soon to be published in five volumes, to consist of his administration's state papers with explanations of the policies which these documents represent.

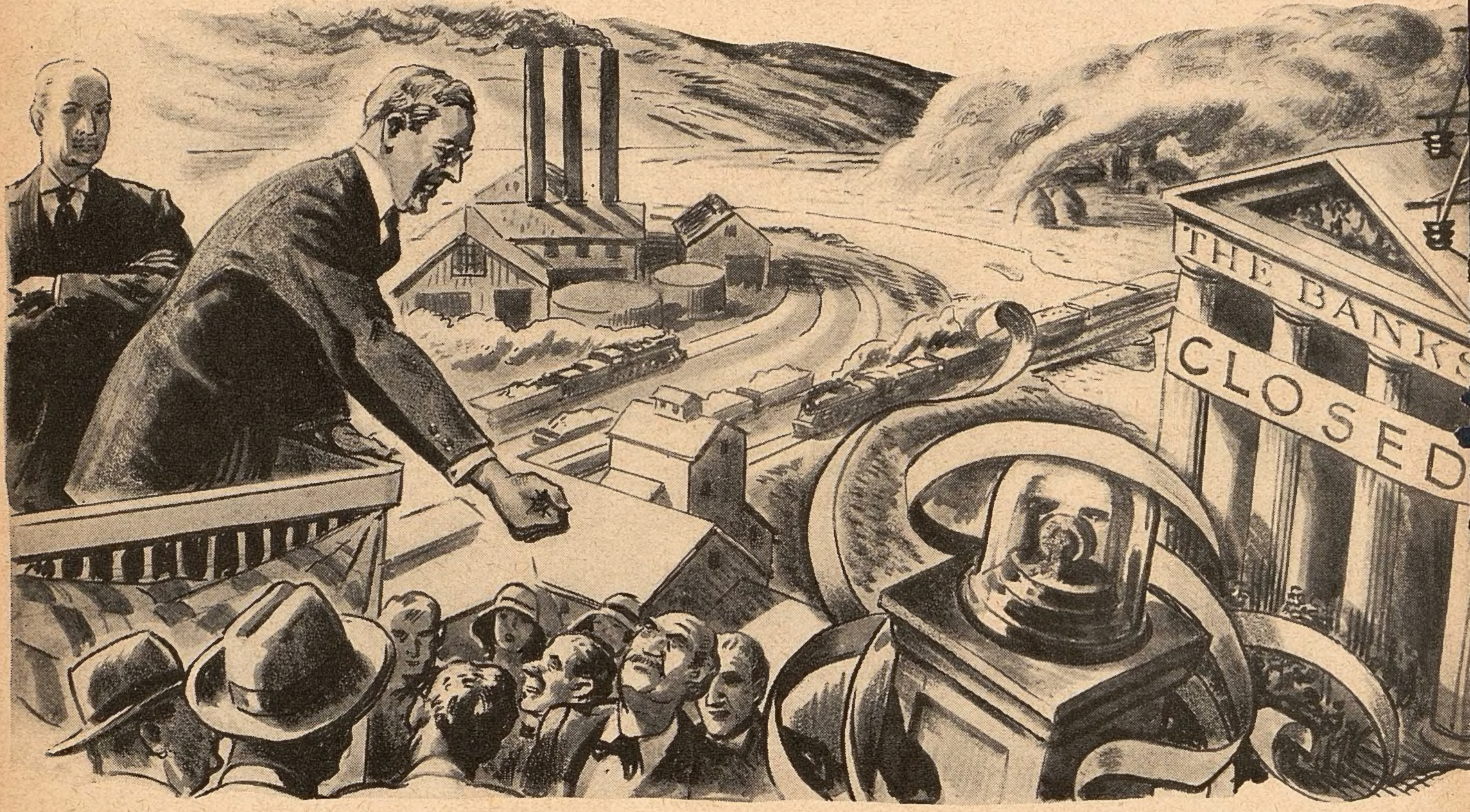
Still later, the clash of the plantation system, the immigration to the Middle West, and the development of early industries resulted in a new emphasis on special managerial interests, using slavery and States' rights as a cloak, to halt the march of democracy and make a civil war inevitable.

This was followed by another era of unrestrained expansion, wildcat speculation, and dishonest government, which in spite of the struggle to end the spoils system, to curb the railroads, and to maintain sound currency, lasted nevertheless into the early years of the present century.

That there has been a vast improvement in the processes of government in our own lifetime can be readily proved. History, I think, will give great credit to Theodore Roosevelt and to Woodrow Wilson for the part they played in arousing public opinion to the necessity not only of conducting honest government but, at the same time, transferring its policies and objectives from the control of minority groups often selfish, to the great mass of the citizens themselves in accordance with our more modern concept of the democratic process.

In spite of the apparently soulless decade which followed the World War, I have always felt that the surge of the previous twenty years caused by these two great personalities was by no means dead. The idealism of a score of years could not so readily be snuffed out. It is true that during the twenties of this century, control of government was allowed to slip back, in large degree, to the hands of small groups representing big finance and large industry; that most of our citizens were so busy with their occupations and with speculation, that problems of national economics and social betterment were neglected by all but a few; and that politically there was no substantial leadership to counteract a growing popular trend toward thinking in terms of the Mississippi Bubble rather than in terms of permanent security.

That decade, therefore, can be said to represent a dormant period for democratic processes—a period, nevertheless, which was probably necessary for the revitalizing of any great movement to restore and maintain democracy. The fulfillment of the idea of the very word "democracy" presupposes a national interest on the part of a large percentage of citizens. But, unfortunately, a catastrophe seems to have been necessary to focus public attention once more on ideals in government and on its proper relationship to citizens.



" . . . catastrophe seems to have been necessary to focus public attention once more on ideals in government . . . "

The year 1929 was an ideal time for the beginning of another national movement for the restoration of democratic control—a movement old in our American history so far as its objectives are concerned, but new in its application to the greatly changed circumstances and tempo of modern life.

The second great problem which faced this generation did not have its roots so deeply embedded in our past as the case of democracy in government. Social justice is essentially a conception of this century. It was not visualized by the men who founded the nation, and it entered little into the daily life or thought of those who expanded the original thirteen States to the empire stretching all the way to the Pacific. It is true that prior to 1900 there were sporadic demands here and there to improve by State or local machinery the lot of factory workers and miners, the care of public health and the conditions of prisons. It is true that efforts to organize small groups of workers appeared here and there during the latter part of that period. And it is true that increasing study was being given to social and economic national problems in certain select circles.

The new surge of public conscience toward social justice appeared earlier, and progressed more rapidly in Europe than here. Several nations had actually adopted old-age pensions and other security methods before the World War commenced. That war, by its overthrow of many monarchical governments, stimulated the demand for further reforms—a demand which made itself felt sometimes by violence, sometimes by the setting up of wholly new and strange methods of government, and sometimes by misapplication of democratic forms to people not ready for them. We in the United States had been ready before the World War to press for many social reforms. The war interrupted that march of progress as soon as the advance was begun. When peace came, enthusiasm for any basic social betterment was swallowed up in the very understandable demand for "a return to normalcy"—the normalcy of 1910.

Let me say with complete frankness that during the twenties, I in common with most liberals did not at the start visualize the effects of the period, or the drastic changes which were even then necessary for a lasting economy. We knew that many changes in monopolistic practices and in the concentration of the control of wealth in the hands of a few—changes fought for by Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson—were long overdue. But we did not understand the real depths of the problem. Almost all economists were then preaching the theory that the greater the production of goods, the greater the wealth and well-being of the nation. That delightfully simple theory of 1928 ignored the fact that in 1928 when production was increasing unemployment was also increasing.

It required the depression itself and my experience as Governor during that period to bring home to me the more fundamental, underlying troubles which were facing all civilization. It is true that in the campaign of 1928 I had grasped the fact that the progressive decline in agriculture was a thing of danger; and that, in advocating the election of Alfred E. Smith, I had pointed to his public record on behalf of the groups who received for their labor only an inadequate and unjust share of the national income.

The 1929-1933 period was well fitted to serve as an education in social and economic needs for those who were willing to search out all the underlying causes and not merely those on the surface.

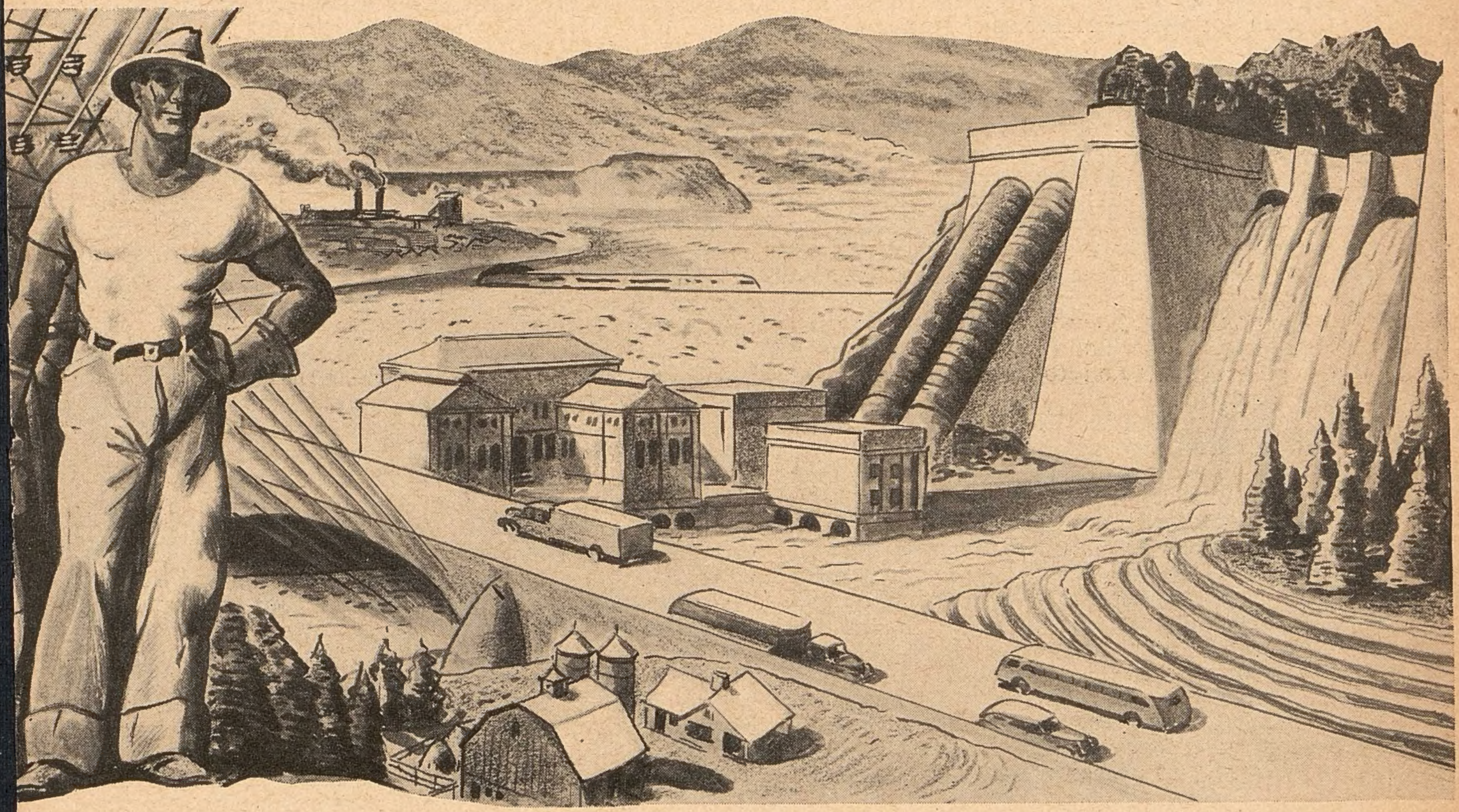
During those years there were two clearly defined and opposing classes of thought. Those in charge of the national Government believed that individual and collective private action could restore the prosperity of 1928 and that the restoration of such prosperity was the sole objective. This group wholly ignored both problems of modern civilization of which I have spoken—the ideal of the democratic processes and the necessity for social justice. The other group, to which I very definitely belonged, believed that a material recovery could not be established by the same forces which had created the depression and, furthermore, that if those forces were entrusted with the task of recovery, they would wholly ignore the needs of reform. To us, strong vital government action was therefore a prerequisite in any program for material recovery.

During my four years in Albany this prerequisite became more and more apparent because of the complete failure of the private groups actually in control of the Federal Government either to solve the economic situation or to care for the growing number of human beings who were definitely in need of assistance. The remedies proposed by these private groups were inadequate. They sought to do a patchwork job on unsound foundations. Most important of all, they clung obstinately to their opposition to all social reform.

In this record those who seek inconsistencies will find them. There were inconsistencies of methods, inconsistencies caused by ceaseless efforts to find ways to solve problems for the future as well as for the present. There were inconsistencies born of insufficient knowledge. There were inconsistencies springing from the need of experimentation. But through them all, I trust that there also will be found a consistency and continuity of broad purpose.

Consistently I have sought to maintain a comprehensive and efficient functioning of the representative form of democratic government in its modern sense. Consistently I have sought through that form of government to help our people to gain a larger social justice.

Washington, D. C.
January 24, 1938



" . . . a new order of things designed to benefit the great mass of our farmers, workers, and business men . . . "

THE YEAR OF CRISIS (1933)

THE title The Year of Crisis is intended to be taken in its largest sense. There was, of course, grave material crisis in the spring of that year in banking, in industry, and in farming—a crisis which, by cutting the buying power of the Nation, made itself felt in widespread human misery. Equally important, however, but not so well remembered now, was the crisis in the spirit and morale of our people. Four years of continuing fear of losing capital, of losing savings, of losing jobs, had developed under the deadening hand of the depression into fear of eviction from homes and farms, and fear of actual starvation. Millions of people, gripped by this greater fear, had begun to feel that the machinery of modern American economics and Government had broken down so completely under the strain of the new demands placed upon it by modern civilization, that an entirely new type of mechanics for existence would have to be invented. They were not clear in their own minds as to what type they should seek; but their confidence and morale were so shaken that many of them would have been willing to accept any form of specious glittering guaranty of a chance to earn a livelihood.

This attitude of hopelessness was aggravated by the recognized failure of the Federal Government to assume any practical leadership, to hold out any prospect of immediate help for the present or any hope for a more secure future. In the face of this crisis in national morale, no remedy which stopped short at correcting the immediate material illness of the moment could be a safe or permanent cure. A temporary revival of a sense of physical security would be insufficient. Action was necessary to remove the sore spots which had crept into our economic system, if we were to keep the system of private property for the future. To preserve we had to reform.

That simple truth was not recognized by some people. In fact, a great many who were thinking of future national welfare in terms of immediate dollars began to protest within only a few weeks after the banking crisis of March 4, 1933, against our efforts to couple reform with recovery. In their selfish shortsightedness they were deluded into the belief that material recovery for the moment was all the Nation needed for the long pull.

These few did not realize how childish and unrealistic it was to speak of recovery first and reconstruction afterward. The process of recovery by its very nature required us to remove the destructive influences of the past. To attain the goal of the greater good for the greater number with any degree of permanence, the old abuses had to be uprooted so that they could not readily grow again.

From the first day of my Administration permanent security was just as much in the front of our minds as the temporary bolstering of banks, the furnishing of immediate jobs, and the increase of direct purchasing power. Recovery has come far and with reasonable speed; reform has come less far in the same period of time. But reform is just as important to permanent security in the spring of 1938 as it was in the spring of 1933.

Even in the spring of 1932 I had come definitely to that conclusion. It was the result of trying to think things through during many years; it was the result of observations of what the country had gone through during the days of false prosperity after the World War and the days of darkness after the panic of 1929; and it was the result especially of my experience as Governor during four difficult years.

On the occasion of the all-night session of the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, in 1932, I was at the Executive Mansion in Albany with my family and a few friends. While I had not yet been nominated, my name was still in the lead among the various candidates. Because I intended, if nominated, to make an immediate speech of acceptance at the Convention itself in order to get the campaign quickly under way, we discussed what I should say in such a speech. From that discussion and our desire to epitomize the immediate needs of the Nation came the phrase " A New Deal," which was used first in that acceptance speech and which has very aptly become the popular expression to describe the major objectives of the Administration.

The word " Deal " implied that the Government itself was going to use affirmative action to bring about its avowed objectives rather than stand by and hope that general economic laws alone would attain them. The word " New " implied that a new order of things designed to benefit the great mass of our farmers, workers, and business men would replace the old order of special privilege in a Nation which was completely and thoroughly disgusted with the existing dispensation.

The New Deal was fundamentally intended as a modern expression of ideals set forth one hundred and fifty years ago in the Preamble of the Constitution of the United States—" a more perfect union, justice, domestic tranquillity, the common defense, the general welfare and the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

BUT we were not to be content with merely hoping for these ideals. We were to use the instrumentalities and powers of Government actively to fight for them.

There would be no effort to circumscribe the scope of private initiative so long as the rules of fair play were observed. There would be no obstacle to the incentive of reasonable and legitimate private profit.

Because the American system from its inception presupposed and sought to maintain a society based on personal liberty, on private ownership of property, and on reasonable private profit from each man's labor or capital, the New Deal would insist on all three factors. But because the American system visualized protection of the individual against the misuse of private economic power, the New Deal would insist on curbing such power.

A frank examination of the profit system in the spring of 1933 showed it to be in collapse; but substantially everybody in the United States, in public office and out of public office, from the very rich to the very poor, was as determined as was my Administration to save it.

A frank examination of the social system showed that it, too, was in collapse; but in this case there was not such unanimity. The vast majority of our people, but by no means all, wanted to build it up on sounder foundations and on sounder new lines.

All through the spring and summer of 1933, when the many measures adopted by the Special Session of the Seventy-third Congress were just beginning to be effective, a vocal minority had already begun to cry out that reform should be placed on a shelf and not taken down until after recovery had progressed. This same vocal minority four years later, when recovery is well under way, still obstructs with all its power reforms now too long delayed, refusing still to realize that recovery and reform must be permanent partners in permanent well-being.

It irked some people in 1933 that at the Special Session of the Congress—the famous " Hundred Days "—so many activities were begun at the same time. They would have been more content if Government had restricted itself at that time to saving the banks which were closing, to saving the large financial and industrial organizations, many of which were faltering, and to bailing out the railroads and other huge corporations which needed money to save them from bankruptcy. For in spite of the lessons of 1931 and 1932, they still were willing to believe that this kind of help by Government to those at the top of the financial and business structure of the country would trickle down and ultimately save all.

HERE again, examination and re-examination of all the aspects of the national problem led inevitably to the conclusion that a mere rescue of organizations of wealth at the top would be no solution. Obviously the remedies had to cover a far wider field; they had to include every phase of economic life throughout the Nation—at the bottom of the structure, in the middle, and at the top. The organization of the American economy had become so closely knit, and each part of it had become so entirely interdependent, so thoroughly welded in the whole, that each and every element in it had to receive the active attention of Government.

We were determined to help all that needed help for recovery: we were equally determined to reform wherever reform was necessary to insure permanence in recovery.

That determination was expressed during those " Hundred Days " by our efforts in the Banking Acts of 1933 to restore confidence in our banks, and to make our entire banking system sounder and more honest; in the Securities Act of 1933, to safeguard legitimate investors from questionable promotions; in the various laws and Executive actions with respect to gold, silver, and foreign exchange, to insure a sound and adequate currency; in the reinvigoration of the Federal Power Commission, to protect investors in public-utility stocks and consumers of public-utility services; in the Deposit Liquidation Board, to make loans to closed banks throughout the Nation to help the depositors obtain a substantial portion of their frozen deposits; in the Foreign Bondholders Protective Council, to help American holders of defaulted foreign bonds; and in the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, to insure future deposits in case of bank failures.

That same determination was expressed during those " Hundred Days " by our efforts in the Agricultural Adjustment Act, to restore and stabilize agricultural income; in the Emergency Farm Mortgage Act of 1933, to save the farms of the Nation from wholesale foreclosure; in the promotion of a good-neighbor policy and in our conferences with representatives of foreign powers, to bring about closer international understanding and relationships and promote our foreign trade; in the Home Owners Loan Act, to save city and village homes from foreclosure; in the Emergency Railroad Transportation Act, to help the great railroad systems of the country; in our action to restore the oil and petroleum industry of the Nation from a state of almost complete collapse; in the National Industrial Recovery Act and in the establishment of the National Labor Board and other special labor boards, to help the cause of labor and industrial peace by encouraging collective bargaining, mediation, and arbitration between employers and employees; in the establishment of the Commodity Credit Corporation, to help the farmers of the Nation by lending them money on their surplus crops so that they might continue to hold them instead of dumping them on already saturated markets.

And in the same way, that determination was expressed during those " Hundred Days "

(Continued on page 10)

If I were a man

(A *Woman's Viewpoint on* "5 O'Clock Shadow")

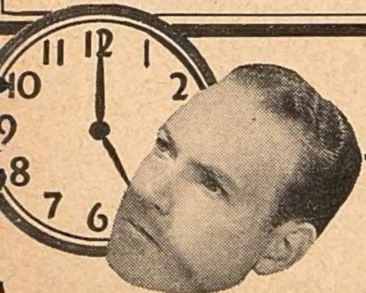
"If I were a man I'd pay a lot of attention to that phrase, '5 O'Clock Shadow'. It's that messy beard growth which appears prematurely about 5 P.M. You probably have it—*most men have.*

"Frankly, I can't imagine a *woman* starting an evening with a smudged face. If I were a man, I'd cultivate face neatness—not just in the morning but throughout the day."

* * *

You simply can't avoid "5 O'Clock Shadow" if you use inefficient shaving instruments which "top" the beard... Gem Razor's face-fitting bevel gets the beard at skin level; the 50% thicker, super-keen Gem Blade, stropped 4840 times, leaves no trace of whiskers behind! Be neat all day the Gem way!

- *$1.00 buys a Gem Razor with 5 blades at all dealers. Or send coupon and 25¢ for "Proof" offer.*



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Dept. L49, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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(Continued from page 8) by our efforts in establishing the Civilian Conservation Corps, to give several hundred thousand boys and veterans a chance to get off the streets and tramp-trains and out of hobo jungles into useful outdoor work in the forests of the Nation; in the establishment of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, to furnish food and clothing for those who were hungry and destitute through lack of jobs which they sought in vain to find; in setting up the Tennessee Valley Authority, to provide an example of proper planning and use of natural resources of soil and water for the benefit of the average men and women in the Tennessee River Valley; in the National Industrial Recovery Act, to provide jobs for the unemployed, to improve wage income and working conditions, and to eliminate unfair competition and trade practices in business; in the creation of the Public Works Administration, to provide work relief on large projects of public works; in setting up the Federal Surplus Relief Corporation, to help the farmers as well as the hungry unemployed by purchasing surplus foodstuffs and distributing them to those who might otherwise not have had food; and in setting up the Civil Works Administration, to inaugurate a widespread program of work relief for those who could not find jobs in private industry.

And that determination was again expressed when we organized the National Emergency Council to co-ordinate all these far-flung activities, so that no one group would receive Government assistance which would unnecessarily injure other groups.

All of these examples of the use of the authority of Government, as an organized form of self-help for all classes and groups and sections of our country, were adopted during those first famous "Hundred Days," or during the balance of that year of crisis as a result of the legislation of the first hundred days. Many other instances came in the succeeding years. These of 1933 form the nucleus of the new activities.

They were the New Deal in action—Government acting to bring about not only immediate recovery, but its long-range objectives in reform. For underlying all of the immediately effective provisions of these laws and all the activities of the agencies under them, was the ever-directing purpose of permanence of objectives. We knew that a leaderless system of economy had produced and would again produce economic and social disaster. Private leadership had been nonexistent from the point of view of seeking the objectives of national welfare; Government leadership was the only m

Briefly, the objectives were, have
still are:

A chance for men and women to work in industry
decent wages and reasonable hours; or to engage
farming at a decent return.

A chance to keep savings in banks safe from
speculative use of other people's money; and to ma
investments without danger of deception or fraud
greedy promoters and speculators.

A chance for adequate recreation, better housing, a
sounder health.

A chance to make reasonable profit in business p
tected against monopolies and unfair competition, b
organized so as to provide fair prices for the consumi
public.

Planning and use of natural resources for the benefit
the average men and women.

Security against the hardships of old age.

Security against unexpected or seasonal unemplo
ment.

Security against new as well as old types of crimina

Security against war.

The task of reconstruction which we undertook in 19
did not call for the creation of strange values. It w
rather finding the way again to old, but somewhat fo
gotten, ideals and values. Though the methods and mea
and details may have been in some instances new, t
objectives were as permanent and as old as human natu
itself.

That so many of our purposes could be put in proce
of fulfillment in the year 1933 is a tribute to the abil
of democracy to recognize a crisis and to act with su
cient speed to meet it. A Nation of citizens, as well
the Congress and the Executive Branch of the Gove
ment, quickly understood the problems and the answ
We did not have to revert to the autocracy of a centu
ago, as did less hopeful countries where the ways
democracy were not so old and tried.

America was privileged to show the world in that ye
of crisis that democracy can find within itself the e
ments necessary to its own salvation. The task of t
succeeding years, and the task of today, is to see to
that our democracy is kept equipped with the necessa
power and machinery to keep pace with the quick soci
economic, and scientific changes which have taken pla
in recent years and which will continue to occur in t
years to come.

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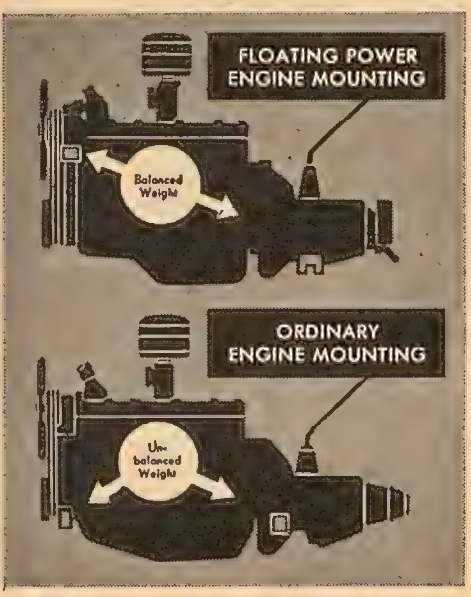

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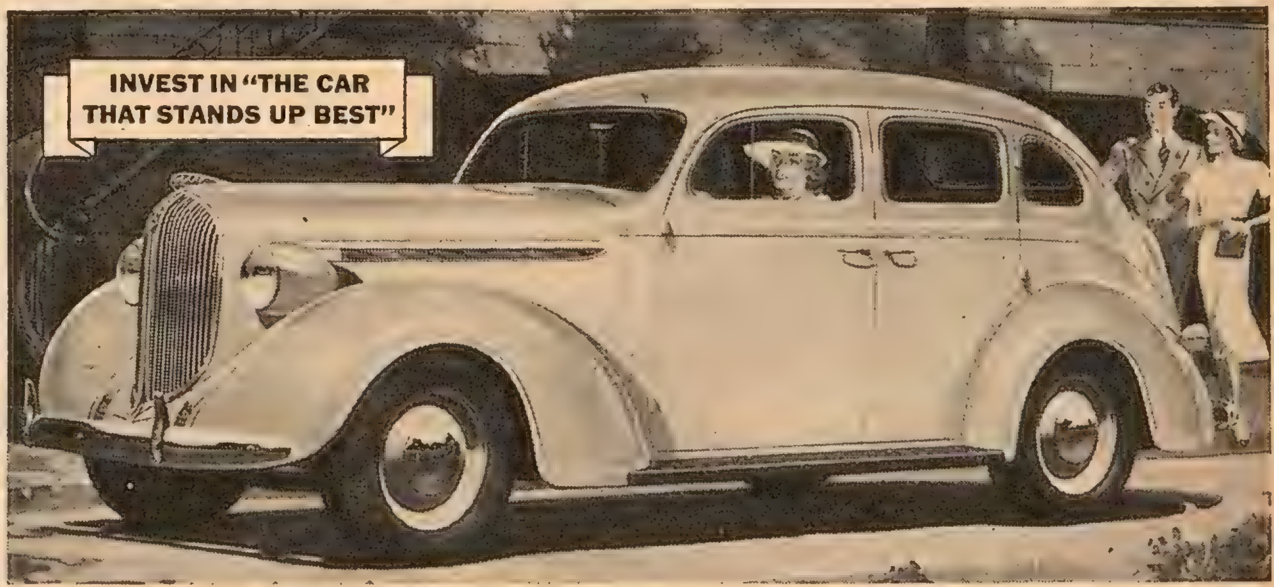

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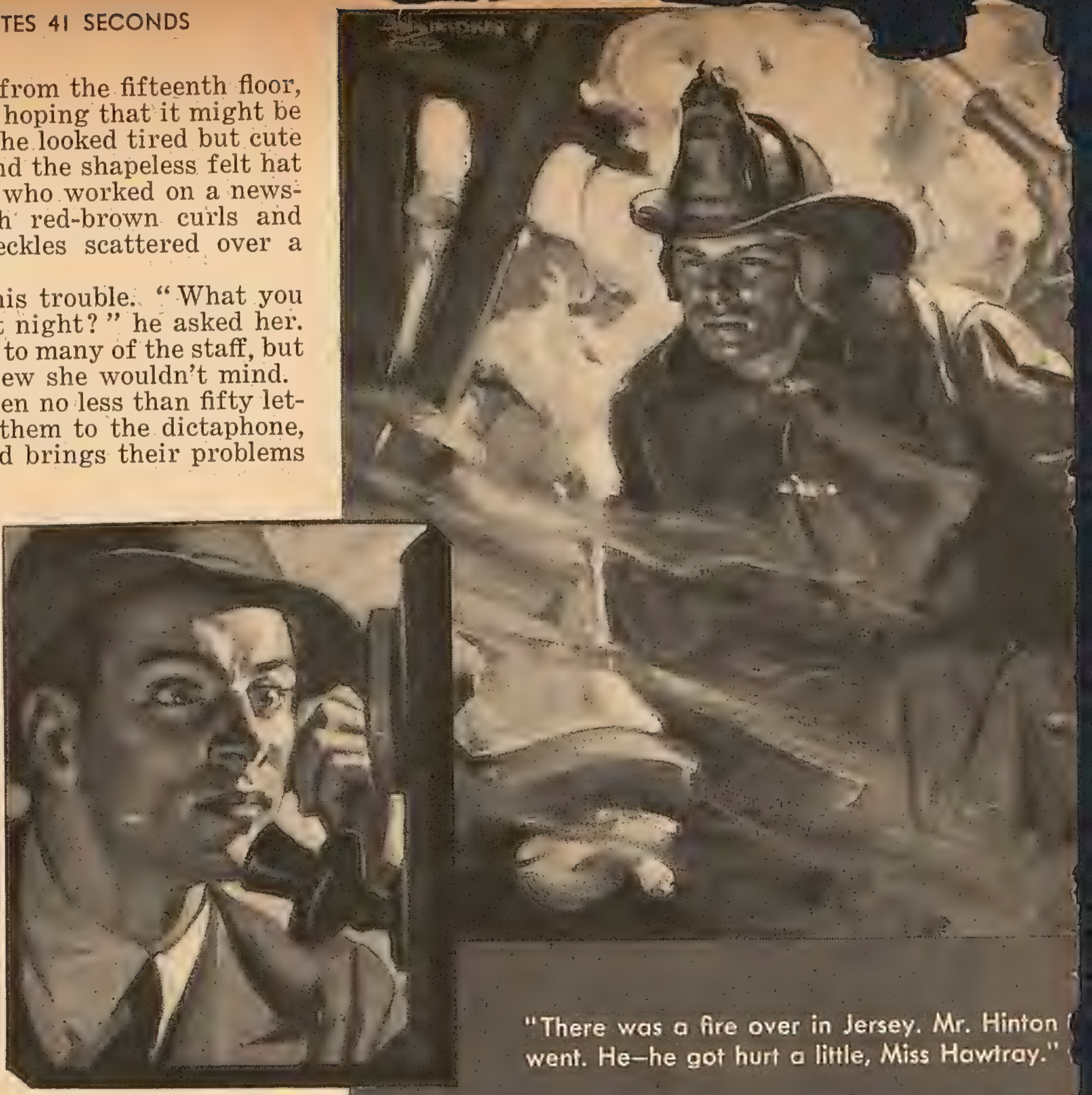


"There was a fire over in Jersey. Mr. Hinton went. He—he got hurt a little, Miss Hawtray."

BY FAITH ELLEN SMITH

WHEN the buzzer sounded from the fifteenth floor, Joe shot the car right up, hoping that it might be Miss Hawtray. It was. She looked tired but cute in the fur-trimmed tweed coat and the shapeless felt hat that seemed to belong on a lady who worked on a newspaper—particularly a lady with red-brown curls and green-gray eyes and a few freckles scattered over a turned-up nose.

Just for a minute he forgot his trouble. "What you doin', workin' till nine o'clock at night?" he asked her. He wouldn't have talked like that to many of the staff, but they were old friends and he knew she wouldn't mind.

She said, "Slaving. I've written no less than fifty letters since five o'clock—dictated them to the dictaphone, anyway. Everybody in the world brings their problems to the Cozy Corner and expects me to know what to do about 'em. I'd sell my job for a nickel tonight."

"You wouldn't sell that job for the Rockefeller millions unless you could get another just like it or better," Joe said. His own worry was at the back of his mind, but kidding with her that way, just as if everything were as usual, made him forget it a little.

"I suppose you're right, Joe," she said, as she'd often said before. "We've got printer's ink in our blood, you and I. We've worked so long in this crazy place where all the nerves of the world run to a center, it wouldn't be easy for either of us to get out of it. Just the same, there are times when I wish I could! And tonight's one of them."

Joe nodded. He knew how she felt. You were in the thick of things when you worked for a newspaper. You felt as if you were a part of everything that was happening. Just the same, it was a pretty hard grind for a girl.

He began to slow the car, wondering if he ought to worry her by telling her, and if he could tell her without crying, and she asked the question of herself. "How's the boy?" she said. "Still gaining?"

He stopped between 12 and 11, just in case any of the pressroom crowd should ring from 10, and, staring hard at the blank wall of the shaft, told her, "He's—bad again, Miss Hawtray. They had to send out another call for blood donors."

"Again! Oh, Joe! When they thought he was so much better! I'm *so* sorry!"

"Yeah. Just before I come to work the doctor sent word. We thought maybe we could get my brother. The wife's gone down looking for him. My blood won't do. They tested it."

"Maybe it will be all right," she said. "Maybe the transfusion will fix it. Children get well quick, you know, especially with something that moves fast, like pneumonia. Maybe in just a few short hours everything will be all right again."

He knew she knew as well as he did that there was only about one chance in a thousand for the kid, and there wasn't much of anything for him to say. He started the car. He was almost down to the ground floor before he remembered.

"Mr. Hinton was down awhile back. He said if you came along to tell you he'd wait at Sam's."

"But I didn't promise to meet him at Sam's."

"I wouldn't know about that. He said he'd wait there." —And, he thought, you know how he'll wait, with his Saturday pay envelope in his pocket! You'd better go to Sam's if you don't want your boy friend to turn up on the job Monday morning pickled like a herring.

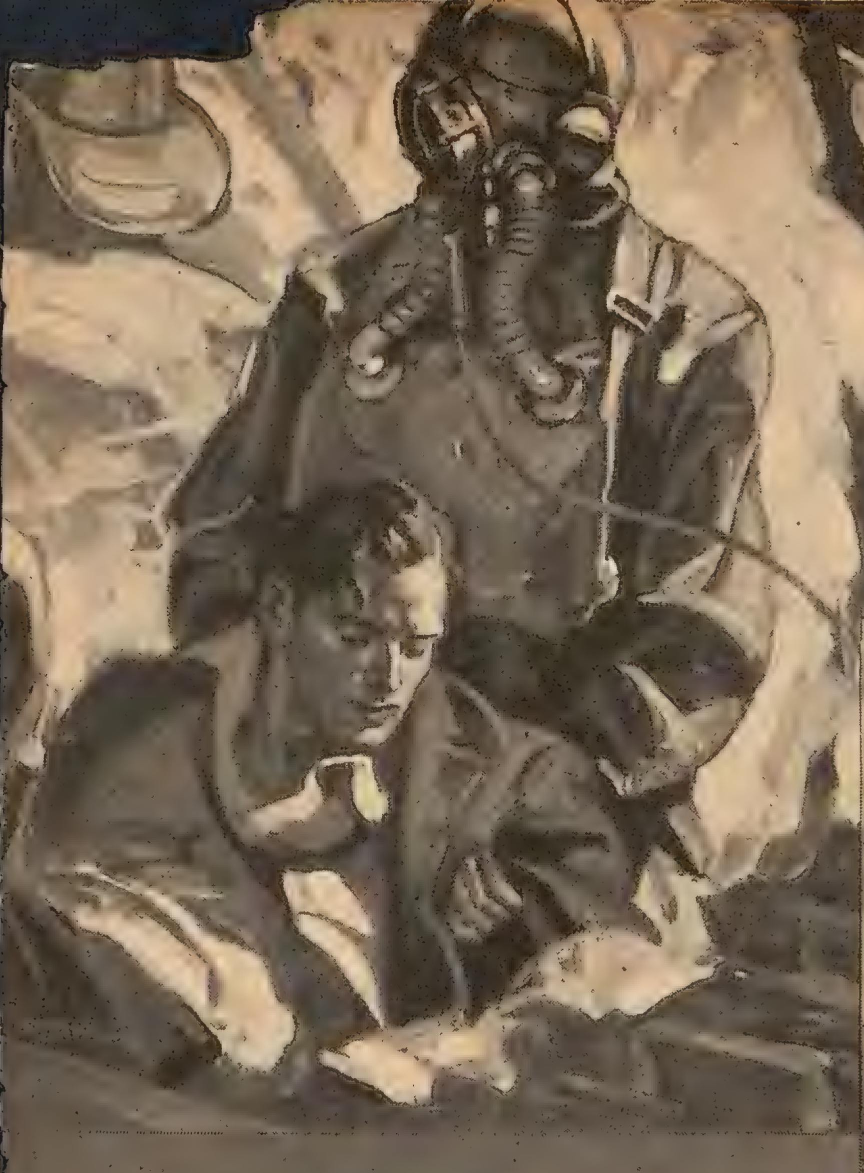
She seemed to be thinking what he was thinking. "Oh, all right," she said. And then—"The boy's still in the hospital, of course?"

"Yeah. I'm going up there by and by. Pete promised to work a couple hours extra so I could get off."

He stopped at the ground floor and opened the door. A couple of rewrite men were waiting to go up. "Good luck!" she whispered as she went past him.

AT eleven o'clock Pete, one of the day men, came in, freshly shaven and smelling of hair tonic. He'd been to the barber's, but he'd also stopped by the hospital. He said there was no sense in Joe's going up there now: they wouldn't even let Sonny's mother see him. "When did you eat?" he asked. Joe said he and the wife had just been sitting down to supper when the message came from the doctor. Neither of them could eat after that. "Then go over to Sam's and grab a sandwich first, anyway," Pete said. "You look like you needed it."

Joe went out. It was cold, and the sky was red from the glow and glare of Broadway. People who had the time and money and heart for fun were chattering and laughing as they came out of movies and restaurants and bars.



"Thank you, Joe! I'll go right over. You're a peach, Joe," she added, and she hung up.

SHORT HOURS

The romance of a girl who found she couldn't run away from life

ILLUSTRATED BY A. N. SIMPKIN

He got through the crowd to the basement bar and grill that all the Planet bunch patronized. There were quite a number of them there now. He saw one empty table over against the wall just back of the booths, and went and sat at it and ordered a beer. Then he put his head in his hands and thought about the kid. When the beer came, he sat staring at it, and then from the booth behind him he began hearing voices that he knew.

"No, Jim," Miss Hawtray said. "I'm sorry, but I haven't changed my mind. I can't marry you."

"Meaning you won't," said Mr. Hinton.

Joe reached for his beer and began sipping. He was hearing something he had no business to be in on, but there wasn't an empty table in the place now; he couldn't get up and move.

"I think you know what I mean," he heard.

"I'm darned if I do. But I intend to find out. You've said you won't marry me. You've said there isn't anybody else. You've said you don't love me—but you're the world's poorest liar and I know you do. It doesn't make sense."

"It does make sense. Don't make me go into details."

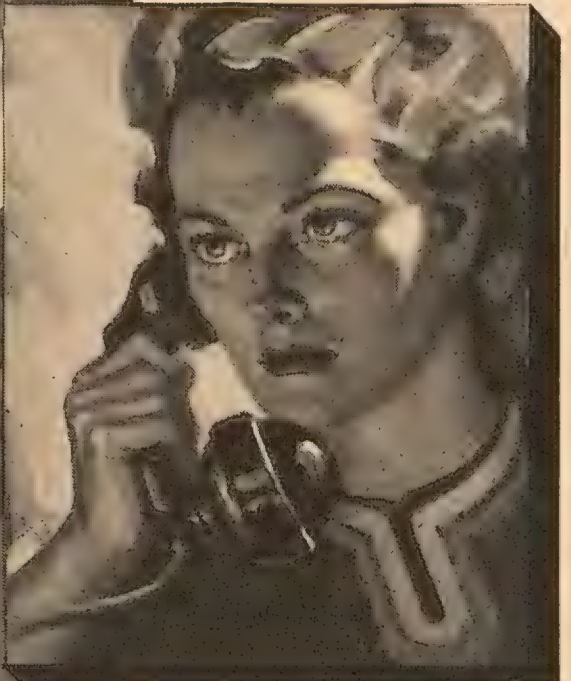
"That's just what I intend to do, my girl," he told her firmly.

"Oh, Jim, I'm too *tired* tonight! If I get started I'll say things I'm sorry for."

"I'm fortified by four Scotch-and-sodas. I ought to be able to take it."

Some one came past the table and Joe's head jerked around. But it wasn't any one with a message for him.

". . . I'm awfully fond of you. You're sweet and you're a lot of fun. But—well, you're just one of those awfully nice people that never quite make the grade. How long have you been out of college? A year longer than I have. That's seven years. You've had a job most of that time—just how you happened to, with things as they've been, I don't know, but you have. How much money have you saved?"



"Er—well, of course, I—"

"Exactly. You're a good reporter when you keep your mind on it. You could go a long way if you'd try. But you don't keep your mind on it and you don't try. Suppose I married you and gave up my job—"

"I haven't any medieval notions about women working. You wouldn't have to give up your job."

"I might if I had a baby—and I'd want a baby. If I had to have the job and the baby too, I'd be like poor Mrs. Arlee, always worried about feeding formulas and whether the new nursemaid is trustworthy while she's trying to get out her fashion advice. . . . Suppose I gave it up, and you got sick or you got bored on the Planet and decided to give it up . . ."

"What of it? That's life. Other people muddle along somehow on much less than we'd have."

"What would we have if you go on spending most of your salary before you get it? And I don't want to muddle along. I want my life to be orderly and decent and worth while. I can keep it like that if I don't complicate it. Can't you understand? Can't you look ahead—"

Mr. Hinton lost his temper. "No, I can't! I don't understand anything. I can't save my money and I can't stop drinking and I've got a strong disinclination to work myself to death on any job that isn't worth working on. But one thing I ain't, lady, is one of those fellows that dangle around ten or twenty years waiting for a girl to make up her mind. This is the last time I'm going to ask you, and I mean it. You can run away from me all right—in fact, you've practically done it. But if you think you can run away from life—"

Joe sighed and lost track of what they were saying. He was feeling sorry for both of them. Nobody was good enough for Miss Hawtray, but Mr. Hinton was a prince of a fellow, though a little too fond of the drink, perhaps. But you take a man without a wife or a home or a kid, and you can't expect him to live like an old dame in the Old Ladies' Home, can you? Only, women like Miss Hawtray and the wife wouldn't ever understand that. He remembered how he'd cut out the drinks and the movies and even, for a time, the cigarettes, when he got engaged. He'd begun right then planning how, if they ever had a kid, he wanted to give it a chance to do something better than running an elevator or, if it was a girl, waiting on table or clerking in a store.

After a little he listened again, and heard Miss Hawtray say, "Please don't take it like that!" and Mr. Hinton, "I'll take it any way I darn please. If I'm such a weak sister, then I am. All right. If you want to know what I'm going to do right now—I'm going back and strike C. E. for an advance so I'll have plenty of funds, and I'm going to paint this town a bright vermilion."

Joe got up and paid for his beer. He'd have to start for the hospital now; he couldn't keep away any longer.

He stopped by the Planet building on the off chance that Pete had got a telephone call for him, though he felt sure that Pete would have sent for him if there'd been any word.

Pete brought the car down empty and began trying to cheer him up; and while they were talking Mr. Hinton flung himself through the revolving doors and walked across the marble floor of the lobby as if it were covered with eggshells. "Is Mr. Gray upstairs?" he inquired with unnatural dignity, fixing Pete and Joe with a vague glassy stare. He'd made his start at painting the town, all right.

Joe hung around for a few minutes after Pete went up with the car, then he started for the hospital. When he got there, he pretended he wanted a smoke, and lighted a cigarette and walked around and around the block of buildings. There was a sign on the street: HOSPITAL ZONE. QUIET. The words kept going through his head.

Finally he got hold of himself enough to go in and get a pass to the children's department and go up. He went into the bare little reception room where the floor nurse told him to wait, and there sat the wife—and Miss Hawtray. He tried to twist his lips into a grin as he asked, "How is he?"

The wife said, "About the same, they said. What do you think, Joe? I couldn't find Tom, and then, when I was almost frantic, this lady came to see how he was, and she offered to let them make a test of her blood, and it's the right type, so she's going to give him the transfusion!"

He looked at Miss Hawtray and choked up so he couldn't speak. She had saved him the money he didn't have for a professional donor, and given Sonny his one slim chance!

"They won't let us see him until they're ready to give it," the wife said. "You might as well sit down."

Joe sat down. Some one had left a paper on the chair, and he picked it up and pretended to read. The wife went on talking about how strong and well the kid had been the first year, and then how he got a cold and just like *that* it turned into pneumonia. He wanted to head her off before she told Miss Hawtray the whole family history, but when she was upset she had to talk or burst.

Sure enough, the first thing he knew, she was on how they'd got engaged, and she'd broken it off twice because he was so wild and then taken him back when he promised to do better. "And now," she said, "a steadier, finer husband you couldn't find." Joe felt his face growing red behind his paper.

FINALLY a nurse stopped at the door and told them they could come into the ward for just a minute. They followed her in among a great many little white beds and behind the screen they had put around Sonny.

Joe gripped his hands hard when he saw the poor little mite. He said, "Hello, Snooks!" But Sonny only looked past him with big glassy eyes and went on working hard at his breathing. Then the nurse tapped him on the shoulder, and he went out and started back to the Planet. He could have cried like a baby all the way, because here he was, a great husky lout of a man without a thing the matter with him, and he couldn't give the kid a pint of his blood or even draw a breath for him!

There was something up at the Planet. As soon as he got into the lobby he knew it, because Pete's car was at 12 and buzzers were sounding from two other floors, and the rumble of the presses was louder, as if they might be getting out an extra. Then one of the truck drivers came in to get warm and said, "That's some fire in Jersey!" and at the same moment down came the car full of reporters and cameramen and he heard one of them say, "That's what happens when you get too far over the police lines . . ."

When Pete stepped out of the car he wanted to know what had happened at the hospital. Joe told him, and Pete said, "Yeah, that's pretty swell of Miss Hawtray. Too bad about Hinton. 'Dyou know he got hurt at the fire?"

Then some one put a finger on the buzzer at 14 and kept it there, so Joe got into the car and wen was gone when he came down. After that, for quite a while, he was so busy that he almost stopped hearing those rasping breaths and seeing Sonny working hard for every one of them, and he couldn't even spare a thought for Mr. Hinton.

WHEN the day force came on, Joe went out into the street feeling pretty well all in. He tried to tell himself that he'd have got word if anything had happened, but with everybody as excited as they'd been at the Planet all night, he couldn't be any too sure. He got a cup of coffee in an all-night lunch place and started uptown.

The same nurse who had taken him into the ward before was on duty, and as soon as she saw him she smiled. "He's better," she said. "Your wife's gone home, and you'd better go home yourself and get some sleep." But he begged so hard that she finally let him tiptoe down the long row of beds and peek around the screen. Sonny was asleep and breathing much more quietly.

The nurse came back into the hall with him and said that the transfusion seemed to have turned the trick and it certainly had been kind of the lady to give it. As soon as she said "transfusion" it reminded him of what else he had to do before he slept, and he almost asked her to give him Miss Hawtray's telephone number from the records, only he thought she wouldn't want to. He went to the telephone booth downstairs and found the number and called it. It took a long time before she answered. He said, "This is Joe, Miss Hawtray."

"Oh, yes. Hello, Joe. Have you—heard from the hospital?" He knew she was a little afraid to ask.

"He's better," he said. "He's got a fighting chance now. The nurse thinks he'll pull through."

"I'm *so* glad."

"You did it," he said, choking up.

"Nonsense. If I hadn't you'd have found somebody else." He thought she was getting ready to hang up. He said quickly, "There was a big fire over in Jersey last night."

"Yes, I know it," she said. "I saw an extra." She sounded sleepy and as if she thought he'd talked enough.

He took a deep breath and hoped he was doing the right thing. After all, this was Sunday morning and she didn't come to work on Sunday. Unless somebody told her, she wouldn't know until tomorrow.

"Mr. Hinton was talking to Mr. Gray when they got the flash about it. He went right over. He—he got hurt a little, Miss Hawtray."

She didn't say anything for a minute. Then—"Oh, Joe! Hurt bad?"

He felt better then, because her voice was about ten times as anxious as it had been when he told her about Sonny, and it had been anxious enough then. So he thought he'd done the right thing.

"Not very bad, I guess. Just cut up a little with some glass. They doctored him up and sent him home. One of the fellows was telling me Mr. Gray told him he'd be O. K. in a day or two."

She said, "Oh, thank you, Joe! I'll go right over and see if he needs anything." She spoke calmly, but there was a little quiver in her voice. "You're a *peach*, Joe," she added, and she hung up.

Joe went through the front door into a Sunday-morning clamor of church bells. The sign, HOSPITAL ZONE. QUIET, was still there. It seemed like a year ago that he had walked around the block with the words going through his head like a song. What a night! When he looked back at it, it was like a bad dream with the fire and Sonny and Mr. Hinton and Miss Hawtray and everything and everybody else mixed up in it the way you wouldn't think they could possibly be in real life.

And it scared him a little when he thought about how he'd made that telephone call. After all, he didn't *know* that Hinton would settle down. Life got you down through people you loved—particularly kids. But even when he'd stood behind the screen, feeling worse than he'd ever felt in his life, he'd known it was worth it. He guessed maybe Miss Hawtray had felt the same way.

THE END

"I'm No Glamour Girl,"

SAYS SYLVIA SIDNEY

Here's a star who thinks actors are becoming less and less necessary!

BY FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

"I'M no glamour girl," says Sylvia Sidney, who hails from Hollywood, the town where glamour is glamour—and you can't succeed without it. Or so the legend runs. "I don't know the first thing about glamour, or whatever it is that goes under the name of glamour in the movie colony. I *work* in Hollywood but I am not of it.

"Each time I finish a picture I hurry back to New York. Manhattan stimulates me, Hollywood lulls me to complacency. Of course I would rather do a stage play than a film. You put more of you into it. When you act for the movies you are just a small part of a big mechanism. You do a three-second scene from the last half of the story. The director tells you how to do it. They shoot it. Then you do a five-second interlude from another part of the story. The director tells you how to do that, too. That's Hollywood 'acting.'

"Actors aren't necessary in Hollywood. Look at Donald Duck. Something out of an ink bottle. And he is my favorite player out there. Actors are becoming less and less necessary. The biggest hit on the radio is Charlie McCarthy, a ventriloquist's wooden dummy."

Miss Sidney is curiously silent and introspective, a difficult person to know—and harder to interview. All this stems from a strange and lonely youth.

Sylvia Sidney was born in the Bronx, in New York, on an August afternoon in 1910. Her father was Victor Kosow; her mother, Beatrice, was only out of Russia a year or so. The child, born in the hot, crowded little apartment, was christened Sophie Kosow.

Sophie grew up in the Bronx, played but little with the other children of the crowded neighborhood.

"I never played the usual games of childhood," she says. "I remember how I sat alone at school, aloof from the others. The only thing I had and loved was a drawing board and a box of crayons."

When her parents parted and Mama Kosow took a job in a clothes shop downtown, it meant a few more comforts for Sophie, but more loneliness. She turned to books, withdrew still more within herself.

Then her mother met Dr. Sigmund Sidney, a surgeon dentist, and life for the Kosows, mother and daughter, changed. Mama Kosow married Dr. Sidney, who adopted Sophie. The Sidneys went to live on lower Fifth Avenue. And Sophie Sidney became a student at Washington Irving High School. It was then she started to think of the stage.

She was a frail little girl with an immature voice. Today she is but five feet two and a half inches tall. Then she seemed a child. The cards appeared pretty badly stacked against her ever becoming a successful actress. But she managed to get enrolled at the school maintained by the New York Theatre Guild. The instructors worked over her voice, and when the first school play, Prunella, was done, Miss Sidney was Prunella.

There was a curious slumbering in this child of the Bronx, and the school tried its best to bring it out. But, before she was to be graduated, Sylvia Sidney w dropped from the school rolls for failure to keep the rule She had remained out until midnight, long after students were supposed to be abed.

"I made up my mind that I would find a place for myself," Miss Sidney relates. "I wanted to make a go of i on the stage, but I tried pictures too. I worked as a extra at a Long Island studio in a Lya de Putti picture. Nobody noticed me. I got a tiny role in a stage play, Th Challenge of Youth, with Ernest Truex. Other stage plays followed. I was in Crime, which had Kay Francis, Kay Johnson, Jack La Rue, Kent Douglass, and Chester Morris, all destined for Hollywood success, in its ranks.

"Then the Fox studios signed me for a film, Through Different Eyes. I flopped—and definitely. I came back East pretty discouraged and appeared in stock. Then I got another chance on the stage in Bad Girl. Right there Paramount rediscovered me. I was signed to fill a ga caused by Clara Bow's withdrawal from a film called Ci Streets. It was my chance. The rest you know."

Actually, Miss Sidney never has recovered from the loneliness and hardness of her childhood. Possibly these very things make her an actress. Anyway, they left her a brooding observer of life.

She is a radical. She reads a lot, and her favorite books are tomes on medical science. She likes prize fights, hates the radio, except Charlie McCarthy, can't abide bridge and chitchat.

"That's why I don't fit in at parties," she says. "I dance occasionally at the Trocadero, usually in a tailored suit. Frills do not suit me. I hate jewelry and I hate high heels."

They say that she still has a temper. Once it could be classed in the tantrum division. Now it is milder. Her other faults, as male escorts report them? Eternally tripping and eternally losing her gloves. And a curious taste for liverwurst and onions on rye, and spaghetti with garlic in it, which do not go hand in hand with that thing called glamour.

Miss Sidney thinks marriage and a career can be combined, but she hasn't tried it herself. "If both people have the same outlook on life, why not?" she asks, and adds, "Intolerance and selfishness are the evils of life as well as of marriage."

Miss Sidney opened her medical book again at the place she had marked upon my arrival. Obviously the interview was over.

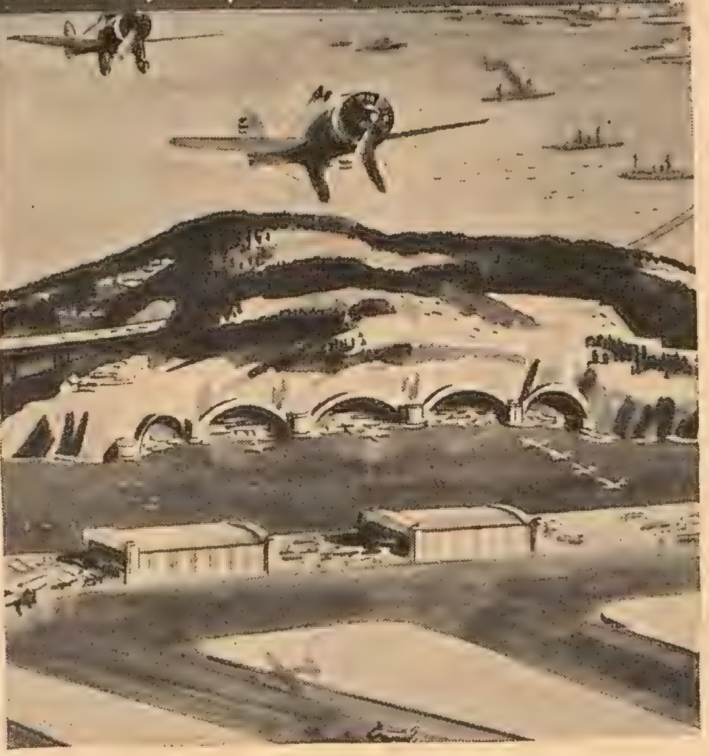
"Who cares about all this, anyway?" she sighed. "I'm no glamour girl."

THE END

MUST OUR FIGHTING PLANES TAKE TO THE TRENCHES?

by Brig. Gen. William E. Gillmore

Former Chief of Supply and Matériel, Army Air Corps



The " air Gibraltar of the Pacific " proposed by General Gillmore for San Francisco Bay.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

FIGHTING aces began as gallant gentlemen in the early days of the World War. They flew over the hell of no man's land without so much as a peashooter for protection. Then some bright boy took a pistol along and tried it on an enemy plane. The next day a shotgun returned the compliment.

From pistols and shotguns the gallant gentlemen worked up to rifles, machine guns, and bombs. Military aviation turned into a grim business.

Today the American government has finally launched a program to build up a respectable air force, with bases for land and sea planes—the emphasis being, as it should be, on the defense of the vulnerable Pacific Coast.

In spite of all this we have invested and are still investing millions of dollars in aircraft and aircraft bases, without giving a single thought to the *ground safety* of the planes or the airdromes.

The San Francisco Bay region is the strategic key to the Pacific Coast. About $50,000,000 has been and is being spent on civil and military aviation activities in this area. Every commercial landing field is a potential military airdrome.

A few miles from the north head of the Golden Gate ridge, in Marin County, is Hamilton Field. This is an my bombardment base, one of the most modern in the world. It has cost approximately $6,000,000. At the southern end of San Francisco Bay is Moffett Field. This consists of 1,000 acres, and is garrisoned by the Eighty-second Observation Squadron and the Ninth Air Base Squadron. It cost $5,000,000.

On the east shore of the bay is the site for the Alameda Naval Air Fleet Base. This will cost $13,500,000. It will be the base for an entire squadron of aircraft carriers and will serve as a training station—the Pensacola of the Pacific—for 10,000 officers and enlisted men. Part of the site is the present Alameda Airport. This has already cost $1,500,000.

Seventy miles inland is the Army Air Supply Depot, near Sacramento. This is now under construction at a cost of $6,000,000. It will handle supplies for the Pacific Coast, for the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines.

Other developments in this region include Oakland Airport, $1,500,000; San Francisco Municipal Airport, $3,000,000; and Treasure Island Airport, $7,000,000.

This last airport is the man-made island in the middle of the bay which during 1939 will be the site of the Golden Gate International Exposition. In 1940 it will be placed in operation as a municipal airport.

It could quickly be converted into a base for military aircraft. Moreover, it could be made a veritable air Gibraltar of the Pacific!

What would happen to the present $50,000,000 worth of aviation facilities in case of an enemy attack? We will assume that there would be no declaration of war. A night raid or two might rain death and terror on the civilian population. Bombs might be dropped on the Golden Gate Bridge, blocking San Francisco harbor. Were this done while the fleet was in, the United States might be vanquished at a single stroke.

Meanwhile, what would the air defenses be doing? The answer is sad and simple. It is "Nothing."

The bombers of Hamilton Field, the seaplanes and landplanes of the fleet base, the transports of the supply depot—in fact, all aviation in the bay region — would be turning tail and scooting inland. They would be streaking it out for the most obscure landing fields to be found in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys. Some of them might even be headed for Nevada and Utah. Precious hours and even days would be lost. The reason? Security. *Ground safety.* Every single one of the big coast bases would be untenable. If planes remained, they would be bombed out of existence before the war ever got started.

The answer to this is one of the oldest answers in warfare—strong fortifications. There is nothing so helpless as a grounded airplane. It cannot defend itself. It must have some kind of protection.

If America's military planes are to be secure in their bases, they must have bombproof hangars. Here is where the new Treasure Island Airport, because of its unique location, points the way.

The connecting link between Treasure Island and the Bay Bridge is rocky Yerba Buena Island, for many years navy property. Between the two islands is a snug harbor. An inter-island causeway protects it from the rough water of the main bay.

Yerba Buena Island is solid rock. Its north slope gives upon this protected basin. A system of bombproof hangars deep in the Yerba Buena rock would be impregnable. Some of these caverns could have ramps for bringing seaplanes out of the water, others barges for storing landplanes. Here at Yerba Buena I can see recessed openings at water level, guarded by jutting rock overhead. Within the island a vaulted cavern—perhaps a sequence of "hangars," one above the other, with cranes and elevators for handling equipment. Seaplanes and flying boats could taxi direct from the bombproof hangar entrances to the take-off. Landplanes easily could be barged across the mooring basin, or hauled across the causeway.

Does this plan seem fantastic? Without some such measures every military and naval air base in America is at the immediate mercy of an enemy aviation attack. The Treasure Island air Gibraltar might be made to take care of the San Francisco Bay region. But, for complete effectiveness, it will be necessary to make a chain of air forts from Canada to Mexico.

For liberals with common sense!—Two famous generals, fighting veterans both,

"Let's build more planes to operate with our navy and build the Nicaragua canal. Let's mechanize our army."

HOW SHALL WE GO TO WAR?

by Maj. Gen. Smedley D. Butler

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

LET'S go back to the principles of George Washington. Let's keep our wars—and our soldiers—at home.

Washington and the framers of the Constitution realized the danger of entangling alliances. They knew that there was no good reason for the United States ever to go abroad to fight anybody. Washington did everything he could to make our policies and our armed forces truly defensive—not aggressive. The policies he laid down guided us through the first hundred years of our existence.

Then the influences that he had feared got hold of us. Some of our big-shot politicians began to think that we should assert ourselves as a "world Power" and meddle in international affairs. They scrapped Washington's policies and got us into two wars on foreign soil, the war with Spain and the World War.

The war with Spain cost us several thousand lives and a couple of billion dollars. We're not through paying taxes on that yet, and we still have a huge annual bill for taking care of disabled veterans.

In the World War we lost hundreds of thousands of American lives. We spent more than thirty billions at the time, but the bill to our people, economists say, will ultimately run pretty close to the hundred-billion-dollar mark.

Besides this cost, we got the Great Depression out of the World War. We're not out of the depression yet.

We not only did ourselves a bad turn but we upset the European balance of power and made possible the Treaty of Versailles, which has had Europe fighting ever since. Our interference led to the rise of Lenin and Stalin, of Mussolini, of Hitler.

You'd think that would convince the hottest internationalists in this country that George Washington was right. But apparently they're hard to convince. Europe and Asia are getting ready for another war that will make the last one look like a peaceful Sunday morning in church. But already they are telling us that we should line up to get in on it.

Within the past two months, on lecture tours, I have talked face to face with several hundred thousand American citizens. If there's one thing I'm sure of, it is that ninety per cent of our people don't want any more foreign wars for any reason.

That's a good deal, but it isn't enough. We've got to do something about it. Let's get busy now. Let's—the narrow defeat of the Ludlow bill to the contrary notwithstanding—insert an amendment in the Constitution of the United States forbidding our government ever to send American soldiers outside the limits of our country and its possessions without a majority vote in favor of it, obtained in a national referendum.

Then let's reorganize our national defensive policies on the basis of pure defense, not aggressive defense.

In this country we have the great military advantage of position. To the east of us is nearly three thousand miles of Atlantic Ocean, and to the west is approximately twice that much Pacific Ocean. No bombing airplane can hop either ocean with enough explosives to blow your hat off. No foreign fleet can operate against us without facing fatal handicaps. No foreign army has a ghost of a chance to land on our shores if we take reasonable care of our defenses. That is true. Don't let anybody tell you anything different.

Let's take full advantage of those oceans—defensively. Let's plan to do our fighting five hundred miles or so off our own coasts. Let's double the size of our navy and build the Nicaraguan canal. Let's modernize the coast defenses of our big harbors. Let's mechanize our army. I'm in full accord with General Bullard and Liberty's program of national defense, only I think we ought to have at least four mechanized divisions.

Let's build more airplanes and better ones, and train them to operate with our navy.

If we do these things, no nation or combination of nations on earth can invade us or so much as drop a single bomb on any of our territory.

THE END

LIBERTY'S NATIONAL DEFENSE PROGRAM

1. A regular army of at least 200,000.
2. Increase the National Guard to 250,000 or 300,000.
3. Train and maintain an officers' reserve of 120,000.
4. In ALL increases in forces available for quick defense enroll men having mechanical ability and speed the training of all men in service to fight with the machines of the war of tomorrow.
5. Double the size of our air force. Give us the protection of 4,000 modern fighting planes.
6. Mechanize at least one full division for regular army and one for National Guard. Modernize all organizations and equipment of both regular army and National Guard.

These are some of our immediate defense needs, because—

Today war decisions are made quickly and secretly;

War is launched at incredible speed, unannounced; and—

Modern war will not wait while we prepare.

---

eak their minds arrestingly on some matters of America's national defense

Ambassadors of

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

THE late but not very widely lamented John Dillinger had escaped from Indiana State Penitentiary three days before. And the thousand muttering men he left behind him were in an ugly mood that night as they filed sullenly into the big assembly hall of the prison. A comparative handful of guards hovered with arrested animation on the fringe of the big angry crowd, ready to stamp out the dormant talk of a break.

Up on the little stage at the front of the huge room stood a cluster of prison officials—and two former big-league ballplayers. The reformed athletes were Lew Fonseca, former manager of the White Sox and league-leading hitter, and Roger Peckinpaugh, ex-chief of the Cleveland Indans and one of the all-time shortstops. They had played before millions of Americans in their day, had lived unshaken through ten thousand bitter baseball dramas. But now there was little but silent awe in them as they stood, jittery and uncertain, in front of that vast area of human malcontent.

Of a sudden, guided perhaps by the natural flair that has made him unique in baseball annals, Fonseca stepped to the brink of the eerie little stage, held up his hands in a mute plea for silence, and said in a voice that he hardly recognized as his own property:

" Say, how many of you fellows are White Sox fans? "

The big horde of bitter men sat stolid and unmoved. Then some one raised a grim gray arm. It was a contagious gesture. In a moment several hundred hands were in the air.

Fonseca chuckled aloud.

" H'm-m-m," he mused in his pleasant way. " No wonder the ball park has been empty."

A convict in the back of the still glowering hall gave vent to a basso belly laugh. Soon the walls shook with a laughter that uncoiled the taut spirits of the men. The boilerlike pressure of the place whistled out as if through a safety valve. Before they had time to change their new frame of mind, Fonseca democratically stripped off his coat and shirt, climbed into the hot little projection booth with a murderer and a Baumes Law robber, and began to show the American League's elegant propaganda baseball film Play Ball to a highly appreciative and expert audience.

It doesn't often fall to the lot of Fonseca and Peck to serve as stopgaps to revolt in the ordinary course of their lives as baseball ambassadors. Their audiences sometimes are made up of battered World War veterans, crippled children, or the inmates of homes for the aged. Most often the persons " out front " are Rotarians, Optimists, high-school students, college groups, clubmen, clubwomen, guilds, or one of a hundred other related cliques.

An ambassador's post is a new job in baseball. Like Dizzy Dean's penchant for holding out, it is here to stay. In its short existence the scope of the ambassadorial job has doubled, tripled, and quadrupled in size so many times that now it is a definite department of the American League, heavily endowed, and with an unlimited future. Walter " Duster " Mails, old-time pitcher and buffoon, has been added to Fonseca's staff as Pacific Coast showman and lecturer. George Moriarty, the Solid Man of Umpiring, and " Bump " Hadley, of the Yankees, lent aid to the cause during the current off season. It is expected that in time Babe Ruth will be offered the post of honorary lecturer of Fonseca's group.

A baseball ambassador is the symbol of the sales department of the game. The depression, which kept so many millions away from the ball yards, made him necessary. His job is to re-whet the public's appetite for the game, to plow up and fertilize burned-out baseball populaces, and to cultivate new fans. He needs no hocus-pocus to sell his bill of goods. Baseball sells itself. The ambassador has a free show—an evening of interesting talk and a good sports movie. And few mortals have ever been able to achieve much sales resistance in the face of a bargain. Twelve million baseball fans in every state of the Union, many Canadian cities, Australia, New Zealand, and unbombed portions of China have seen the 1936 and 1937 films. Another five million will see the new reel, Batter Up! certainly the best of the lot.

"These precious little globules are commonly known as baseballs." Professor Lew Fonseca opens another lesson.

The effect of this re-seeding of the baseball pastures has been a tremendous upswing in interest. Attendances in the big leagues have risen steadily since the first film sputtered on the screen. All through what the big-leaguers call the bushes there was a reawakening of interest in the game, reflected in the rebirth of abandoned leagues and increased attendances in the leagues that withstood hard times. College baseball, the weakest link in the game's chain, increased 60 per cent in the number of teams and the varsity nines are beginning to travel around the terrain like their football brothers. High-school ball showed a similar rise and thousands of new sand-lot leagues sprang into existence.

Like many another motion-picture innovation, this mushrooming baseball-film industry got its start on the Pacific Coast. In the spring of 1932, at Pasadena, Fonseca was sending his White Sox through their training period, and tinkering with one of those small motion-picture cameras, the kind proud parents buy to record the rattle waving of little Barbara Anne. Fonseca long had held the opinion that baseball was permitting its priceless minions more or less to waste their fragrance on a single generation. That is, the Cobbs, Speakers, Matthewsons, Waddells, Wagners, and Hornsbys were passing out of baseball with little or no pictorial evidence

Baseball

The surprising story of an innovation in sport which is crowding the parks with new fans—It's done with movies!

BY ROBERT CONSIDINE

" . . and in this fine action shot," Ambassador Peckinpaugh tells his audience, " we see how scores and heroes are made."

that they had ever lived and played in their inimitable manner. What, Fonseca thought, would a baseball fan give to see the complete motion-picture story of a man like Cap Anson, or Willie Keeler, or the Cobb of twenty years ago?

Fonseca didn't have much to work on. The White Sox of that era were a daft lot, in perpetual danger of being arrested for taking the public's money under "pretenses"! However, he did have one master pitcher, Ted Lyons. In his spare moments Fonseca aimed his little camera at Lyons from various angles, and found, upon development of the film, that without benefit of subtitles or a sound track the reel masterfully explained the rudiments of a great pitcher's form. It told in a minute what ten thousand well chosen words could not tell, described to the purists and the thousands of young pitchers the mechanical aspects of Lyons' great natural ability, and captured for all time the man's peculiar pitching motion.

Back in Chicago, Fonseca showed the film to Will Harridge, president of the American League. The prexy took such a keen liking to it that, with the permission of team owners, he gave Fonseca a grant of $1,000 and told him to experiment with it. Lew bought a better camera, many books on the topic, and a big box of films—and took the first timid steps in an enterprise that now is a separate department in the great industry of baseball and certainly the most impelling new thing that has come into the game in years.

With the information he had gleaned from professional cameramen in Chicago, Fonseca laboriously pieced together a four-reel film through 1933, and in the early part of 1934 he cleared his throat one night and set out for one of the big field houses of Chicago's park department. He showed the film, commented on the form of the players, spun a number of baseball stories, and answered the myriad questions of the fans. It was his first formal attack on the public, and he batted 1,000.

The first of the truly ambitious baseball educational films, entitled Play Ball, was made during the last half of 1934 and cost the American League $25,000. It was expertly done by a Detroit commercial firm, under the eye of Fonseca and Moriarty. It included, and still does, the last baseball pictures of the greatest player of all time, Ruth, in all the man's many baseball moods; along with the first shots of Cleveland's big Hal Trosky, a Luke Appling who was just finding himself, and stars like Mickey Cochrane, Charlie Gehringer, Lou Gehrig, Earl Averill, and Schoolboy Rowe—who that year equaled the sixteen-victories-in-a-row record held jointly by Walter Johnson, Lefty Grove, Joe Wood, and Carl Hubbell.

Peckinpaugh joined the staff in 1935, and aided not only in the shooting of Take Me Out to the Ball Game—a $50,000 venture half the costs of which were borne by General Motors—but also commenced a form of missionary work that has made him invaluable to baseball. He has formed countless school and sand-lot leagues through the middle regions of the country. The organization and encouragement of such leagues will become the prime by-product of the educational film department of baseball.

Another important aspect and by-product is that Fonseca and Peck, as well as Moriarty and the General Motors men, come in contact with so many thousands of young ballplayers that they find dozens of lads who, with a bit of proper training, would make excellent big-league ballplayers. At a loss to know just what to do about this, they took their discovery to Harridge, who issued a blanket communication to big-league scouts inviting them to take a look at the promising youths. Talent-scouting certainly will become in time one of the major duties of the baseball envoy. Baseball perpetually needs new blood, new faces, bigger and better athletes.

Any recognized club, school, baseball league, fraternal order, or similar group can have the American League's films simply by asking for them. A post-card request, sent to Fonseca at 310 South Michigan Blvd., Chicago, will bring not only the films but perhaps Fonseca or Peckinpaugh or Moriarty, if by some oddity of the calendar they have an open date on their speaking schedule. The league asks only that the organization pay the freight charges for the films and the written assurance that they will not be shown for profit. It prefers to keep Play Ball, Take Me Out to the Ball Game, and the latest film, Batter Up! as free as fresh air.

Dwellers in the big cities east of the Mississippi may have become a trifle jaded at the sight of big-league baseball stars in action. But out in the provinces, where millions of fans get no closer to their idols than the box scores or an occasional blotchy picture in the county weekly, the reception of the films has been tremendous. The films, indeed, have one certain attribute no other films have: There are no "extras" in a baseball film.

Three years after his irritated departure from the game, Ruth remains the idol of the audiences, constant showing of the films has proved. He does no playing in Batter Up! but it isn't necessary. Old Connie Mack comes close to stealing the show with his whimsical explanation of his score-card waggling. The slow-motion camera superbly dissects the form and playing idiosyncrasies of DiMaggio, Gehrig, Feller, Gehringer, Greenberg, and dozens of others.

Two spies from the National League—Carl Hubbell and Dizzy Dean—are seen momentarily. Batter Up! is a sound film, but if Dean realized it, Fonseca must have erased his lines from the sound track.

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

FEMALE crayfish are supposed in Sweden to be tastier than the male, and Swedish experts pretend they can recognize a lady crayfish by her eyes. . . . Mushroom hunts or crayfishing parties are favorite excursions for young men and women from the large Swedish cities as soon as warm weather comes. . . . Elopements are rare in Sweden. Long engagements are the rule. . . . Greta Garbo receives comparatively little Swedish fan mail. . . . Smörgåsbord is not the national diet of Sweden. . . . Swedes who speak English *do not* say, "Ay tank Ay bane go home." . . .

Nowadays there is so much talk in this country about the success of Swedish liberalism that I've been scouting for information on some feminine aspects of current life there. What I'm telling you is the result of taking tea the other day with Alfhild Lamm Huebsch, Swedish-born wife of B. W. Huebsch, well known American publisher. Mrs. Huebsch spends her summers in Sweden, keeps in touch with all the up-to-date trends.

"The *ni* movement," she said, "is the latest controversy. *Ni* means *you* in Swedish, and the progressives want to say *you* to each other, which isn't considered polite at present. For example, it's not correct in Sweden to say, 'Will you dance with me?' Must say, 'Will Olga dance with me?' or 'Will Madam the Captain's Wife dance with me?' or whatever the name and title may be. The *ni* movement is trying to stop that. *Ni* is pronounced like *knee*."

Daylight saving was a quick failure in Sweden, fishermen objecting that the fish wouldn't bite on the new schedule, farmers complaining that the much early dew on the grass was bad for the cows, and the girls and boys were against it because they love staying up through the white nights of summer, an old custom that daylight saving somehow confused. So daylight saving went out!

That's the way they do things in Sweden. If a reform doesn't work, they reform the reform.

☆ Two nice girls from Wisconsin were seeing the sights of New York, escorted by a protective bachelor about town, an ex-classmate of one girl's brother. The sophisticate introduced them to actors, artists, various *interesting* types, warning them, however, against the perils of the Bohemian scene.

"Don't fall for it," he said. "You girls are cut out for marriage, home life, children. The men that you'll meet here are not of that kind."

So what did the two girls do? They snapped up a couple of talented young Bohemians, married them, and promptly domesticated them. Now they live the most regular family lives, with kids and everything. And what has become of their bachelor about town? He is still just that.

Swedish experts pretend they can tell a lady crayfish by her eyes.

☆ Coffee mills are grinding again in the most modern home kitchens. Once more it is smart to grind your own coffee fresh every morning. Managers of kitchen-equipment stores tell me they are selling lots of home coffee mills, have been selling more and more of them for the past four years. You can have an old-fashioned box mill, a lap mill, a mill that you grind by hand, or one that operates by electricity. Prices are moderate; an imported mill of sycamore wood with finely tempered steel blades will cost under two dollars for the six-cup size. Real *connoisseurs* of coffee insist none can compare with that made immediately from the fresh-ground beans.

☆ Letter from a Chicago lady, asking a question I am much too timid to answer. She says . . . "Five or six times a year my husband gives a poker party for his men friends at our house, and I serve refreshments. Please tell me which is the wiser and more considerate time for me to interrupt the game—when my husband is winning, or when he is losing?" . . . Dear lady, that is one argument *I* am not going to get in!

☆ Remember the silly old gag . . . "How much nicer it is to ride in a carriage and think how much nicer it is to ride in a carriage than it is to walk, than it is to walk and think how much nicer it is to ride in a carriage than it is to walk." . . . Say *automobile* instead of *carriage*, and the meaning is stronger today than ever before. We all ride now, yet walking grows more and more necessary. For health and beauty's sake we need to walk. But where can we walk? All our highways and byways are constantly abuzz with automobiles. Will Irwin, the author, tells me he takes *his* walks along the pedestrians' footpath on Brooklyn Bridge. Has to hang on to his hat in the wind, but at least he doesn't get whizzed at and pushed around by passing cars. . . . In every community, it seems to me, people of prominence might find and popularize the best places to walk.

☆ Dorothea Brande's new book, My Invincible Aunt, takes some well aimed cracks at the big-business woman. It's a timely story, a good-natured criticism. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.)

☆ An egg dessert is perhaps the best for rounding off meatless meals of vegetables or salad. Sweet omelets are excellent. A favorite in Scandinavian countries is this chocolate omelet served with chocolate sauce. . . . Melt 2 full tablespoons grated chocolate in double boiler with 1 tablespoon water. Cool slightly, then add 5 egg yolks, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon cream, and 2 teaspoons brandy. You *can* leave out the brandy but the result won't be quite as good. Mix thoroughly, and add 5 stiffly beaten egg whites. Fry same as any other omelet—over slow fire—in heavy pan with small amount of butter.

Serve chocolate sauce separately.

☆ Confucius, founder of Chinese wisdom, knew how imprudent a nagging friend can be. Many centuries ago he said, "*Between friends, frequent reproofs make the friendship distant.*"

It is still *too* true!

Something for America to think about

THE brilliant part played by the American railroads in building the nation is a story known to every schoolboy.

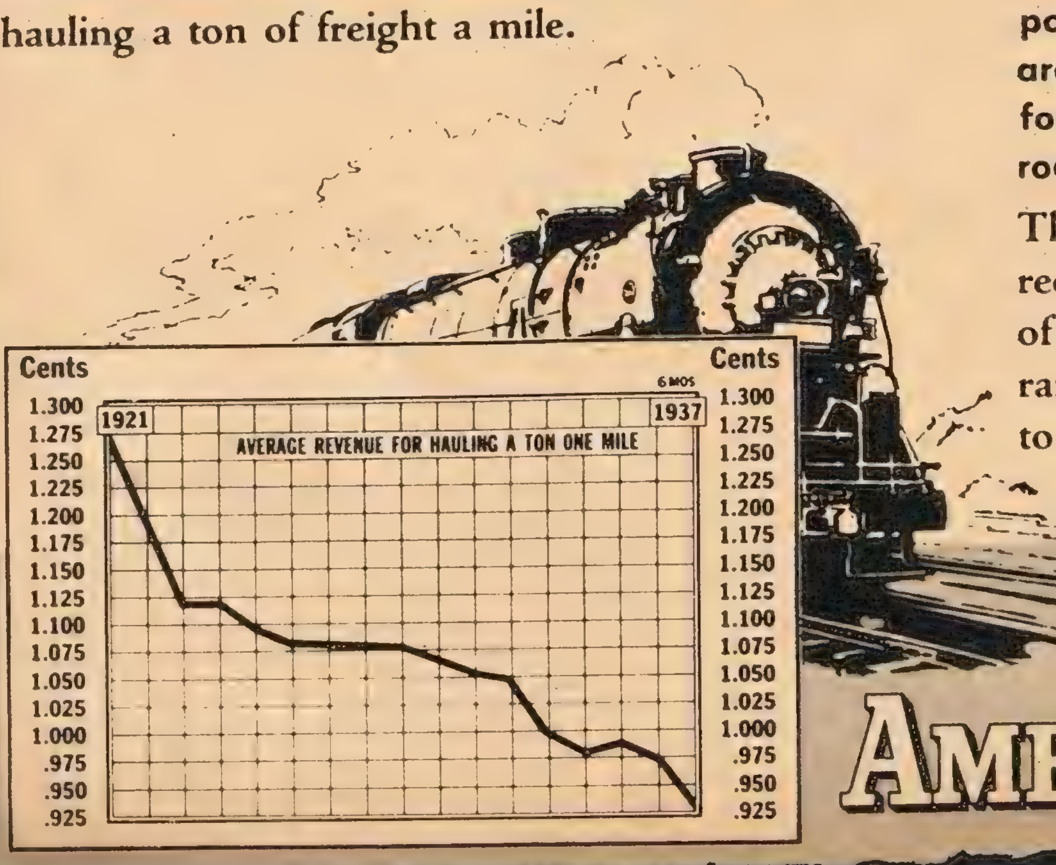
But how many people realize the part which the railroads continue to play in the nation's welfare?

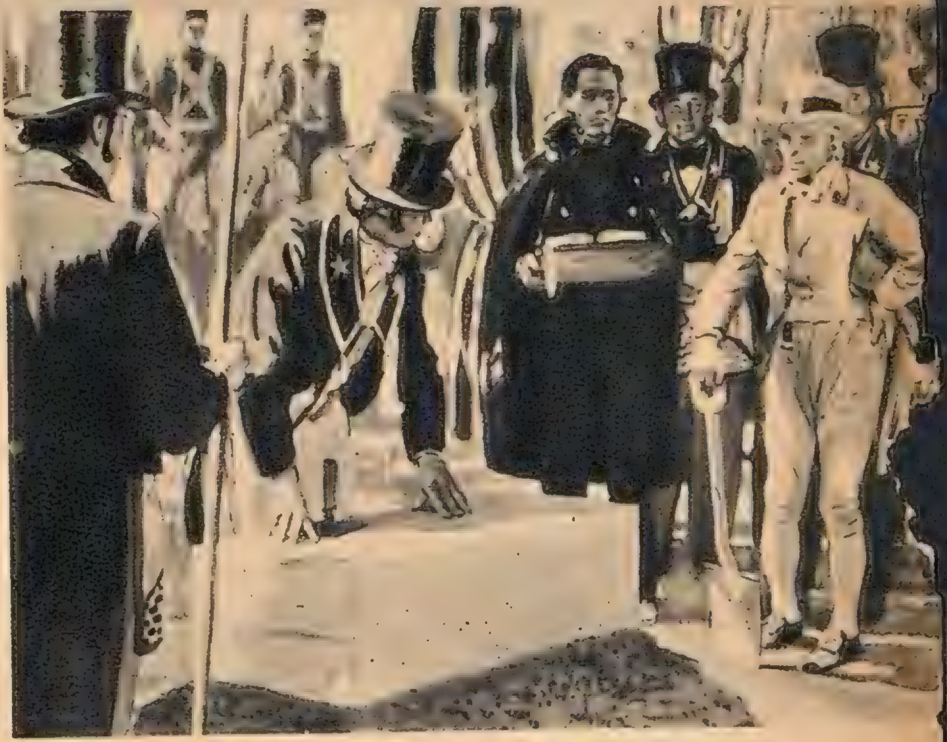
The vast empire of the west, opened by rail transportation, still lives and thrives by the flow of its crops and manufactured products to a nation-wide market. No other form of transportation could do this job.

Over the country as a whole, the railroads handled 13¼ tons of freight for every man, woman and child in the United States in 1936—and did it so smoothly that few people realized what it would be to have this vital service impaired.

Within the past four years, the cost of railroad operation has skyrocketed, due to increases in wages and taxes and in the prices of fuel and materials.

Revenue has steadily declined, to a point where the railroads receive an average of less than 1¢ for hauling a ton of freight a mile.





"I consider this among the most important acts of my life; second only to my signing the Declaration of Independence, if even it be second to that." Charles Carroll of Carrollton, at the laying of the "first stone" of the first commercial railroad in the United States, July 4, 1828.

Rail service, of course, will continue. But to maintain its present high level of excellence, the railroads must have additional revenue.

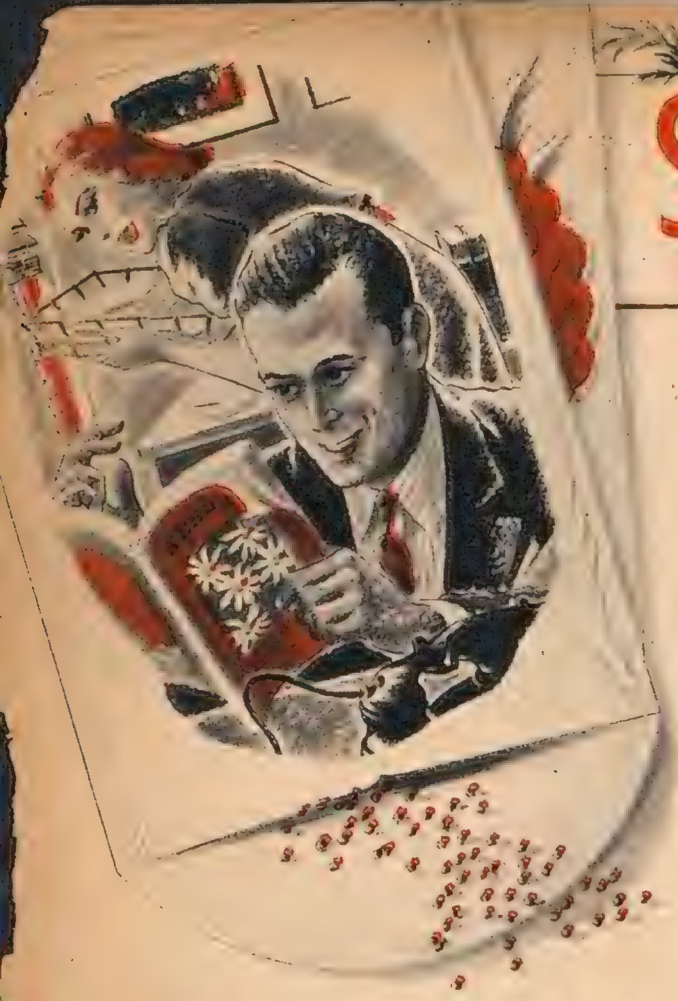
The Interstate Commerce Commission, in its rate decision of October 22, 1937, recognized this situation by such statements as this:

"From the facts of record no other conclusion is possible than that the net earnings of the railroads are now inconsistent...with the conditions necessary for the proper conduct of the public service of railroad transportation by private enterprise."

This is something for America to think about. The record of railroad enterprise in recent years, in face of lean times, amply demonstrates the ability of the railroads to go ahead, if given a fair opportunity to earn a living.

SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHIN



Spring Overture

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

BY PARKE CUMMINGS

MR. BLAKE came in, hung up his hat and coat, and glared at me. "What's the idea of all the ventilation?" he asked. "Do you want to freeze us?"

"Why, Mr. Blake!" I said. "How can you say that? I opened the windows because it's such a wonderful morning. There's spring in the air. Can't you feel it?"

"Rubbish!" he grumbled. "Tomorrow I bet we have a blizzard."

He'd been pessimistic like that for almost a month—ever since he and his wife had separated. That was on account of me. —Now wait a minute. I didn't say it was my *fault*. I mean I can't help it if I'm very attractive, can I? It was his wife's fault. Yes, and his fault too. They both acted very childish.

He had been working late at the office almost every evening, and of course Mrs. Blake didn't like that. No wife does. One evening she'd planned a dinner party, and then Mr. Blake phoned her at five o'clock that he had to stay here and work. And he did too. I ought to know.

And that's where Mrs. Blake did something she shouldn't have. She said: "I hope you have a good time with that blonde secretary." Now that's ridiculous. With me engaged to Jim Tierney, and crazy about him. Besides, my hair is auburn, not blonde. I know she didn't mean it. But it made him good and mad, and then *he* did something foolish too. The next two nights he stayed at his club in the city, and he didn't tell her a word about it. And then, when he'd got over being mad, he went back to her. She was *really* angry now and she told him she didn't want to live with him any more.

"That's ridiculous," I told him after I heard about it. "You're willing to forgive her for that crack she made about us, aren't you? Why shouldn't she call it quits too?"

He tried to smile. "Because we're temperamentally different," he said. "I get mad quick and then I get over it. She keeps her mad for a long time. You know the old saying that opposites attract."

"Sure," I admitted; "but you have to have some interests in common—like me and Jim and stamp collecting."

"Oh, I suppose we have," he said.

"And what are you going to do now?" I asked him.

"What can I do except keep on living at the club until she gets over it? If she ever does," he added, looking very miserable.

Ever since then he kept writing her and telephoning her, but it didn't do any good. A couple of days ago, after she had hung up on him for about the tenth time, I said: "She ought to get wise to herself—carrying a grudge like that."

He turned on me quick. "You keep out of this!" he said. "Claire knows what she's doing." Yeah, he was as crazy about her as he was the day they were married. He wouldn't have paid any attention to me even if I was *twice* as beautiful as I am.

On the day I had all the windows open, he was going through his mail, and I heard him say, "Huh." He had picked up a seed catalogue that had come in that morning. "Pretty early for this," he said. "No, I guess not. Greggs usually sends it to me in February."

"You're kind of fond of gardening, aren't you?" I asked.

He nodded. "I get a lot of fun out of it."

"Always been that way?"

"No," he said. "Just since we got married. It was Claire who got me interested."

"I know," I said. "Like me and Jim and stamps."

He was looking at the front cover of the catalogue. There were pictures of big spiky flowers on it. "Ever grow anything like that?" I asked.

It was funny to see the way his eyes lighted up.

"That's one of our specialties," he said. "Larkspurs. I don't like to boast, but Claire and I've got quite a reputation out in Northwood for our larkspurs. Last spring she planted them herself—the time I had grippe and was away from the office for a week. She got plenty of blisters from spading up that soil. We had them growing down in our lower garden—up against a white fence. I wish you could have seen them. And Claire has a special white vase she puts them in in the dining room."

Mr. Blake sighed and put down the catalogue. "I guess we'd better get some work done," he said. But just then a gust of warm air came in the window—air like May—and he picked the catalogue up again and started thumbing through it. He stopped at some big red zinnias.

"Last fall I made another garden so we could put in some new flowers," he told me, "and we're going to have these." He stopped suddenly, and all the joy went out of his face. "I mean we *were* going to have them," he continued quietly. "Well, perhaps Claire will give them a try. I think they call them Crimson Specials. I'll find out to make sure."

He turned the pages again. "Yes, here it is," he said. And then suddenly he said, "Huh," again. I peered over his shoulder and saw what he was looking at. Right opposite those words was a penciled check mark. He turned to other parts of the catalogue, and there were checks there too—against the larkspurs and the cucumbers and some peas—Extra Early Emerald.

"What became of the wrapper this catalogue came in?" he asked.

I fished around in the wastebasket and found it.

He stared at it. "Look," he said. "This didn't come directly from Greggs. It's from Northwood, addressed in Claire's handwriting. And she must have put the check marks in it. That's funny, isn't it? Why would she do that when I'm living by myself in the city?"

I looked straight at him. "What do *you* think?"

Suddenly his face lighted up again, and he got up very quickly from his desk. "You look after things today," he said. "I'm going out of town." He grabbed the catalogue and his hat and headed for the door.

"You'd better take your coat," I said. "You might catch cold."

He started to get it, and then shook his head. "I won't need it," he said. "It's so warm outside. It's going to be an early spring this year. I can always tell!"

The door closed behind him, and I could hear him going down the hall toward the elevators. He was running.

THE END

ON THE AIR

Liberty Short Shorts are on the air as a feature, Short Short Stories, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 6.15 to 6.30 P. M., WLW, Cincinnati; WHN, New York; WFIL, Philadelphia. Also every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 11 to 11.15 A. M., over WLS, Chicago. Three complete dramatizations weekly.

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Seagram's Five Crown Blended Whiskey
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Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old, 25% straight whiskey, 75% neutral spirits distilled from American

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

SHE *Woke Up* SMILING

Swiftly a master storyteller sweeps you into a lively, surprising tale of a lovely girl and a strange adventure

BY ELMER DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

YOUNG, beautiful, ambitious, Gail Perrin becomes social secretary and party hostess to old Jasper Hawes, an unattached millionaire in New York. Though paid extravagantly for her services, Gail is studying with Dilighine to win a place among great dancers. Her position with Hawes makes many suspect that she is his mistress.

On this particular morning in September she wakes up in a joyous mood, which is heightened to a point of ecstasy when Dilighine tells her she is ready for her debut—that she is an artiste. But Ed Brewster, who manages the vast interests of Mr. Hawes, spoils her rosy dreams with his repulsive insistence that she marry him. Further, he assures her gratuitously that she needn't imagine their high-living, hard-drinking, fun-at-any-price employer is ever going to marry her. Jasper is not a fall guy for any woman! Gail is astounded at Brewster's effrontery.

Returning home from her happy dance lesson and this disturbing encounter with Brewster, she is preparing for an afternoon call from old Jasper when Jimmy Yates is announced. Jimmy, whom she almost accepted a year ago, had been to Hollywood trying to write for the movies. Now he is back, has obtained a good newspaper berth, and begs her to say a final yes to his deferred suit. But Gail won't say the word. Plump into this love scene walks her gay and masterful employer, who has just been told by his doctor that he can't live much longer and that he should make his will. Jasper Hawes shows no sign of having heard his death sentence.

Plan a party for that night, he tells Gail, which she proceeds to do. Jimmy is invited. Stiffly he accepts, and leaves them. After a moment, Jasper Hawes asks:

"How'd you like to marry me?"

PART TWO—"I COULD LEAVE YOU $50,000,000."

WHAT?" Gail gasped. "Marry you? But—why do you want me to?"

"Why does a man generally want a woman to marry him?" countered Jasper Hawes.

"You're not in love with me. You've never even acted as if you wanted me." (Possessiveness was something else.) "So I can't see why—"

"I suppose you can't," he said wearily. There she sat—uneasy, trying hard to hide her impatience; lovely and young. He wanted her madly; and hated her too, because she would laugh if she knew how much he wanted her. He'd never dared show it. . . . He hadn't supposed the thing would ever happen to him again, but apparently a man was never too old. "You're twenty-three," he said. "I'm sixty-five. I reckon that seems indecent to you." It seemed precisely that, but somehow she hated to say so.

"You don't seem old, Jasper." The name had come naturally, though she had never used it before. "But I never dreamed— I couldn't do it. I like you a lot, but—not that way. . . . I'm sorry."

"So am I. . . . Well, then, put it on another basis. You're proud of earning your way. Being my wife would be quite a job—bigger, more important than this one. And I could leave you a lot of money."

"Do you think I'd marry you for that?" she blazed.

He grinned.

"It's been done. . . . I kind of thought you'd flare up when I put it to you that way; but now that you've got rid of the heroics, be sensible. You and I get along well day by day—"

She laughed unhappily. "So we do. But that isn't enough."

"You're really just a kid, aren't you?" he said. "You think love's a great thing. Wait till it plays hob with you sometime. The greatest thing in the world is money. Maybe it shouldn't be, but it is. And I could leave you fifty million dollars. . . . Well, less taxes, of course."

"Fifty million? Honestly, Jasper, that doesn't mean a thing to me. I might visualize fifty thousand, but this— It's as if you said you'd give me the United States navy. I wouldn't know what to do with it. There's no use talking, Jasper. I'm sorry—"

"Look here," he said. "Maybe you're thinking about what it would be like when you're thirty-three and I'm seventy-five. I won't be here when you're thirty-three; I'm nearly through. But before I go, Gail, I want to leave a son." Her eyes were troubled, almost tender. "And my son's mother would have to raise him. I'd be kind of particular what sort of woman I picked out for that job. You're the only one I know that I'd trust."

"Oh, my dear! Truly, I wish I could. . . . You could find plenty of other women who would. Women who'd be more suitable."

"They wouldn't suit me." . . .

He strode about, jingling the coins in his pockets.

"I want to leave a son, Gail! I had one once—and never saw him. . . . Never told this to anybody but you. His mother ran off with my partner—fellow named Cantrill—when he was a baby. They were killed in a wreck—she and the boy; train went off a bridge into a canyon. By the time they fished the bodies out— Well, I never knew what my son looked like. But never mind that," he said hastily. (He couldn't stand her being so sorry for him—sorry, and no more.) "Just wished I could leave my money to somebody that's part of me. . . . It's a lot of trouble, figurin' out what to do with it when I'm gone. What would you do with it, Gail, if it was yours?"

"I?" She laughed uneasily. "How can I tell?"

"Most everybody can think up ways to spend other people's money."

"Well—I think I'd help people," she said. "Somebody will always take care of colleges and charities. But people whom just a little money would set on their feet—"

He grinned wearily.

"Like to play God, wouldn't you? You don't get grapes from thorns, Gail, or figs from thistles. Give a fool a million dollars, and pretty soon he's lost the million and he's still a fool."

"But there are people—" she said. "Me, for instance. Just a little money—the difference between the salary I got in the office and the salary you pay me on this job—has set me on my feet. Dilighine told me today I'm ready for my debut; and he's pretty sure that by New Year's I'll be dancing in a revue at a big salary. So I'll be resigning this job as soon—as soon as you can find somebody to take my place."

"I expect I can find somebody," he told her with a quizzical grin on his lips. "But—you could marry me and still do your dancing if you wanted to, Gail."

I hit bottom that time, he realized. I'd look like all kinds of a fool—but a man of sixty-five with a wife of twenty-three would look like a fool anyway; might as well make a good job of it.

"Oh, my dear. I'm sorry. I do like you. But—I just couldn't."

"All right," he said. "If you can't, you can't. . . . I've got to go, Gail. But I wonder— If you're ready for your debut, would you mind dancing for us at the party tonight? I'd like to see your stuff."

"Mind? Of course not." Dilighine would be furious; he had forbidden her to give any private performances. But the man whose money had paid for her training had a right to see her stuff. . . . And also a good many of his crowd thought her ambitions were only a sham; she'd like to show them.

"Fine. Then I'll send Marcum for you with the car about eleven."

"I could just as well take a taxi. . . . I'm a little afraid of Marcum," she confessed. "I don't like his eyes. Pale blue, almost glassy—"

"Killer's eyes, they used to call 'em in the Southwest. Marcum comes from down there too—the Big Bend country, in Texas. But if he ever killed anybody, I bet it was somebody that needed it; all the Marcums had a good reputation down in the Big Bend. . . . Gail, if you ever get in a jam when I'm not here to help you out, you send for Marcum."

"I don't see why he'd help me. . . . Anyway," she said, "what sort of jam would I get into? I don't go around hunting trouble."

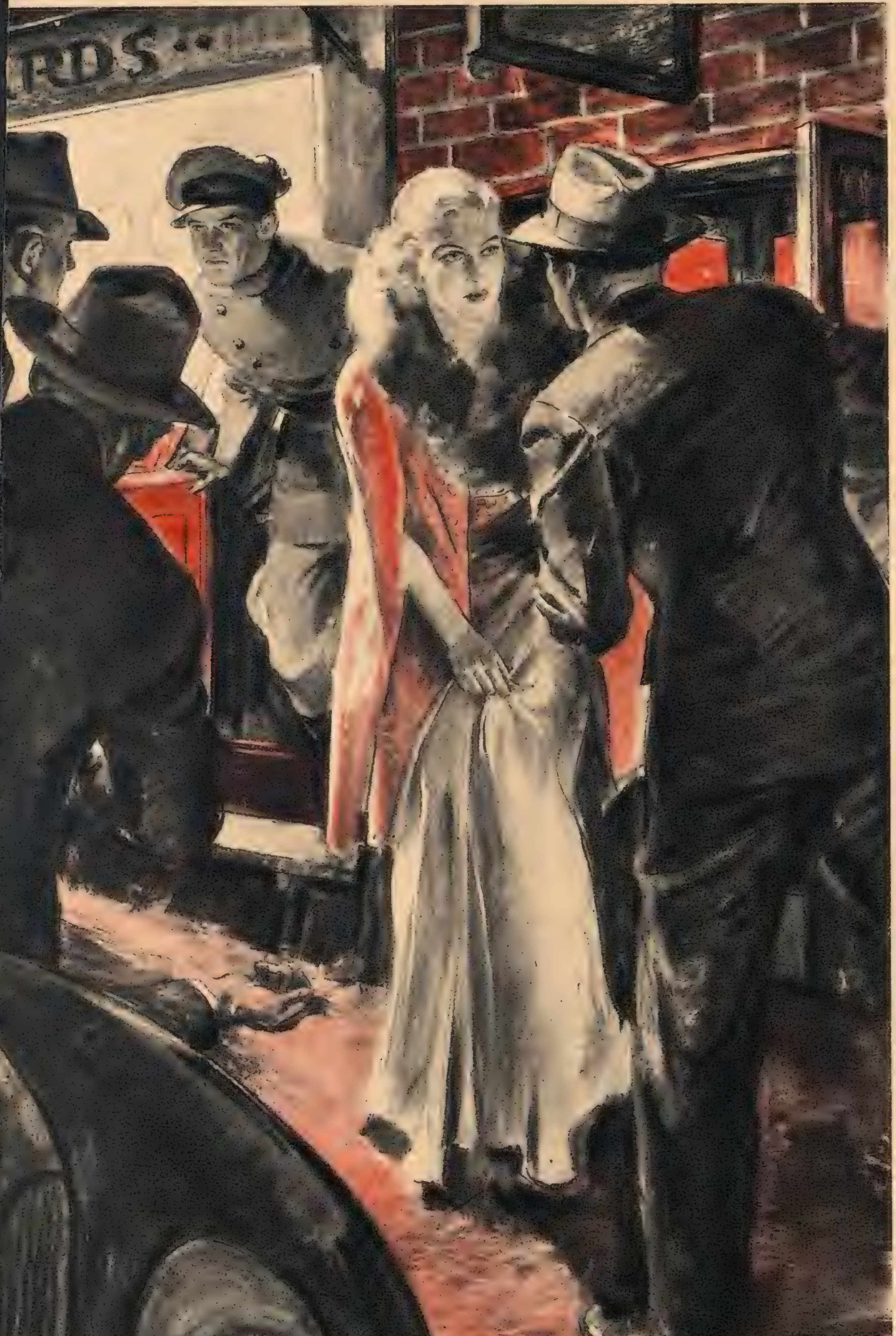
"Sometimes it hunts you," said Jasper Hawes. "Well — good-by." She always kissed him good-by; all the women of his crowd kissed him as a matter of course. But now, as she raised her lips to his, "Needn't bother to do that," he said, "if it don't mean anything."

"I do like you awfully, Jasper. It means that much."

"All right." He kissed her—impersonal, almost uninterested. She'd never know what a feat of self-control that was. "Gail, you never let me give you a present. Would you mind now if I gave you some little thing to—to remember me by, if anything should happen?"

"If anything— What's the matter? What could happen?"

"Anything could happen to anybody any time. Just a keepsake—"



Feet were pounding toward them, police whistles were blowing as passing cars came to a sudden halt.

"Well, if you really want to. Only nothing spectacular," she said, "like a rope of pearls or a fur coat. Some little thing—useful—"

"Just that," he agreed, and left her. At the curb, he said to Marcum:

"Stop at some jewelry store on the avenue—don't matter what one. Then take me downtown to Cramer's law office."

WHEN he had gone, Gail felt a little dazed. Not because she had refused fifty million dollars—that was too much to mean anything; but because three men she had thought she knew had turned out to be so utterly different. Jasper Hawes, Ed Brewster, Jimmy Yates. If only Jimmy had some of the force and maturity of Hawes; or if only Hawes could make her quiver and tingle and melt, as she couldn't help doing when Jimmy touched her—

And then the jeweler's messenger arrived.

She looked at Hawes' present with a queer sense of anticlimax. It was only a cigarette case—pretty, and useful in a way; but she smoked little, and she had a cigarette case. She opened it, wondering if there were a note inside—and dropped it, her cheeks flaming. Money! A roll of bills bound with a rubber snap; on the outermost a figure showed—1000. All thousands, then; he wouldn't pad out with smaller bills. Ten of them, she guessed; but she was too furious to unwrap the roll and count them. Something useful, he had promised—and he had dared to give her money!

She never touched the tips other women took at his parties—twenty-dollar bills folded in the compacts distributed as souvenirs, or tucked in the napkins at supper; she was proud of earning her way. . . . But how did she earn it? A thirty-dollar secretary could do her work; he paid her two hundred—because she was Gail Perrin whom he wanted, and must have wanted months ago, when he gave her the job. Thirty a week for her work, the rest for—something she hadn't given him. So really she'd been a kept woman all these months—a kept woman who had held out on him and lied to herself. Thank God she could quit the job now; and tonight she'd give him back the money. The cigarette case—she could keep, she supposed—

To remember him by, if anything happened.

CHARLES CRAMER stroked his drooping gray mustache, looked across his desk at Jasper Hawes. "Very good, Jasper, if that's what you want. In half an hour I'll have these notes translated into legal form. If you'll wait—"

"Don't want to wait. You're coming to the party tonight, aren't you? Bring the will along. I'll sign it there."

"I don't like to have all the copies out of the office. However," said Cramer with a shrug, "have it your own way. I suppose you're aware, Jasper, that this is a rather unusual document; but you're an unusual man. And of course your benevolent Uncle Sam and the State of New York will simplify matters by taking close to two thirds of your estate."

"Taxes as high as that? Still, there ought to be close to fifteen million left. That's quite a lot of money."

"Enough to be worth fighting for. Ten thousand to Marcum, ten thousand to Miss Beeding, a few driblets to servants, and all the rest— For nobody but you, Jasper, would I draw a will like this—a will that simply shrieks for contests."

"Contests? Who the devil could contest it?"

"Your nearest of kin—fifth or sixth cousins, if there's nobody nearer. And it will turn out that you've got plenty of distant cousins."

"Maybe I have, but I thought I could leave my money any way I please. How can anybody contest my will if you make it tight enough?"

"Oh, it will be tight—but the doctrine of undue influence covers a multitude of sins. When you leave millions to a girl who is commonly supposed, rightly or not, to be your mistress—"

Hawes reddened. "She's not! And, anyway, I could leave her my money, couldn't I?"

"If you were of sound mind. . . . Easy, now! I know you're legally sane, Jasper—but a lot of high-priced legal talent will argue that you made this will in senile dotage. You're letting the girl in for a lot of grief, Jasper—and on top of that you insist on making things worse by reference to this mysterious memorandum."

"Oh, that! That's nothing special; just as if I was sittin' down and talkin' to her. How can that make any trouble?"

"Doesn't it strike you that you're subjecting her to a terrific temptation? She's not a trustee; your bequest is absolute; legally, she can keep every nickel. You only express your hope—and hopes have no legal standing—that she will distribute as much as she may choose after consulting this memorandum you've left her. . . . Ever tell anybody else you were going to leave them money?"

Hawes shook his head.

"But a lot of people will convince themselves you meant to," Cramer warned him. "They can't compel her to produce this memorandum, or prove its authenticity if she does produce it—but a lot of my legal brethren might try it, on a contingent fee. Then, if she says she's lost it—legally she's all right, but everybody will believe for all time that she's double-crossed your other friends. You said you wanted to have a little fun with your will, Jasper. Queer idea of fun you have—building a hornets' nest and then kicking it over. Of course you won't be around to be stung, but it's a little rough on the girl. Possibly that's what you intended; but—"

"It wasn't!" (Yet she had hurt him today, with the redoubled cruelty of unconsciousness; perhaps his resentment had rankled.) "What I meant—Skidmore told me today that I'm in pretty bad shape—might pop off any time. I'm too tired to think up ways of leaving my money; hate to do it, anyway. She's got an idea that money can cure people's troubles. I know better, but I thought she might get some fun out of trying."

"It can't be much fun to hold millions in your hands, and then be told to give it away. Have you given her this memorandum yet?"

"Yes, but it's marked to be opened in case of my death. She wouldn't open it before. She's got no idea I'm going to leave her anything at all."

"You have a great deal of confidence in the girl, Jasper."

"I have," Hawes snapped. "She deserves it."

"Does she deserve this piece of tantalizing cruelty? There's a vicious streak in you, Jasper, when people you like rub you the wrong way. I'll leave in this reference to the memorandum, if you insist; but I hope when I bring the will to you tonight you'll be ready to strike it out."

Hawes began to feel ashamed of himself. The idea had amused him—a solution for his own perplexities, a joke on Gail. An ironic joke, to be sure, but she'd be paid for her trouble. He hadn't foreseen all this.

"Of course," said Cramer, "your will is your business. But you surprise me, Jasper. I thought you were about the coolest man I knew; yet here you're scared into panic by a diagnostician—who may not know any more about what's ahead of you than a fortune teller."

"Fortune teller? Is that all you think of, Skidmore?"

"Oh, he's an expert," Cramer conceded. "But I'm enough of an expert myself, in my own line, to know how wrong experts can be—especially in so inexact a science as medicine. I've got no use for doctors, myself; when I'm feeling upset I go to an astrologer."

Jasper Hawes had seen too much to be surprised at anything. But now his pale-blue eyes began to glow with a new idea; he rose, a little wearily.

"Well, good-by, Charles. Don't miss the party; it'll be good. Gail has promised to dance for us—and maybe we'll have an added attraction."

He came back to the car. Marcum put down a magazine, sat up smartly.

"Reading the Billboard?" said Hawes. "Seems a queer thing for you."

"I was with a medicine show for a couple of years. Kind of like to keep up," Marcum explained with rare garrulity. Hawes wondered what else Marcum had done since he left the Big Bend country.

"Let me see that magazine, Marcum. You can find almost anything in Billboard advertisements. What I want is a fortune teller—a good one. One who looks the part, puts herself over, makes people believe her. I want one for that party tonight."

"If you want a palmist," Marcum offered, "they say Madame Zora's about the best. She was fined lately, so maybe she could use some money. And nobody'd bother her for giving a show at a party of yours."

That was true; Hawes stood well with the city administration.

"You know this woman, Marcum? Know where we could reach her?"

"I don't know her; but I could call up a man who might tell us."

"You know a lot, don't you, Marcum? . . . Go ahead and call him up."

TWENTY minutes later the car stopped before a shabby brownstone house just off Columbus Circle.

"I'd better go up with you," Marcum observed. "In a dump like this, a man dressed like you might be rolled for what's in his pockets."

There was sense in what the boy said, and it pleased Hawes that Marcum cared what happened to him . . . though maybe he only cared for a well paid job. . . . They rang Madame Zora's bell, and told the maid they had been sent by Mr. Ruloff. Black velvet curtains veiled the farther end of the long living room; Hawes guessed that Madame Zora studied them through a hidden eyehole before she came in at last—a tall gaunt woman with bobbed gray hair and huge earrings of imitation black pearl.

In an undertone he told her what he wanted.

"My fee for a party is one hundred dollars," she said briskly. He brought his hand out of his pocket, showed her a thousand-dollar bill.

"That's your fee, if you'll say what I tell you. Come early, and I'll give you notes on a few people. Not all—just a chosen few."

"I tell them what I see," she said, adamantine—but her eyes kept turning to that thousand-dollar bill. "But the hand doesn't always tell everything," she qualified. "Unless you ask me to deny what I see—"

"Look here, Madame Zora. Just here, between you and me, do you really believe people's hands tell you what's going to happen to them?"

"Do you want a sample?" she asked. "On the house?" He nodded, grimly amused. "Then give me your hand. . . . You're a rich oil man from the Southwest. You like women. You can get plenty of them—but you don't care for the kind you can get. You'd give your eyes for a girl who'd love you for yourself, not your money—love you as if you were young, too. But you can't get her. You hate yourself—and everybody else. You hate young people especially — healthy,

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happy young people—because they're going to live, and you're going to die. . . . And your name is Jasper Hawes."

He swung round in his chair, glared furiously at the remote Marcum.

"No," said Madame Zora, "I haven't talked to your chauffeur."

Of course she hadn't; she had told him things that Marcum didn't know.

"Then, how did you know? You never even looked at my hand."

"The reading was free. The explanation," said Madame Zora, "will cost you that thousand-dollar bill." He tossed it across the table.

"There'll be another," he said, "if you'll take a few suggestions tonight. Now tell me how you did that."

"I use my eyes. How else would I know that your chauffeur carries a gun in his side coat pocket, where he can get it when he might be seeming to reach for cigarettes, instead of on the hip or in a shoulder holster?"

It was true; Marcum had a specially padded pocket, a spring that held the gun in position to shoot through the coat if he had to. How she could have seen that, down the long dim room— But those black eyes of hers looked as if they could see right through the cloth. Through the skull.

"Your eyes are good," Hawes conceded. "But what you told me—"

"From my bedroom window I saw that you ride in a French custom-made car, and the monogram on it is J. H. . . . No, my eyes weren't equal to that; I use a pair of binoculars through a slit in the curtain. Given the initials and the Southwestern accent, the name wasn't hard to guess. I have to know who's who."

"You said something about women," he reminded her, reddening.

"You paid me a compliment—so crude that it was plain you don't have to be smart with women; your money gets them. And what does an old man who can buy plenty of women desire above all things? A woman he can't buy—a girl who isn't disgusted by his age or attracted by his money. If you'd got her you'd look happy, so—"

"Can you always tell whether people are happy or unhappy by the way they look? And what made you say I'm going to die?"

"I used to be a nurse," she said. "I worked for a psychiatrist, among other things, and I've studied a good deal of medicine. I know unhappiness when I see it, and nephritis too. You look strong but you've got two or three serious diseases. How does a rich strong man feel when he knows he's about through? Why, he hates people who aren't going to die."

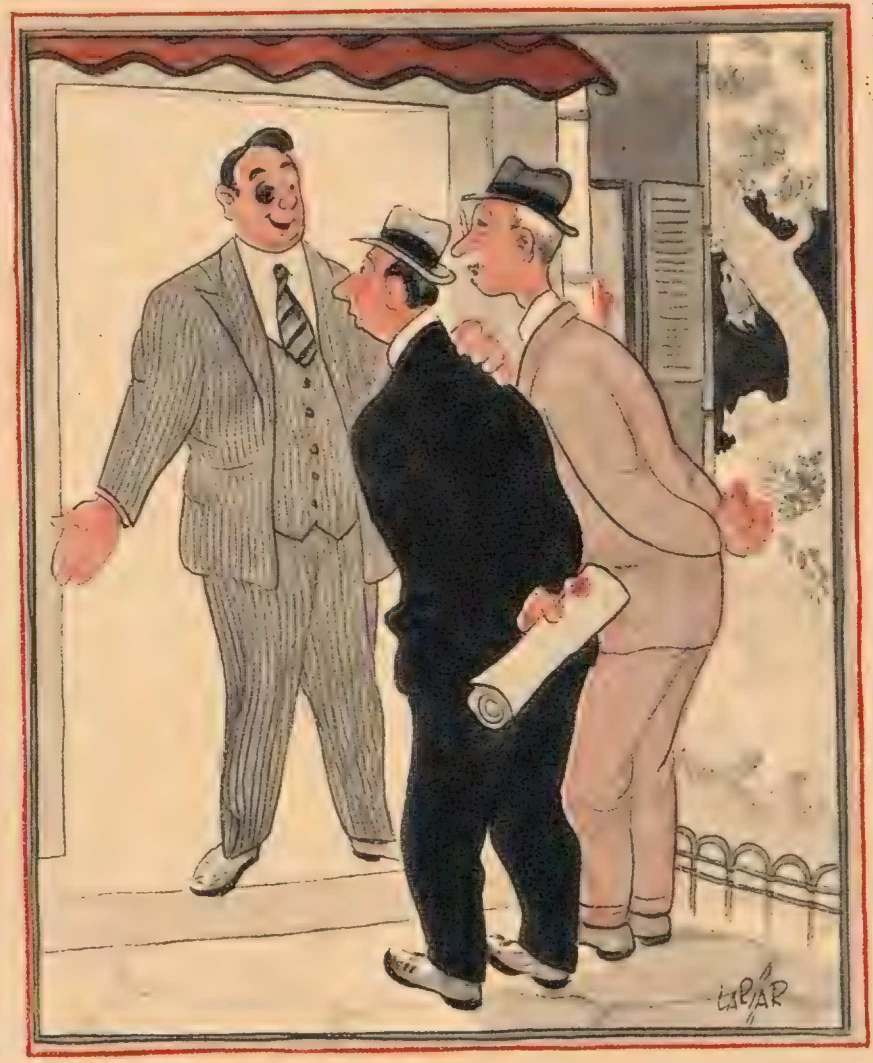
"You're good," he admitted. "Well! You know the Hawes Building, downtown? There's a penthouse on top of it. Be there about half past ten tonight, and I'll give you a few pointers . . . if you need them."

He went out, silent, still disturbed; and as he got into the car—

"Marcum," he said, "we'll see quite a show tonight. And, since you turned her up, I want you to see it too."

"Will the palm reading be after supper or before?"

"I don't know. It don't matter anyway. I want you to come to the party, supper and all. You've got evening clothes, haven't you?"



"Come on in, boys—Helen's delighted I brought you to dinner!"

"Yes," said Marcum. "But I'll skip the supper, thanks. I'll look in on the palm reading, in plain clothes."

"No, you won't. You'll be my guest at supper! You needn't think that just because you drive my car and take care of my clothes, you're not every bit as good as anybody in that crowd!"

Marcum, who never smiled, came close to it now.

"I wasn't thinking I'm not," he said mildly. "But they think so; they'd feel as if you'd asked a waiter to fill an empty place at table. Not that I care what they think. In fact," said Marcum, "I reckon maybe I think about as little of that crowd as you do. But I won't be the club you hit them with."

Hawes was silent, in amazement; that wasn't what he had meant. . . . "Suit yourself," he said at last. "Only—dammit, I like you, Marcum!"

"Thank you, sir." Pattern of the dutiful chauffeur, Marcum started the car—and left Hawes more amazed than ever. Marcum was always respectful but he had never called him "sir" before.

He might have been still more amazed if he had seen the perplexity in Marcum's face. So Jasper Hawes liked him—and Marcum, to his undoing, had discovered that he liked Jasper Hawes. That was the one possible obstacle that his plans had not foreseen.

"THE car's here, Miss Perrin," Rena announced on the stroke of eleven.

Gail nodded absently, studying herself in the long mirror. Her powder-blue gown, first of the new season, left her back and shoulders bare; snug about the hips, it flared about her feet—longer than she was used to.

"Do I look all right, Rena?" she asked dubiously.

"You never looked better," she pronounced, and Gail was reassured. Rena had taste, and she was no flatterer. . . . Now Rena held her cape—blue-and-silver brocade, with a collar that looked like silver fox but wasn't. Gwen Ronald, Doris Reick would know it wasn't. Two hundred a week sounded big, but when you paid for lessons with Dilighine— That evening cape she had stared at hopelessly in Bergdorf-Goodman's—she could buy it with one of the thousand-dollar bills Jasper had tucked in the cigarette case. But if she ever let herself think of things like that—

The cigarette case glittered on her dressing table, bright in rose and cobalt and gold, a symbol of temptation. Something to remember him by. Was that what he had meant? Was the money only an appetizer? . . . She opened the case, took out the roll of bills, tucked them in the match pocket of her cape; she filled the case with cigarettes, dropped it in her handbag.

"Now my costumes, Rena—" The maid handed her an overnight bag, for tonight she was going to give a dress rehearsal of her best solo acts—especially Manhattan Rhapsody. Time to see if that went over. "Good night, Rena. You needn't come in till noon tomorrow; I'll want to sleep late." Rena's spectacled eyes were expressionless, yet Gail felt impelled to add, "Don't worry; you were right about old men, but—not that way."

"Oh, it's perfectly plain that he wants to marry you," said Rena.

She didn't add, "but you'd be a fool to do it"; she didn't need to. . . . Really, thought Gail as she went down in the elevator, she's fond of me—more like a friend than a servant. And she's smarter than I am. What a shame she's black; I don't suppose she can ever get anywhere . . .

Marcum held the car door for her; his pale eyes disturbed her, as always. Then they were off downtown; and her thoughts were off too. If her dancing went well tonight— Billy Reick could play Manhattan Rhapsody for her; he played as well as a good many concert pianists. And if her dance went well— There would be a couple of theatrical producers at the party; she might get her chance then and there, and wouldn't need a debut at all. Somehow she hated to borrow money of Jasper now that she'd had to disappoint him so this afternoon.

Queer—she couldn't think of marrying him, yet she liked him better than ever. Ed Brewster, now—she couldn't say she liked him any better, but she was certainly beginning to respect him. But she wouldn't need to see Brewster any more. When she gave up her job she'd stop coming to Jasper's parties too. But no reason why she couldn't go on seeing Jasper now and then. And Jimmy. . . .

The car had crept through the theater-district traffic, sped down lower Eighth Avenue; now it slanted off into Hudson Street. . . . She hoped Jimmy would be a little more grown-up tonight, yet she couldn't be sorry he had been so touchy this afternoon. It would have been dreadful if he had doubted her, or hadn't cared. For what she had felt about him last year—

But that, she recognized, had been last year. What she felt this afternoon might have been mere reminiscence, or mere chemistry. This year she and Jimmy were somebody else; they'd have to start all over—

The car stopped with a grinding of brakes, a sudden jolt flung her forward. As she sat up, a man with a cap pulled down over his eyes jerked the door open; something black was in his hand, pointing at her.

"Tumble out!" he snapped. "Quick!"

If Marcum had been off his guard— But Marcum never was. His ranging eyes had seen the commotion a block ahead of them—figures running out of a lighted barroom, piling into a car at the curb; a blue uniform suddenly showing in the lamplight, the flash of guns. He heard sharp reports; then, as the car lurched forward, the wheeze of a collapsing tire.

It was none of Marcum's business; his business was to keep out of trouble and get Gail safely to the party. But when the policeman's bullet hit that tire, Marcum knew, as instantly as the driver of the escaping car, that the fugitives would need another car for their getaway, and his was the only one in sight. The other car swerved crazily across the street, crowding him in to the curb; his feet went down on clutch and brake, from the gearshift his hand went like lightning to his side pocket. Three men jumped out of the car beside him; one opened the door on Gail, the others leaped at Marcum, pistols in hand, snarling:

"Tumble out!"

Marcum shot the first man as he spoke, and ducked as he fired; the second man's bullet went over his head, out of the window beside him—and that man never fired again. The third, herding Gail out, had turned at the shots; his menacing gun left her, pointed at the back of Marcum's head—

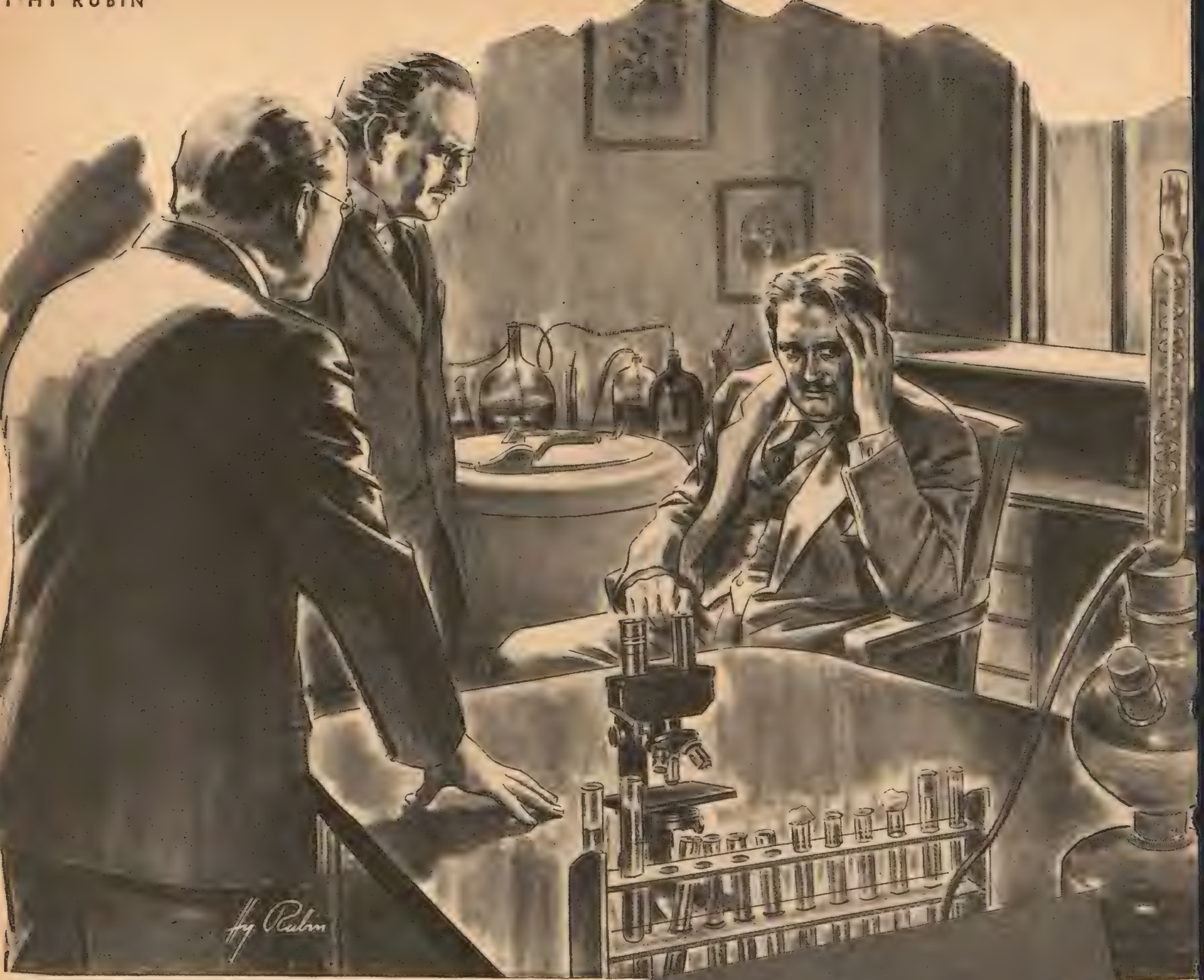
Gail could think fast too, a dancer's muscles are trained to instant obedience. She had picked up her overnight bag; a flip of her wrist swung it upward, against the gunman's hand; his shot went wild—and then he dropped the gun, held his hands high as Marcum's pistol covered him. . . . Feet were pounding toward them, police whistles were blowing, brakes screeched as passing cars came to a sudden halt.

"Thanks," said Marcum quietly. "Pull yourself together now, and let me do the talking."

Is this nerve-shattering experience going to spoil Gail's first big chance to show her stuff as a potential dancer? What is the significance of Marcum's quick mastery of a highly dangerous situation? Thrill and surprise await you in next week's installment of one of Liberty's best 1938 serials.

IF IT'S LOVE
SHE WANTS...
A girl is mighty foolish
to risk "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
NO WONDER BOB STAYS SO IN LOVE WITH YOU! YOUR SKIN'S ALWAYS SO SMOOTH AND LOVELY, EVEN IN ALL THIS COLD. LOOK HOW ROUGH THE WIND MAKES MINE!
MAYBE IT'S NOT JUST THE WIND! PERHAPS YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP! BEFORE I CHANGED TO PALMOLIVE, MY SKIN WAS TERRIBLE... DRY, LIFELESS, COARSE-LOOKING. I HAD "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
PALMOLIVE SOAP? HOW COULD IT MAKE SUCH A DIFFERENCE?
BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL... A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE AND PALM OILS! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT SOFTENS, SMOOTHS, REFINES SKIN TEXTURE. ITS GENTLE LATHER CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY, TOO! LEAVES SKIN RADIANTLY CLEAR!
SO THAT'S YOUR SECRET! I'M CHANGING TO PALMOLIVE TODAY!
PALMOLIVE
YES! I'M GUARDING MY HAPPINESS! THAT'S WHY I USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

ILLUSTRATED
BY HY RUBIN



Doctors DON'T Tell

BY DR

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

The physician who tells his own story in this series was thirty-three years old and had a wife and two children when he gave up engineering to study medicine at Duggan, a small medical school in a large city. He idealized doctors then, believed them typified in his "Uncle Billy"—Dr. Mann. Today he is as firm as ever in his belief in his profession's good and honest members, whom he knows to be by no means exceptional; but today he knows also, as only a doctor can, of its other and very different ones, and that these are not rare exceptions either. He has concluded that both, the whole picture, should be put before the public, and that his experiences and observations are representative. Liberty shares his belief that such doctors and such medical schools as some of those in his story are too numerous, and that an invaluable and, for the most part, admirable profession should be purged of them.

The facts related by Dr. "Raymond" are true; all names and places have been changed beyond the possibility of identification.

In last week's installment he told how an able physiology instructor at Duggan convinced him as a student that medicine was really no more scientific than other professions had made it—instancing its slowness to avail itself of the microscope and of the discoveries of Pasteur and Koch.

He also told of the tragic death of a girl of nineteen whose tonsils Uncle Billy removed. The pompous doctor who sent her for the operation had overlooked the fact that diphtheria had weakened her heart.

"Dr. Esser wilted. He agreed to resign from the staff and to sell out and leave town."

Don't miss this frank, fearless story of one man's life as a physician—These are things you ought to know!

GEORGE B. RAYMOND"

PART THREE—WHEN DEATH CALLED A FAKER'S BLUFF

IN our junior year at medical school we were taught not only by full-time professors with their Ph. D.'s, who were paid by the university, but also by practicing physicians, M. D.'s who taught us without pay so as to be able to say that they were "on the medical faculty at the university."

Among the regular professors there was an occasional inspiration like Manhart, but there were no Manharts, not even any Thorpes or Schlitzes, among the local physicians who thought it was worth their while to teach us at Duggan.

Dr. Thaddeus Smith, professor of medicine, was about seventy. He was, I suppose, forty-five years out of medical school, and at least twenty-five years behind the times. He lectured in a slow, quiet, timid voice that could not be heard beyond the third row. I sat in the sixth. Those who did hear him said he read from notes copied out of Osler's textbook of medicine.

Professor "Sleepy" Schlapkopf, head of the obstetrical department, was, I should say, fifty years old. He had had some teaching experience at Blush Medical, where he was assistant to the famous Dr. Trotter, who wrote the textbook on obstetrics. I dare say he knew his subject—although he never told us anything we couldn't find, expressed more clearly, in Trotter. Schlapkopf was the laziest, or the tiredest, man in the world, or the world's best yawner, or a combination of all three.

Dr. Abe Steingold, professor of neurology, was a natural comedian, not a teacher. What he had to tell was stuff we had heard before in neural anatomy and in psychobiology. Any question put to him resulted in a good deal of comic physical effort with the hands and arms, meant to conceal his utter ignorance of every phase of the subject except the one he had learned by rote.

To the associate professors, on the other hand, we paid strict attention, and succeeded in getting knowledge-value for our tuition—besides learning to distinguish a real physician and teacher from the pompous fraud who basically had nothing.

Many hours were spent by the students trying to account for the fact that the professors, generally, were poor sticks, while the associate professors, almost to a man, were good teachers, good physicians, and men of good moral character.

I put the problem to Uncle Billy one day, when I was riding with him out into the country to assist in operating on a patient who was too ill to move. He pointed to a field of grain near by.

"The best wheat," he said, "is actually in those stalks which seem less tall because they are bent over with the weight of the grain. They carry heavy loads. They make no attempt to be outstanding to the casual eye. Yet, if you actually measure the bent stalks against the stalks that are straighter and seem to tower above the others, you will find that the heavy bent stalks are the taller. They are like some men."

We drove in silence for a while. Then Uncle Billy reverted to the subject and told me the story of how my Uncle Charlie passed from this life. His death occurred when I was about ten years old, during the years when Uncle Billy was practicing medicine in Deering.

For a week Uncle Charlie had had headaches, a slight cough, some pain in the abdomen. A Dr. Esser was called in. He was an eminent neurologist, professor at the U., but he did take many cases—like Uncle Charlie's—that were outside his specialty.

"Esser was one of those fellows," said Uncle Billy, "who was always spouting, 'When I was in Vienna,' 'When I was in Berlin,' 'Pasteur once said to me,' et cetera. He gave the impression that each year or so he went abroad to exchange ideas with foreign medical savants. People like to go to this traveling-salesman type of physician to hear how much farther ahead of us the Germans are in treating the itch, how much larger and more impressive everything abroad is than here—even the mortality rates."

This outburst from Uncle Billy, who had himself really *studied* abroad for several years, told me the kind of fake scientist this neurologist was.

"Well," said Uncle Billy, "the famous Dr. Esser called, saw Charlie, gave him the once-over, and pronounced with a flourish, 'It's a case of gallstones.' This upset your aunt so much that she wouldn't consent to an operation—at least, not that night. She telephoned me at Deering.

"Being a hundred miles away, I didn't presume to make a diagnosis. But I just couldn't fit Charlie into a gallstone picture, and naturally, the idea of a neurologist making a fast, snappy gallstone diagnosis wasn't reassuring. So I advised having Esser call in consultation our old side-kick, Charlie Wall, who, besides being a good diagnostician and surgeon, was a safe man at any time.

"But this neurologist wasn't accustomed, he said, to having as consultants men who had sat under him as

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Relieves **headache**—settles **stomach**—soothes **nerves**

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pupils. So he brought in a crony from the U., with whom he probably planned to split a nice fee, and between them they switched the diagnosis from gallstones to bronchopneumonia.

“In fact, for two weeks Dr. Esser treated Charlie for pneumonia. In the third week we again received a long-distance call in the middle of the night from your Aunt Sal. She was crying bitterly. The pneumonia hadn't resolved by crisis, nor was it subsiding by lysis. On the contrary, the patient was getting worse.

“Finally I requested Aunt Sal to have the night nurse come to the phone. She did, and the symptoms she reported fairly shrieked typhoid.

“I got your aunt back to the phone and swore her to secrecy. Then I told her what I thought. This was on Tuesday night. Late Friday Aunt Sal phoned again. Charlie was hemorrhaging badly. Would I come to see him and try to help him? Dr. Esser had pooh-poohed the typhoid idea until the hemorrhaging started.

WHAT was I to do? Could I, even though Charlie was my brother-in-law and my dearest friend, cut in on the case and tell Dr. Esser he didn't know his work? Could I even so much as look at Uncle Charlie professionally without getting Dr. Esser's consent? Could I advise a change of doctors? Could I suggest a surgeon for immediate transfusion in hope of arresting the hemorrhage?

“Why, the second article of the Code of Conduct of the American Medical Association prohibits specifically any such conduct by one of the profession toward another.

“But at the risk of my own standing I did do something, because I mistrusted this high-pressure specialist. Upon my arrival at Charlie's bedside—he expired about twenty minutes after I got there—I took a test tube of his blood and quietly slipped over to see Dr. Wertz, city bacteriologist and chief health officer, to whom I related the history of the case, and told him what I thought was wrong. Dr. Wertz immediately suggested running a Wassermann test for syphilis, as well as a Widal test for typhoid.

“ ‘Why that?’ I asked.

“ ‘This bird Esser is bad medicine,’ he said. ‘When he gets in too deep, he will claim a patient was syphilitic. So be prepared. If we get a positive Widal, I, in my official capacity, can go after him for not reporting the case as typhoid. If we have a negative Wassermann, your sister-in-law can sue him.’

“And so it was. The Widal was positive in all dilutions, showing that Uncle Charlie definitely had typhoid. The Wassermann was negative, indicating no syphilis.

“On my advice, after the funeral your aunt went to see Dr. Esser, and told him that she believed he was negligent and incompetent, and that she intended to sue him.

“ ‘Mrs. Ross,’ he replied, ‘this is a delicate matter, one I had felt—er—in my capacity as your husband's physician, I should not disclose to any one. But since you accuse me of the lack of knowledge of my profession, let me inform you that if you care to let your friends and the public know, er—ahem—your husband was a venereal leper. Your husband had syphilis.’

“She was well rehearsed. She replied:

“ ‘I intend to sue, and I wish to inform you that if my husband died of syphilis, as you say, you have committed a misdemeanor by filing a false death certificate. I would suggest, for your own safety, that you consult with Dr. Wertz, city bacteriologist, and Dr. Mann. You may learn something that will interest you.’

“Two days later, at the city laboratory, Dr. Esser met with Dr. Wertz and me. I had with me Judge Keating, Aunt Sal's lawyer. After Dr. Wertz informed Dr. Esser of the blood tests, his failure to make a diagnosis, his failure to report a communicable disease, and his threat to a widow, Esser wilted. In fact, he cried like a baby.

“Judge Keating secured a settlement whereby Esser agreed to pay your aunt fifty thousand dollars, to resign from the university staff, and to sell out and leave town.

“He complied with the first conditions, but died two weeks later. He had diagnosed his own illness as gastritis and died because he didn't recognize his own condition as angina pectoris.

“He was buried with pomp—the U. staff in full attendance. The press gave him four-column heads of praise and admiration. A great healer and death-fighter had passed, they said.”

Uncle Billy lapsed into silence. What a man he was! Every session with him was a revelation and new food for my medical appetite.

I NEEDED all the inspiration I could get right then, because, upon returning home from that excursion into the country, I found my house nearly burned down.

Once I was sure that Cleo and the kids were safe, I began to wonder if my insurance was properly apportioned. The stock market had been in poor shape, and I had lost, on paper, a goodly portion of my nest egg. So these facts were important.

I found it would cost me $3,800, over and above what the insurance company would pay me, to rectify the damage of the fire and put my home into its original condition. It looked like “Good-by, medicine,” for me.

But presently the kind of miracle happened that renews your faith in the highest type of men who lead the medical life. Dr. Manhart called me into his office and said he had heard of my loss, and inquired as to just how badly it would cripple me.

When I told him I might have to quit, he offered me a job as assistant instructor in the physiology department at $600 a semester. Of course I thanked him from way deep down in my heart.

"Don't mention it," he replied. "Although I have not advertised the fact, I, too, supported a wife and two children while I was getting my degree. But for the kind offices of one of my professors, I would have had to quit also. So in giving you this job, I am only repaying a favor long overdue."

I presume that doing this favor for me reminded him of his own struggle and brought back memories. Anyhow, he endeavored to hide his feelings by becoming abruptly busy with papers on his desk.

Two days later, Dean Witherspoon stopped me in the hall and said in his typically whining, high-C voice:

"Well, I have decided to appoint you as assistant instructor in the physiology department. I trust that you will conduct yourself in a manner befitting this position. It is not every one who has this sort of favor done by the university."

ONE of the fine doctors Uncle Billy introduced me to was Dr. Don Bain, who had been turned down, twenty-four years before, by the girl he loved. Instead of taking his defeat the glum way, he had put her happiness above his own, and for all these years—in which he had never married—he had been first friend not only to her but to her husband and their son Jimmy, now a fine lad of twenty-two.

The boy grew up, had the usual kid's diseases, and went through the usual routine of primary and high school. Then Dr. Bain persuaded the parents to let him put their Jimmy through medicine at his expense. He was now a sophomore at King's University Medical School.

Full of pep and ambition, the lad came home on December 19 for the Christmas holidays. On the night of the 22d, Dr. Bain, with Jimmy as a patient, appeared at Trinity Hospital, where I was subbing as relief interne.

I responded to the usual "on admission" call, and saw at once that Jimmy had a "beaut" of a streptococcus infection. Uncle Billy arrived at almost the same moment.

"Billy," choked Dr. Bain, "it's Dora's boy Jimmy. Got a hemolytic streptococcus infection in the floor of the nasal cavity. If the boy goes, I'll never be able to face Dora again."

"Buck up, Don," comforted Uncle Billy. "We'll not let him go if we can help it. We'll all work hard. Cheer up, old boy."

We adjourned to Room 210. Upon our entry, the nurse turned on the light. Uncle Billy looked at the boy.

"Geez!" he exclaimed. "Where'd he get that?"

"Shaving," mumbled Dr. Bain.

Jimmy, his face much enlarged and a vivid red, mumbled deliriously, picked at the bedclothes, rolled and tossed continuously.

"Temperature one hundred and four," reported the nurse. "Pulse

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...the use of chewing gum helps lessen fatigue, improve alertness and mental efficiency.

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Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum is so good it's the most popular flavor of gum in America.

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The use of chewing gum gives your mouth, teeth and gums beneficial exercise. Beech-Nut Oralgene is specially made for this purpose. It's firmer, "chewier"...helps keep teeth clean and fresh looking.

Always worth stopping for

one fifteen and thready at times!"

Then we went to work. For eighteen hours Jimmy got everything medicine could offer—but in vain.

"Got to meet it, Don!" said Uncle Billy finally, hand on Dr. Bain's shoulder. "Better get Dora."

Dr. Bain dragged himself out of the room for the telephone. Dora and her husband arrived in fifteen minutes, Dora bordering on hysterics.

"Don," she pleaded, "if you still love me as you once did, don't let my Jimmy die! Please, Don!" She grabbed him around the neck, sobbing. Then she spotted Uncle Billy.

"Dr. Mann, why do you stand there? Why don't you do something? My boy's dying! Don't let him die! Don't let him—"

Then she fell on the floor in a dead faint. Uncle Billy motioned to me to bring her to. After a few minutes she opened her eyes.

"Tell me I have been in a dream," she whispered. "It isn't true about Jimmy, is it? Tell me it isn't!"

"Dora, listen, my dear," pleaded Dr. Bain, getting down on his knees and lifting her up tenderly. "We are doing our best. Dr. Mann is here. I'm here. We had in specialists—the best, Dora. But we can't do a thing. Be brave, my dear. Jimmy isn't going to last many more minutes."

Then she turned to me. "You're young! Don't they teach you any new things that might help him? Can't *you* do something?"

I shook my head.

Suddenly she quieted down and walked to the foot of Jimmy's bed. She never shed another tear and scarcely moved a muscle. Even after he died, two hours later, she just stood there and stared and stared.

Finally Dr. Bain gently took her by the arm and, as the nurse covered Jimmy's dead face, led her, silent and tearless, from the room.

The day before Christmas they buried Jimmy—and on Christmas Day Dora had to be taken to the State Institution for the Insane.

Germs—Pasteur—medical know-alls who ridiculed him—Mummy Willson, bacteriologist extraordinary, trying to find out whether the Peruvians had rabies five thousand years ago—and we don't know the cure for a simple infection a boy gets from shaving!

How politics—"dirty, rotten city politics"—can have a finger in the management of such a medical school as Duggan, and how, even in a better school, cupidity may play havoc, you will see for yourself in next week's installment of Doctors Don't Tell.

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆

1—He waved his baton ten Saturday nights over Red and Blue networks, and created a new appreciation for fine music. Born at Parma, Italy, in 1867, he could be addressed care of the "Met" from 1908 to 1915. Although his locks have turned white, he's easily recognizable in the early photo to your right. Who?

2—What game, played with four dozen cards, originated in Germany?

3—Who knocked out Joe Louis June 19, 1936?

4—Why does the federal government plan to move the village of Shawneetown, Illinois, three miles west?

5—Who was the first star of moving pictures?

6—In which country is the world's highest mountain?

7—Who wrote the following lines: "Peaceful is morning in the Shrine garden; World conditions, it is hoped, also will be peaceful"?

8—What is the largest reptile that exists?

9—Which two former jugglers have achieved fame as comedians?

10—Were 1,790,429 or 1,608,814 or 1,278,421 residents of the United States born in Canada?

11—How many persons were buried in Grant's tomb?

12—Which fur was reserved for royalty in olden days?

13—Of the 15,000 actors and actresses (not extras) in Hollywood, about how many worked at their profession for one week or longer last year?

14—The first city was founded by what murderer?

15—Who played Juliet to the Romeo of Rollo Peters in 1923?

16—What does *E pluribus unum* mean?

17—"Emmett Dalton," who jumped 13 feet 5 inches last year, to set a new world's record, is a what?

18—What normally freezes at 28 degrees above zero F.?

19—Some fifteen years ago Emile Coué was saying what about daily improvement?

20—In films, who played The Thin Man?

(Answers will be found on page 37)

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **BROOKS TOO BROAD FOR LEAPING** by Flannery Lewis. The Macmillan Company.

A sensitive, charming, thoroughly real reliving of a very young boyhood at the time of the World War.

THEY USED TO CALL HIM "OLD SOUR PUSS"

LOOK at that healthy, happy grin! You'd never guess that just a little while ago he, too, was one of those dull, logy, irritable, unhappy victims of constipation. Then he turned to FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum laxative—and what a difference it made! And no wonder—for FEEN-A-MINT not only removes waste, but guards against upsetting digestion too—in these 3 important ways:

1 NO STOMACH UPSET — With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there's nothing to burden digestion.

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Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

STOP Scratching
RELIEVE ITCHING SKIN *Quickly*

Even the most stubborn itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, rashes and other externally caused skin eruptions, quickly yields to cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.** Dr. Dennis' original formula. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at all drug stores, proves it—or your money back. Ask for **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.**

THE THAMES . . AND Mr. TAYLOR

An American screen idol takes the Siwash theme to merrie England—Mr. Goldwyn gives you song and dance in color

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ A YANK AT OXFORD

THE PLAYERS: Robert Taylor, Lionel Barrymore, Maureen O'Sullivan, Vivien Leigh, Edmund Gwenn, Griffith Jones, C. V. France, Edward Rigby, Morton Selten, Claude Gillingwater, Tully Marshall, Walter Kingsford, Robert Coote, Peter Croft, Noel Howlett, Edmund Breon. Screen play by Malcolm Stuart Boylan, Walter Ferris, and George Oppenheimer from a story by Leon Gordon, Sidney Gilliat, and Michael Hogan, based on an idea by John Monk Saunders. Directed by Jack Conway. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 100 minutes.

HOLLYWOOD movie makers have taken the old Siwash rah-rah formula and dropped it down in the picturesque historic setting of Oxford.

For all the ivy-covered background, the story is the usual stuff.

Lee Sheridan, the cocky spoiled athletic hero of a fresh-water college somewhere in the Middle West, goes to Oxford and in no time at all he has the whole staid college arrayed against him.

All, that is, except the pretty sister of his biggest enemy.

But Lee takes the blame when this boy gets involved with the wife of a town bookseller, is almost expelled—but everything gets straightened out in time for him to stroke his shell in the Thames to a win against Cambridge.

Every effort has been made to provide Robert Taylor with a hair-on-his-chest role, and Taylor gives a pleasant enough performance. Griffith Jones, a young Englishman, is surprisingly good as the heroine's naughty brother, and Maureen O'Sullivan, who speaks the loveliest English in Hollywood, is attractive as the girl.

The film has seven authors but the same old plot, beautiful scenes along the Thames—and the common fault of all films: It's far too long.

VITAL STATISTICS: They toted Rob Heartthrob Taylor over to England—pompadour wave, Stanwyck's pictures, open-at-the-throat shirts, heavy black beard and all—for this. Taylor immediately set to work learning to stroke an Oxford eight, which races to a phony well coached scriptual victory in this. Put himself into strict crew training under Ted Phelps, thrice world sculling champion, got to be able to pull a fair stroke oar, what with three months' training in the Thames Boat Club tank and on the Thames itself. . . . All racing was done by members of the Thames Rowing Club, even the spectators were paid—20 shillings a week and Taylor's autograph. . . . About a dozen writers couldn't find room for their names on the screen. Actually the story idea's by John Monk Saunders, Oxford Rhodes scholar from State of Washington, Olympic sprint swimmer, 1924 team, war flyer, and author of first big air picture, Wings. . . . Sorry, but that's a phony Oxford you see on screen, tossed together at the Denham studios. . . . They invented Cardinal College for Taylor to attend. It doesn't exist otherwise. . . . Maureen O'Sullivan, a good Irish gal, and her husband, John Farrow, a good Owstrailyan, stood for two and a half hours in a queue at Westminster before being admitted to the antechamber of the House of Lords in the English Houses of Parliament for the rare privilege of seeing the King and Queen pass them on their way to the state opening of Parliament. . . . Pen Tennyson, great-great-grandson of Lawd Tennyson, ex-Etonian and Oxford scholar himself, assistant-directed Conway; writes poetry himself, can't make a living out of it. . . . Griffith Jones is the big discovery of Megger Conway. He trained for the law at London's University College, shook Blackstone out of his hair when he got a chance to don the wig and buskin for British stage for Vic Saville, British megger. Made a bewildered impromptu film debut in The Faithful Heart as an aesthetic art connoisseur, standing before a piece of sculpture saying, " A trifle subdominant, don't you think? " . . . Edmund Gwenn's a Londoner, well educated in the London manner, was something on the British stage, till a trip for a Hollywood career subdued him. . . . Taylor and O'Sullivan got along well together. Usually Taylor's leads don't like the job—they tend to be overshadowed in their own department —Beauty! . . . Pix cost about £200,000, which is a lot to lift, especially if it's in the form of a mortgage.

★ ★ ★ THE GOLDWYN FOLLIES

THE PLAYERS: Adolphe Menjou, the Ritz Brothers, Zorina, Kenny Baker, Andrea Leeds, Helen Jepson, Phil Baker, Ella Logan, Bobby Clark, Jerome Cowan, Nydia Westman, Charles Kullman, Frank Shields, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. Story by Ben Hecht with music by George and Ira Gershwin. Directed by George Marshall. Produced by Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists. Running time, 120 minutes.

THIS elaborate decorative revue, photographed in technicolor, is long, spotty, with some amusing interludes, lovely use of color, and considerable boredom.

The specialties are hung on a simple plot—a movie producer, seeking to hit the public taste, hires a little feminine movie fan to pass on all ideas. If these amuse her, he figures they will get all America. Through the proceedings move a variegated assortment of entertainers: a pretty danseuse named Zorina, who leads a lot of classic dancers in several ballets, including a nymph interlude in which she comes up out of a pool to dance, then disappears back below the surface again.

The Ritz Brothers indulge in some intensive comedy, somehow not quite as spontaneous as it has appeared in the past; Helen Jepson and Charles Kullman sing from La Traviata; Phil Baker collides with Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy; Andrea Leeds does a Janet Gaynor as the studio Cinderella who is hired to reflect the public mind; Adolphe Menjou is the film producer; Kenny Baker is a quick-lunch-wagon worker

Heroine Maureen O'Sullivan and he-man Robert Taylor in a scene from their collegiate score.

"SERGEANT," MY LITTLE BROTHER DIED OF WORMS
WHAT A SHAME! MY PUPPY CAPSULES MIGHT HAVE SAVED HIS LIFE

HAVE YOU WORMED YOUR PUPPY?

"Sergeant" was a real dog. His master made medicines for him. His Puppy Capsules are especially prepared for Roundworms and Hookworms in dogs and pups weighing 10 pounds or less. Safe for pups. Large dogs need Sure-Shot Capsules for worms. Easy to give.

There are 23 tried and tested Sergeant's Dog Medicines. Trusted by dog lovers since 1879. Constantly improved. Made of the finest drugs. Sold under a money-back guarantee by drug and pet shops. Ask them for a free copy of Sergeant's Dog Book, or write:

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243 W. Broad Street • Richmond, Va.

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SERGEANT

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

Their Harvest Years Made HAPPY!

CONSTIPATION WORRIES SOLVED WITH THE VEGETABLE LAXATIVE

FOR many years they have used the dependable ALL-VEGETABLE laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) to aid in keeping them fit. So mild, thorough, refreshing and invigorating. Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation.

Without Risk get a 25c box of NRs from any druggist. Use for one week, then if you are not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Try it—NR Tonight—Tomorrow Alright.

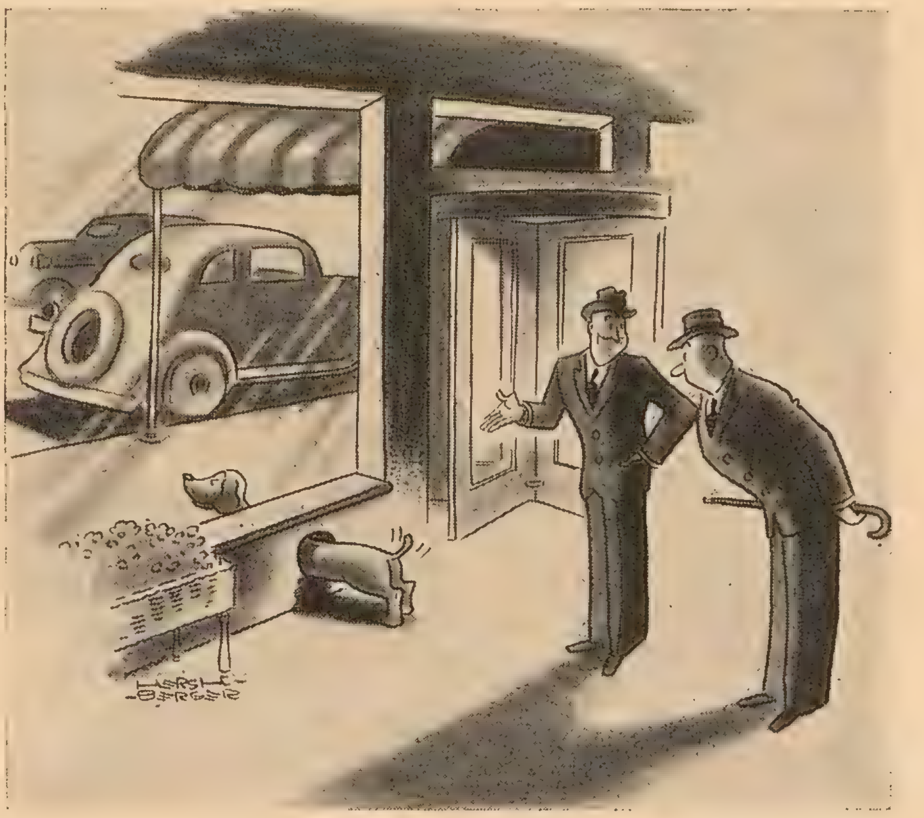
Nature's Remedy
REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE
NR-TABLETS-NR

who gets a break in the pictures.

Actually Charlie McCarthy is the best of the revue—and he isn't as good as he is over the radio.

Beautiful and frequently dull.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is modestly billed as the greatest picture Hollywood has ever produced. Anybody got a new adjective? Hollywood needs one. It cost about $2,500,000. . . . Ziegfeld estate put up quite a holler when Goldwyn announced the Follies. Thought the idea copyright in memory of Ziegfeld. Goldwyn replied Ziegfeld couldn't take it with him; paid off handsomely; is really fitted better than anybody in the world to continue the glorification process. . . . As usual, before the pic finished Phil Baker wound up behind the 8-ball of another stooge: That of being heckled by Chollie McCarthy. . . . For the first time in years Bobby Clark discards those painted spectacles for real horn-rimmed ones. 'Twas found painted ones wouldn't photograph properly. He's teamed with Ella Logan, McCullough being dead. . . . Helen Jepson swims in heavy seas for exercise, almost once lost her voice and all when caught in a riptide outside Newport. . . . Those are Balanchine's Home-Grown Crop of Pulchritudinous Hip Wigglers and Toe Flingers you see in this, marking the debut of big-time ballet dancing on screen. . . . Adolphe Menjou wore all the colors of the rainbow for his technicolor debut, had a sartorial field day, he likes glad rags that much. . . . Vera Zorina's 20, really blonde, nicknamed Twinkletoes, is a Norwegian born in Berlin, trained in Paris, educated at Oslo, debutting in Venice in the Russian Ballet under Leonide Massine. . . . Andrea Leeds knocked 'em dead when she suicided in Stage Door. Steps into the sunlight of technicolor in this. Is of Butte, Montana. . . . Jerome Cowan wants to make a career of going Hollywood. Has leased the big Jan Rubini estate in Holmbly Hills, has a swimming pool, acres and acres of ground to walk his borzois. . . . Charlie McCarthy was added as an afterthought to the show when he got to be a big splinter in America's side. Chollie's white pine, sleeps in the same battered suitcase he always did when things went badly for Bergen, although his clothes are now custom-tailored. Bergen washes his face, combs his hair, talks to him when they're alone. He has a genuine camel's-hair coat. Charlie gets the gags, gals, and fan mail. Bergen's unmarried. . . . That whale is a studio-made fish, 30 feet from flipper to blower, opened with a huge zipper and containing more innards to make it function than a real whale. . . . Those are submerged platforms that enable the Ritzes to walk on water; hydraulic jacks lift gondolas from the depths easier'n a magician gets rabbits from a silk hat; those mermaid tails are phony, too, but you can rent them if you're giving a phony mermaid party in Hollywood. That Canal is built into a 150-x-150-foot tank. Water in it was heated to body temperature, for you know how notoriously hot the California sun makes things.



"He hates to look through glass."

★ ★ ½ RADIO CITY REVELS

THE PLAYERS: Bob Burns, Jack Oakie, Kenny Baker, Victor Moore, Milton Berle, Helen Broderick, Ann Miller, Jane Froman, Buster West, Melissa Mason, Richard Lane, Marilyn Vernon, Hal Kemp and orchestra. Screen play by Matt Brooks, Eddie Davis, Anthony Veiller, and Mortimer Offner from a story by Mr. Brooks. Directed by Ben Stoloff. Produced by RKO-Radio Pictures. Running time, 90 minutes.

THE RKO studios, none too successful to date with musicals, save those of Fred Astaire, take another try. This is better—but just passably amusing, no more, no less.

The plot, such as it is, concerns two song writers who can't hit upon a tune or an idea. Then a yokel from Arkansas comes to town to take lessons in song writing. Imagine their surprise when they discover that the hick Irving Berlin hums and sings real song hits between snores when he is asleep! All they have to do is listen, write down the melodies—and they're the sensation of Broadway. They have just one worry—to keep simple Lester amused so that he won't get homesick for Arkansas.

Bob Burns, the bazooka specialist of the radio chains, steals the Revels as Lester the dreamer, Jack Oakie and Milton Berle work hard—too hard—as the song writers, Victor Moore is wasted in a bit, Helen Broderick fares a little better as a vaudevillian who falls in love with the shy Lester.

VITAL STATISTICS: Jesse Lasky started producing this a year or so ago; left it flat in the middle. It's still flat but finished. Production has changed directors, writers, and stories several times since. Originally it was supposed to be the story of Cantor's Peace Prize Essay Fiasco Farce Whatnot put to music in a Radio City background. Only Radio City remains in the story. It's another of those 33-writer affairs. . . . Though the mighty RCA Building in Radio City itself is a modest 836-ft. pile of concrete, Hollywood didn't try to duplicate it. . . . That's the first cantilever staircase ever used on a screen test. It looks as if it has no supports, which it hasn't, being built on the cantilever-bridge principle. How did you guess? . . . There are only four circular cocktail bars used in niterie scenes in this. They're made of crystal and just the place to do your drinking on WPA money. . . . When they started throwing the picture together, Kenny Baker was still an unknown, singing on Jack Benny's program. The picture took so long to make, he rose from unknownship to stardom. Almost didn't get asked to play the lead, he was that unknown, by the way. . . . Ann Miller started those good-looking legs of hers climbing the heights by winning first prize in a personality contest staged by the Big Brothers Club of

Houston, Texas. Unable to get a break in pictures, she took up nite-club dance duties in San Francisco, got herself discovered by Benny Rubin, who signed her up, drug her back to Hollywood at which she wasn't mad for its former coolness. She sensationed immediately in Stage Door; had to resell herself as a singer and dancer in this. . . . Picture started filming exactly four years to the minute after initial broadcast opening Radio City in New York, and don't say I don't get the statistics. . . . Robin Bob Burns now makes almost as much from his toy bazooka royalties as he does from his movie-making. He's just built himself a real log-cabin shanty, typical of his Van Buren home among the hogs, right smack in the middle of his $50,000 Bel Air estate. Spends most of his time in it; says he can't relax in the big house. During this spent one week in bed with silk sheets. Says it sure was nice to lie there and git paid fer it; it's something Arkansas folks'd rather do than jess take it plumb easy. . . . This is the first time gangly-limbed, double-jointed Melissa Mason's been farther west than Omahaw. Her home's in Bawstin. She can touch her spine middle with her big toe, so limber is she. She and Buster West are partners in real life; say their love keeps them from getting hurt when they do those slug acrobatic dances.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

★★★½—In Old Chicago, Tovarich, Conquest, Heidi, Mayerling, Stage Door, 100 Men and a Girl, Stella Dallas, You Can't Have Everything.

★★★—The River, Swing Your Lady, Buccaneer, I Met My Love Again, Hollywood Hotel, Love and Hisses, Peter the First, Rosalie, You're a Sweetheart, Wells Fargo, Nothing Sacred, A Damsel in Distress, True Confession, The Hurricane, The Awful Truth, Ebb Tide, First Lady, Angel, Something to Sing About, Varsity Show, The Prisoner of Zenda, Thin Ice, Broadway Melody of 1938, Vogues of 1938, Dead End, Victoria the Great, Souls at Sea, Artists and Models.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 34

1—Arturo Toscanini.
2—Pinochle.
3—Max Schmeling.
4—In order that the village may be safely removed from the Ohio River's floodwaters. It will cost about a million dollars to move Shawneetown's 250-odd houses.
5—G. M. Anderson (Max Aronson, better known as Broncho Billy).
6—In Nepal (Mount Everest).
7—Emperor Hirohito of Japan.
8—The crocodile.
9—W. C. Fields and Fred Allen.
10—According to the 1930 census, 1,278,421. The two preceding figures apply respectively to residents born in Italy and Germany.
11—Two: General and Mrs. Grant.
12—Ermine.
13—About 1,250, plus some 500 term-contract players.
14—Cain, who founded Enoch, which was named after his son.
15—Jane Cowl.
16—One out of many.
17—A frog.
18—Salt water.
19—"Day by day in every way I am getting better and better."
20—

William Powell

CHEESE IT!
HERE COMES FATHER!

WHAT A SMELL that pipe of father's had! We thought he was smoking a blend of rubber bands and old shoelaces! And he never *dreamed* of running a cleaner through the stem!

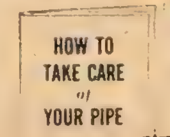
BLAME THE PIPE? Mother tried a dozen times to make him throw it out. But Uncle Ted knew how dad loved that tired old briar. He said to father, "Clean it well, and . . .

"THEN FILL UP with Sir Walter Raleigh, the mildest blend of fragrant burleys that the Blue Grass country grows." Father said, "I'll try *anything* once!" And now . . .

WE ALL WEAR GRINS. Father knows he's met the world's mildest. Sir Walter's two-ounce tin holds 50 fragrant pipefuls, and even *mother* likes that sweet-and-lovely aroma.

UNION MADE
Switch to the brand of grand aroma
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Sooner or Later-Your Favorite Tobacco"

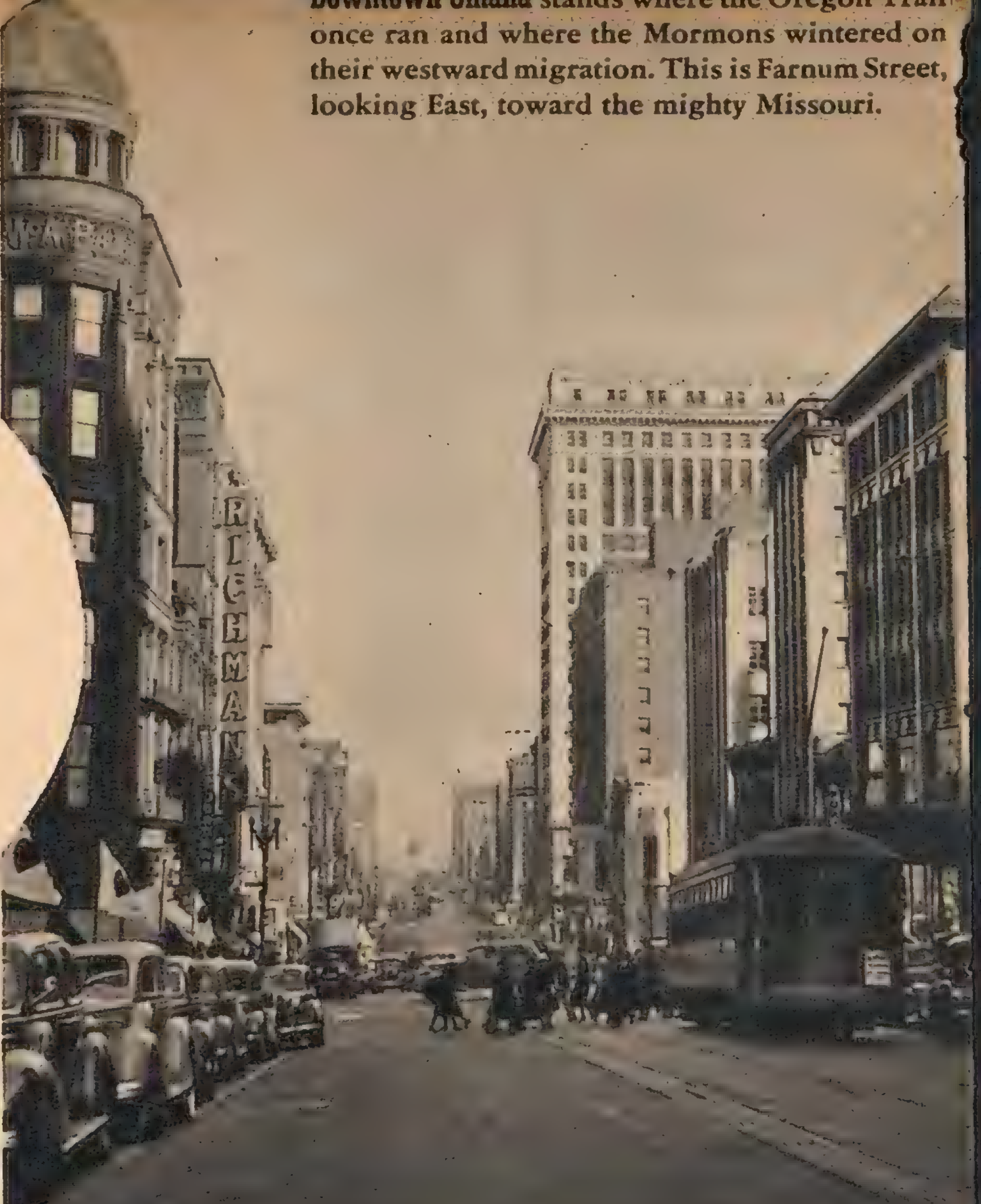
FREE BOOKLET tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for your copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. L-83.


HOW TO TAKE CARE of YOUR PIPE

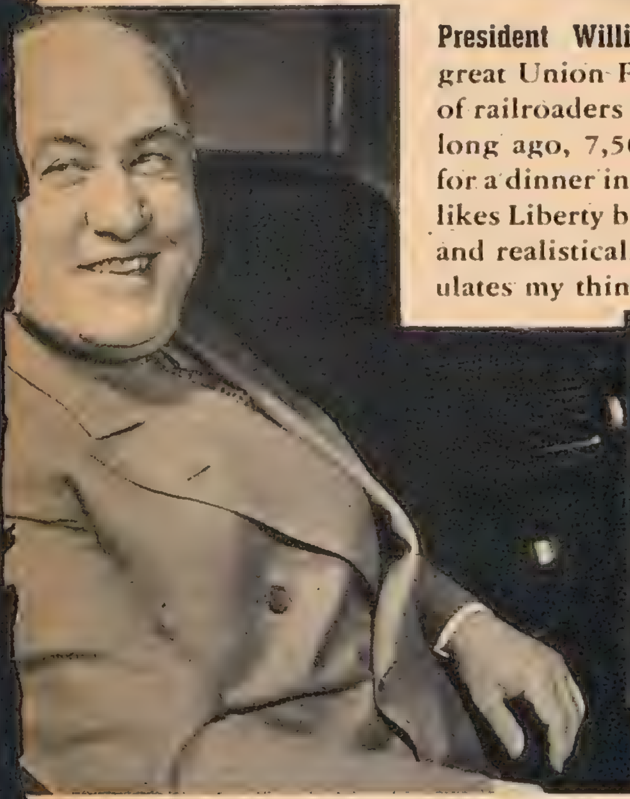
TUNE IN *Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wed., 8:30 P. M., E.S.T., NBC Red Network.*

OMAHA

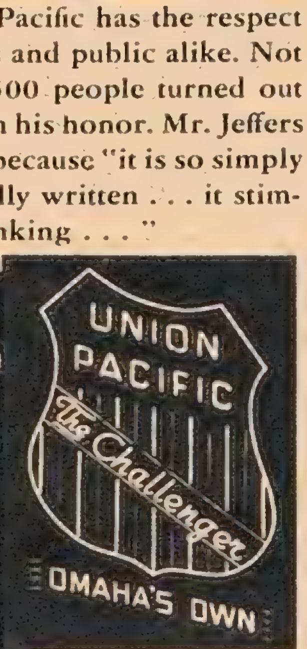
MIDWEST METROPOLIS of "Worthwhile America"



Downtown Omaha stands where the Oregon Trail once ran and where the Mormons wintered on their westward migration. This is Farnum Street, looking East, toward the mighty Missouri.



President William M. Jeffers of the great Union Pacific has the respect of railroaders and public alike. Not long ago, 7,500 people turned out for a dinner in his honor. Mr. Jeffers likes Liberty because "it is so simply and realistically written . . . it stimulates my thinking . . ."



U.P.'s famous shield blinks nightly atop the Union Pacific Building.

OMAHA, once the jumping-off place for the gold mines and the northwest territory, is still the gateway to the West. Today, there are more debutantes than Indians in Omaha, but high-heeled cowhands still clump through the corridors of the Live Stock Exchange . . . the city has never lost the open, hearty manner of the frontier, the ruggedness of pioneer days.

Where covered wagons once rolled in the ruts of the Oregon Trail, the modern city stands—solid, close to earth. Omaha's live stock market and packing plants are second only to Chicago. Thirty-ninth in size, Omaha is fourth among railroad centers, with ten trunk roads. Here is the headquarters of the Union Pacific, first trans-continental line. Here are the wholesale and retail houses, the grain and flour and dairy interests, which make this city "at the crossroads of the nation" so important.

We introduce in these pages, some of the well known people among the thousands of Liberty readers in Omaha. Some read Liberty for the sheer entertainment in its pages; others find inspiration for many interests; still others sense, in Liberty's subjects and their handling, a competent appraisal of the moving public mind . . . of what people are doing and thinking.

E. M. Lied, Cadillac dealer, is president of the National Automobile Dealers Association. Mr. Lied describes the editorials as "vigorous and wholesome," and adds "this country needs more blications wi

William D. Lane, president of Omaha's Chamber of Commerce, says "I read Liberty and so do many of my business associates"—substantiating a survey which shows that one-third of the business club members are Liberty readers.

Gwyer H. Yates is chairman of the Board of The United States National Bank. "Liberty," in Mr. Yates' opinion, "gives the businessman a weekly interpretation and understanding of the most timely and important topics."

Ernest Buffett supplies Omaha's better families with the best in food. A Liberty reader for ten years running, he likes the whole magazine. He especially enjoyed Will Irwin's CIO series.

De Emmett Bradshaw is president of Woodmen of the World. "As chief executive of a great fraternal body and a Liberty reader myself, I can readily understand Liberty's tremendous influence with its millions of readers."

Mrs. Bernard J. Wickham—president of the Omaha chapter of a great social organization—thinks that "Liberty's movie reviews are not only fair and accurate, but good reading in themselves."

Bert Murphy is the largest Chrysler-Plymouth distributor in Nebraska. Prominent in business and social circles, he was crowned King of Ak-Sar-Ben—an institution as famous in the Midwest as the Mardi Gras in the South. He reads Liberty weekly; especially liked Father Flanagan's Boys' Town.

K. M. Donahoo, proprietor of the Norge Appliance Company, says "the Joe Louis-Jim Tully dispute in Liberty was priceless."

restone
MILES PER DOLLAR

A. C. Hargreaves is manager of the super-service Firestone store. "I like Liberty because it's easy to read:—politics and sports are equally interesting."

J. H. Beaton operates three of Omaha's finest drug stores. He is largely interested in Liberty's short stories, but finds other features—"like that eye-opening article by Imperial Wizard Evans on the K.K.K."

ALL PHOTOS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR LIBERTY BY ROBERT W. LEAVITT

Ray C. Deaton supervises 30 important O. P. Skaggs food outlets in the Omaha area. A weekly reader, Mr. Deaton says "*Death Over Galapagos* was more exciting than fiction."

Liberty

THE UNBREAKABLE Mrs. Doll

Love at the end of the road, and peace at last . . . Now, stirringly, the story reaches its sudden, dramatic climax

BY GRACE PERKINS

Author of Modern Lady, No More Orchids, etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

PART NINE—CONCLUSION

I HAVE seen a ghost, Glory,” Jeff told his wife. “ Frick is downstairs.”

Her fingers went to her lips and her eyes widened. “ I’ve been talking to him.” Jeff moved uncertainly toward the bed. He swallowed and glanced helplessly out the window at the Parisian dusk. “ He didn’t get here as fast as I did,” he said defensively.

She caught her breath. Frick had come to her! Read of her illness and come—just as Jeff had.

She felt herself flushing, knowing that Jeff was watching her now.

“ You’re going to see him—of course? ”

“ Why, of course,” she murmured.

“ I just had a little talk with him. He seems awfully unhappy. You don’t think—”

“ What, Jeff? ”

“ Oh, I dunno. You don’t think he plans on getting divorced or something, do you? ”

“ No. I definitely don’t think so. I’m coming home, Jeff, to you.”

He nodded and tried to smile. “ Tell you what, Glory. There’s a boat back tomorrow. I really ought—I’ve been away too long. Suppose you come back in a month or so. He—he’s got a leave for about that long.”

She lifted her arms to him. And when he bent over, she held his head close, pressing her cheek to his.

“ Thank you, Jeff,” she whispered.

SHE went alone to Baden, where she rested and did a cure. Then she met Frick at Innsbruck. After ten days they went together to Maggiore, where into three weeks they packed all the moonlight, all the long woodland walks, all the music on the lake that lovers dream of.

Then, while she still had courage, she said to him: “ Now you must go. Today. You promised me that you would when I asked you to.”

“ Oh, look here . . .” he protested, aghast.

“ You promised,” she insisted quietly, and smiled. “ So—today. When neither of us expected it. We were going riding this morning. And we were to see the little feast-day parade this afternoon. But you will take the first train—the first boat—and one of those times you will not show up. Maybe you won’t be at the stables. Or maybe you won’t be opposite me at luncheon . . .”

“ And you, Glory? ”

“ Oh, me! Remember I am somebody you used to know. And that we aren’t to write or see each other. Ever.”

“ *Must* it be over, Glory? ”

She laughed softly because she was afraid of tears. She thrust out her hand.

“ Good-by, Mr. Frick. It’s been so nice loving you! ”

She turned and ran quickly up the broad carpeted stairs of the old hotel.

He was not at the stables at ten. She rode alone through the majestic hills. And when she heard the screaming whistle of the little train below in the valley, she smiled. She didn’t want to cry. She wanted, rather, to sing. Because it had been so beautiful. Because she was happy and at peace with herself. Because she was going home forever—to the kind of oil town she belonged in, and Jeff to grow old with. And a son—or maybe a daughter—of her very own, given her by the exceeding love of two men. What was it Debby had said? “ None of it means as much as a baby in my arms.”

IT had been one of the hottest summers she had ever known, and even now in early October the heat was still stifling—depressing. It seemed the air conditioning on the train had gone out of order.

But Glory, who had learned to look immaculate and untouched however she might feel, didn’t really mind much. She was at peace with the past and eager for the future. In New York, Frick had kept his promise. No word from him. No attempted meeting. Only a box of white violets at the ship—without any card.

In New York she had seen Debby and had several days of joyous talk fest. Debby had engaged a room in the maternity hospital for January.

“ I’ll be engaging one for March,” Glory announced.

“ *Glory!* ” Then after a moment: “ Glory—*who?* ”

“ My husband was abroad this summer,” Glory grinned. “ You’ll please remind everybody of that.”

And Deborah had made a face, throwing her large black eyes heavenward. “ The *minute* I turn my back you have to find something really interesting to do! ”

THE train was more than two hours late, but Glory didn’t care. Airplanes seemed too risky when another’s life had to be considered.

She freshened up at the inadequate little basin with its brief trickle of water, disguising the marks of her fatigue. The sounds of martial music came to her, and she lifted her head suddenly like a war horse.

“ GLORY, GLORY, HALLELUJAH! ”

Bending to the window, she peered forward where the train was snaking its way into the station. A band playing. A great big drum beating. Such a crowd!

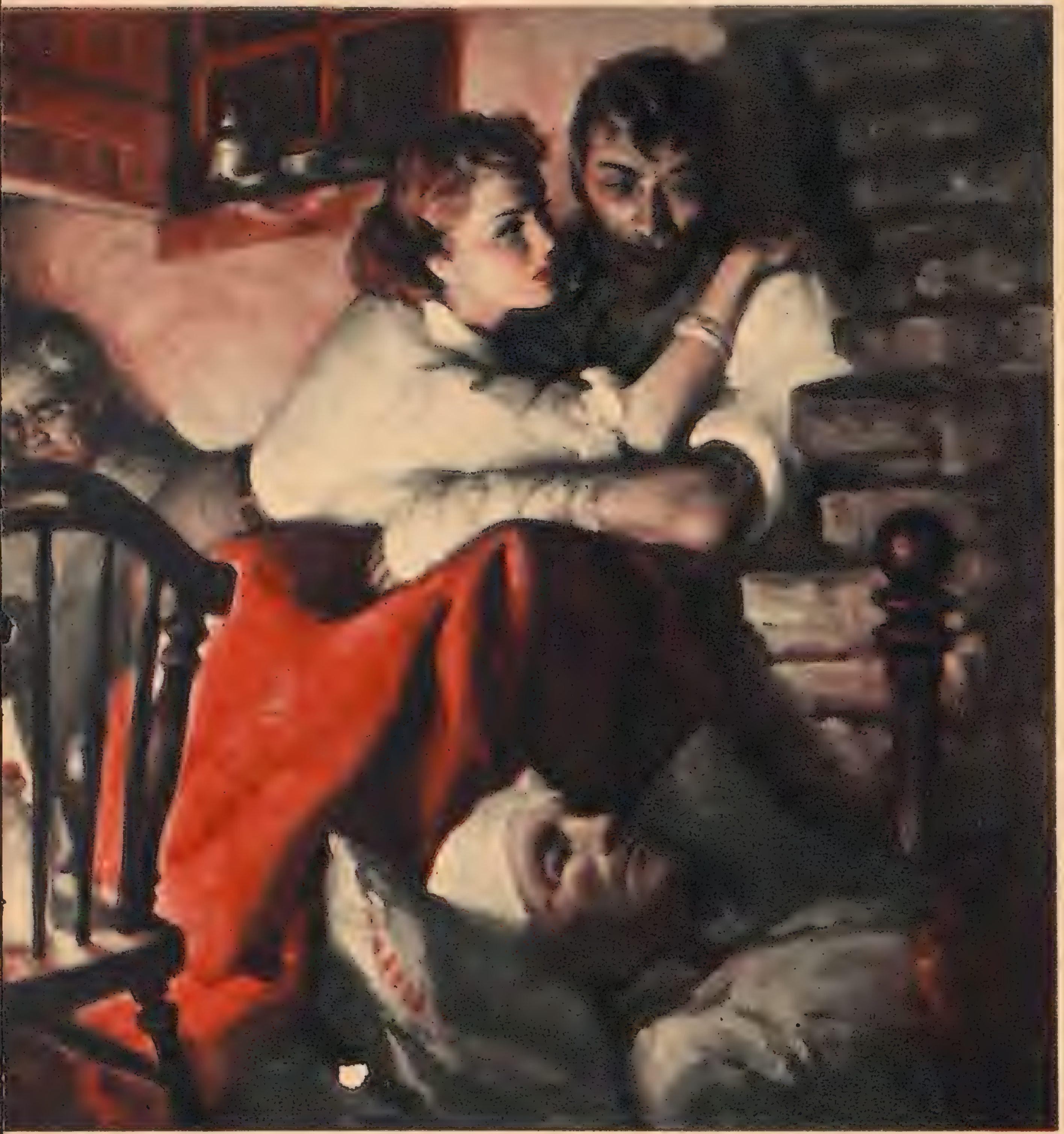
“ GLORY, GLORY, HALLELUJAH! ”

They were there to welcome her with a brass band. Her own townspeople. Rounded up by Jeff.

Her eyes wandered, marveling at the new sky line of Ceres. But this little world was still laced with oil derricks—obelisks of fortune. Then she straightened up, and as she adjusted her hat she found her lips were moving and that she was whispering a prayer.

She went out on the platform to wave. The train jerked to a stop, and, amid the cheers and din, she cared only that Jeff gathered her in his arms. She turned to Phil Grady and kissed him resoundingly—and all her old-time friends lined up: Joe Lopez, his big mustache gray as a squirrel; Big Tommy Mason, Jeff's first partner; and Lucas O'Keefe, whose only oil strike had gone up in flames. . . . She was in a great big touring car, and it seemed the whole town was going to her new home, Sans Souci, where the party was on the Dolls and it was old-time open house.

They called for a speech, but she couldn't make one. She stood up in the touring car, her arms full of roses—roses they had sent eighty miles for—and managed: "It's great to be home!" But she couldn't say any more, and she threw them a kiss to hide her tears. They understood.



"It ain't the first time we've lost everything," he argued. "Is it, kid?"

Going through Sans Souci was like going through your past. The rooms and corridors of youth. How perfectly Jeff had had them copied, and what odd mystery the memories held. She said: "Gee—you haven't got an old pair of khaki breeches I could put on, have you?"

"I was hoping you'd ask for them," her husband said softly.

She got into the shirt and pants with which Jeff had supplied her, and stared at herself in the big mirror of her absurdly ornate bedroom. She started to take off all her jewelry, and quit, laughing, knowing Jeff liked it. They were a sign of his success in life. But around her neck she wore only the chain with Joe Lopez' cross.

Jeff came bursting into her room, eager to explain that her old cook, Steve, was down from Dallas just to manage the party. And there would be Brunswick stew and muffins and corn chowder . . .

"Oh, Glory." He put his finger against his nose. "There's a wire came for you. I forgot in all the excitement. Hurry up down, will you?"

"You bet!" The old phrase came to her like the old clothes. She smiled and opened the wire.

GLORY THIS WHOLE BUSINESS IS IMPOSSIBLE STOP I CANT GO THROUGH WITH THE PROMISE AND SURELY BY NOW YOU FEEL THE SAME WAY STOP I AM FLYING DOWN TO SETTLE THINGS WITH JEFF STOP PROBABLY BE THERE ALMOST AS SOON AS YOU SO DONT WORRY AND LET ME HANDLE THINGS DEVOTEDLY
FRICK

Angrily she crumpled the paper in her hand. "I'll show him. I'll fix him. A deal is a deal and a promise is a promise, but nobody seems to know that any more. Well, he's not going to hurt Jeff if I have anything to say!"

She slammed out of the room and went down to the merrymakers. And while she was at the gaudy silver-plated bar, listening to Phil Grady tell of the changes in his inn and promising to go over in the morning to see them, Jeff shouldered up, his face aggrieved.

"Just had a phone call from the airfield," he said. "Did you know Frick was coming? He just landed."

"That's what the wire was about," she nodded angrily. "Don't worry; he won't be here tomorrow to bother you."

And how those words were to echo around her heart in years to come!

But at the moment she forgot them in the party. In recognizing more old-timers, in listening to joys and sorrows, successes and failures in the years while she'd been gone.

When suddenly a shrill siren cut through the noise of the hilarious dinner party. A siren blast that caused instant white-faced silence throughout the great rooms. . . ."

A chair toppled over. Men got to their feet.

"That's fire!" Jeff's tone was shrill, like the siren. "Come on, men! We . . ."

A reverberating crash broke his command. Again the group was momentarily transfixed in a pause of fear. A succession of thunderous charges shook the house, and out in the hallway a crystal chandelier smashed to the floor. A woman screamed, high and piercing.

They all knew. A well had exploded. And that meant another and another might go . . . it depended upon which well had started. . . .

Like something possessed, Jeff ran across the great room, out into the hall, and threw open the door.

"Jeff—Jeff!" Glory called.

But Jeff didn't hear. His other love was in danger of destruction, and he ran out into the night. His action was a signal to the others, and pushing, cursing, praying, they poured out of the windows and doors of Sans Souci, heading for the town of Ceres, which seemed to be one red blaze in the immediate distance.

Glory stood on her porch, too dazed to move farther. The orange flames leaped into the sky, vomiting fragments that might have been men or boards, tossing them in fantastic silhouette against the scarlet sky, dropping them like so many torches on the town.

She heard some one beside her—Phil Grady, it was—saying: “It's the oil tanks in the freight yard. The whole town will go!”

A GROUP of men ran up the porch steps, heading for the lights inside. They were solemn, intent. And Glory, focusing on them through tears, recognized Frick among them. With an inarticulate cry, she ran to him, clinging to his arm, walking along beside him into the hall.

His face was drawn and pale as he turned to her, his stricken eyes trying to reassure her, his hand tight on her shoulder. She nodded. Just as if he had spoken. Just as if she had answered.

The men bent over the table, spreading their plans before Frick. Jeff wasn't there, but Glory didn't dare ask where he was. She knew. He was in the thick of things. . . .

But these men seemed to look to Frick as to a god. He was an engineer. He was what they needed. He cut in now: If he could get back to his plane he would fly for chemicals; if a phone in town was working they could phone ahead to have the stuff ready at the Dallas field. He wrote steadily, listing his needs. . . .

“All right,” he said finally, and stood up. “Who'll run me to the field? I—I ought to be back with those chemicals in under three hours.”

Like robots, they headed out into the night again. And Frick turned to Glory. She saw the cords in his neck. She reached up swiftly and kissed him on the mouth.

“Keep out of it, Glory,” he said fiercely.

“Hurry back—”

“Come with me. Please come. Jeff would want it. You'll be safe in Dallas.”

She stood back, suddenly angry.

“Desert Jeff in trouble? Leave him here?”

His whole expression changed. As if she had hit him. She had a fateful feeling that she had said the wrong thing . . . or that her heart had spoken and Frick knew it.

Some one outside called to him to hurry. He nodded vacantly, turned on his heel and left her.

She took a deep breath, filled with the need for action. Because he and Jeff were acting. . . . She started to run, and outside jumped into Phil Grady's car as he threw it into gear. She didn't ask where he was going—she didn't care. . . . But she knew the station as they drove toward it—and the storage tanks where the trouble had started.

She saw Jeff only briefly. In the midst of it, his giant frame towering above the others, his slow deliberate voice yelling, as he directed activities. Not since the night when he had kicked in his first well had Jeff worked so hard. Now he was captain of an inferno . . . cutting oil cars loose to roar along the tracks. . . .

Phil Grady was crying. Openly, breathing hard, as he turned away and drove along to his inn. The flames licked hungrily along Main Street, hissing as they leaped along the new frame and stucco stores, greedily jumping to the grass and brush beyond the town. On the outer ridge of this brush was a line-up of workers . . . digging . . . digging . . . a trench for boundary. . . . The air was heavy with the stench of oil.

"I won it in a limerick contest."

GLORY found herself in the kitchen of Grady's Inn. Once, years ago, after a twister, Grady's had been the center of refuge and first aid. Now the enlarged, glorified Grady's was once more a mercy center. Men to be fed—wounds to be treated—burns to be dressed . . .

In the low-ceilinged kitchen, at the hooded stove somber in the corner like a cowled philosopher, Glory worked silently, her ears straining—listening—hoping—for the sound of an airplane. For Frick's return. She could hear nothing else, waiting for that. She heard no word spoken to her as she worked until her shirt clung damply to her shoulders. She knew only that she kept the kettles steaming with soup and the copper pots filled with bubbling coffee, that she dished out meat, cheese, and bread. All else she only half absorbed. That doctors and nurses arrived to take over the dressing station and emergency hospital. . . . They had flown . . .

She looked up. “Flown?” So planes had got through and she hadn't heard them! But, from the kitchen clock, it wasn't time yet for Frick's plane. Under three hours, he had said. . . . *Keep working* . . .

But as the clock crept closer to Frick's time her senses came alive. She knew then that men were tearing down the building next to Grady's; a one-story store, the rear wall of which was already smoldering. Other men were on Grady's roof, with hoses and buckets of wet sand, desperately fighting the sparks off.

Grady himself was praying out loud as he worked. . . .

“God, I've stood up to everything You sent me. I ain't flinched once. Let her stand, God . . . leave the place . . .”

Glory was conscious of that prayer, and of the air of battle. The sounds and smells of fire and fight grew clearer in her ears. Accented by the near cries in the barroom where the doctors were working. She began to separate sounds. That was the motor on the wrecking machine that they were using to break down the stucco wall next door. That was crumbling bricks. And that was the crash of a chimney. . . . That was a blasphemous Mexican shout from Joe Lopez, working like a demon, his poor face scorched. . . .

As for voices, she heard only two—because they were steady, relentless—because they were trying to get through a message. . . . Most of the words and voices around her were broken, were chips and fragments—of greetings of people glad to see each other alive—or groans, pleas, commands. . . .

But through it all ran the two voices—steady, unceasing, torturing. . . . One was the voice of Phil Grady praying like a madman, appealing to his God; praying as he worked, as he wiped his nose with a finger, or lifted a child to a table . . .

And *the other* awful voice, that she couldn't forgive because it was the voice of civilization, and half of her knew it was right and proper, and half of her knew it was hateful and loathsome. The voice of a reporter. Some frenzied reporter who had come down with a smart-alec cameraman to wind off in pictures the arrival of the unbreakable Mrs. Doll in her own town. These two hadn't dreamed of the story that would break, and now they had stayed to skim the cream, and were the most active, brave, and loathsomely admirable of all the men in Ceres.

They had found a hook-up, and on and on the reporter's voice went, the cameraman beside him. Sweating, drinking, straining to tell the world of a front-page tragedy of agony in the news. . . .

"AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE WAVERLY TANK HAS BROKEN WIDE OPEN . . . PERHAPS YOU COULD HEAR THE BLAST . . . SURELY THE WORLD MUST HAVE HEARD IT . . . OH, IT'S AWFUL! . . . I CAN HARDLY HEAR, FOR THE CLANGING OF THE BELLS, THE SHRIEKS . . . I CAN HARDLY SEE, FOR THE CINDERS . . . THE WHOLE AIR AROUND IS HEATED UNBEARABLY . . . YOU HAVE HEARD OF LIQUID FIRE, BUT PERHAPS YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN IT . . . YOU THINK YOU KNOW WHERE IT IS AND IT SPREADS . . . WE ARE SEVEN MILES FROM THE STATION . . . THE OLD STATION USED TO BE ACROSS THE STREET FROM GRADY'S INN; BUT KNOWING OF THE DANGER, THE TOWNSFOLK OF CERES BUILT THE STATION . . ."

And, as she worked, Glory hated that voice, and hated the words, and wondered, womanlike, if any of her friends were listening, and whether they would send help.

Then, as she successfully blotted that merciless voice from her ears, she could hear the other that cut her twice as deep. Grady's voice droning:

"Oh, Lord God, we built this town . . . We made it . . . It wasn't here ten years ago . . . Don't . . ."

Yes, she could understand and think clearly, calmly. Oh, with great clarity, here in danger, here among her own people. They had probably never heard of Elsa Maxwell or of Beethoven; of Noel Coward or of Delacroix; they did not know the latest gag, gadget, or game. They only had guts. They were only builders. Conquerors. Pioneers.

AND suddenly Glory dropped a pan. Because she had heard the zoom of a plane, and her heart knew. Blindly she turned off the stove lights and walked out of the kitchen.

She appropriated the first car she found outside and headed for the airport. The landing field was six miles from town, and she tried to remember why they had put it there. Maybe for times like this . . . or maybe to avoid danger from the derricks. Now, long before she reached it, she saw it flooded with lights, and saw Frick's plane circling. Other cars were there ahead of her, their lights making a half circle around the field. She saw the plane come down, and speeded recklessly, forcing the car over the jagged road.

But she was too late. By the time she reached the field they had picked up Frick and were driving him to the center of danger. She realized that as a line of cars passed her, and she screamed to him. . . . But no one heard. Down at the field, she turned around, and saw that other cars were still loading boxes from the plane.

"Here—" she yelled. "Let me take some!"

"Mrs. Doll!" a man protested. "It's dynamite."

"I don't care what it is! Put it in."

They loaded in three large boxes, and a man climbed on each running board, cautioning her as she drove carefully, gently, back to the station. She pulled up at last, and groaned at the new shock of smoking ruins, skeletons of freight cars, and hot masses of twisted steel. But she made out Jeff and Frick together, working shoulder to shoulder, their muscles straining. Jeff's clothes were more than half torn from his blackened body. He took some sort of package from Frick and started to climb high up on the signal platform. Voices called to him to come back, but Jeff couldn't hear. He was climbing with his feet and one arm, monkey fashion, while his teeth tore at the wrapping of the package he carried. . . .

She heard a splitting, rending sound, and a concerted moan from the crowd. Then she saw Frick leap . . .

She covered her face with her hands. And fainted dead away.

SHE came to with the burn of rum in her mouth and spat it out. She was on the floor, rolled in a blanket, and Phil Grady was bending over her. She caught at his wrist.

"Phil—what happened?"

"They're getting it under control. It's going to be all right now, because they . . ."

"Jeff—?"

"He got a broken leg and some bad burns, is all."

She sat up, leaning her palms flat on the floor.

"Guess you're all right, Glory. Guess you ain't hurt none."

"Phil—look at me. *Look at me!*"

His bloodshot dust-gray eyes met hers briefly and wavered.

"What happened to Frick?"

Phil Grady caught his breath.

"He saved Jeff, all right."

"He—he's *dead,*" she told herself.

"No. But he ain't got long," Phil mumbled.

She felt herself come alive with action, and she scrambled dizzily to her feet.

"Where is he? I must see him!"

"No—he's too far gone. You wouldn't know him. You wouldn't be able to stand up to . . ."

"Grady, take me to him! You don't understand!"

He shrugged helplessly and, turning, led the way.

Downstairs was oddly quiet, and the hushed groups made way as Grady led Glory toward his private office.

"Wait here," he said, and went in.

She looked blindly around her. They were quiet, these people, with the end of a fight, with the coming of dawn, with the knowledge that the worst was over. They were quiet with exhaustion and pain to be faced.

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BY JOVE, BUY CLOVE

You've never tasted anything so spicy — yet so smooth, so refreshing! Adams Clove Gum is a hit for its flavor alone!

Moreover, it freshens your mouth, sweetens your breath. Actually does take your breath away!

By Jove—Buy Clove

ADAMS
CLOVE
CHEWING GUM

A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

be sure of yourself with a clear SKIN from WITHIN

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Moreover, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better . . . natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more value. A very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . to strengthen nerves . . . and to give to your skin that natural health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel . . . and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health by restoring deficient red-blood-cells and it is time-tried and scientifically proven.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good." © S.S.S. Co.

Their eyes were puffed, their hair disheveled, and many of them slept.

One pair of eyes compelled her, and she made out Jeff, sitting, his back against the empty fireplace, a blanket over the leg that did not have splints. He was bloodied and blackened.

She went and knelt beside him.

He reached out and took her hand.

"It's all gone, Glory. Everything we ever had."

She nodded.

"It ain't the first time we've lost everything," he argued laboriously. "Is it, kid? We'll make it again. We always have."

And she realized that he did not know. He was mercifully spared the knowledge of Frick dying a few feet away from him. It was better that way, she decided. Jeff would forever be crushed if he knew his life had been saved at the cost of Frick's. Besides—very possibly—*Frick hadn't done it for him.* Very possibly.

"What's the matter?" Jeff demanded unhappily. "You're not afraid to start again, girl, are you?"

"Afraid?" she echoed incredulously. And he laughed—a whimpering tired laugh—pulling her close to kiss her hot cheek.

She answered his kiss with fervent gentleness. Whatever her dreams or ideals, Jeff was part and parcel of her soul. Frick had seen that, and had given them back to each other. Forever.

She saw Phil Grady come out of the private office, and rose.

At the door, Phil put his hand on hers with an almost restraining gesture.

"He made me make it as dark as possible in there," he explained. "He doesn't want you to see him."

She nodded, bit her lip, and went in.

"Donald!"

"Don't touch me, dear."

"I understand. Are you in great pain?"

"No. Just waves . . ."

"I love you, Donald. Can you hear me, dear? I love you!"

He breathed so heavily. She thought: I should go get the doctor. But she stood very still. He wanted to tell her something. She knew that and waited.

"Glory . . . teach the kid—to be unbreakable, too . . . Will you? Good-by now. Go—quick—as I went at Maggiore . . ."

She opened the office door softly, and stood outside. She leaned against the jamb for a moment, to gather her strength.

A man came and handed her a wire. She read:

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT STOP OUR HOME IS YOUR HOME DEBBY AND CHARLES

It made her feel warmer, those words, and suddenly she wanted coffee . . . and cold water . . . She wanted food—and love . . . The balance and rhythm of living. And wanting them she felt guilty.

The outer door swung open, and she looked up at Gilbert King striding in. She heard Jeff greet him uproariously, and saw him pull himself upright and hop on one foot to greet his old friend.

"You're a fine one, Gil! Come when it's all over, huh?" Jeff grinned and jabbed the older man with a playful fist. "Boys, look! He braves danger just the minute it's safe."

And Gilbert laughed, like all older men who delight in being treated as a fellow. He knew, from the razzle-dazzle that spread through the room, cheering the men who gave it, that they did appreciate his flying with a shipful of comforts, and that he would be beside them now until the town was cleared and restored.

Presently Gilbert King looked around the room with searching eyes.

"Say, where is Donald Frick? They told me he did a wonderful job here."

Glory caught her breath.

"He sure did," Jeff nodded. "But Phil Grady told me he went along home. Said he was all in."

"That's right," Glory said huskily—her eyes downcast. "Frick—has gone home."

Impulsively Gilbert King went toward her, and with a gesture that was more than fatherly he pushed back her red hair from her face.

"Have you seen the papers, child?" he gibed. "Of course you haven't. Look, boys!"

From the pocket of his leather jacket he took a Dallas paper, and, unfolding it, held it aloft. In great letters the tragedy of Ceres was epitomized in what some reporter must have considered a colorful news angle:

THE UNBREAKABLE MRS. DOLL
IS STONE-BROKE TODAY

And Glory, reading it, wanted to laugh. Only the thought of the dying man behind the door of the private office stopped her. But that mustn't be. . . . He had asked her with his last words to make his kid unbreakable. . . . He had loved her for that, and so had all the men she had known, and the only woman she had cared about—who had lost more than a lover. . . .

So Glory lifted her chin and laughed. When the others joined her, as if waiting for the cue, the laughter came easier. . . . Until it grew and filled the garish rooms of Phil Grady's Inn.

She hoped as she strode forward, erect and strong, that Frick had heard that laughter before he died. . . .

"How's for some coffee, boys?" she cried. "And meat balls?"

The refrain was taken up: "Caw-fee — meat balls! Caw-fee — meat balls!" . . . raucous and good-natured. Good-natured? *It was happy!* Happy as those who were able to walk lock-stepped with Mrs. Doll toward the kitchen were happy. In the face of a beating.

And she counted it a greater tribute than the red-uniformed band that had met her at the station.

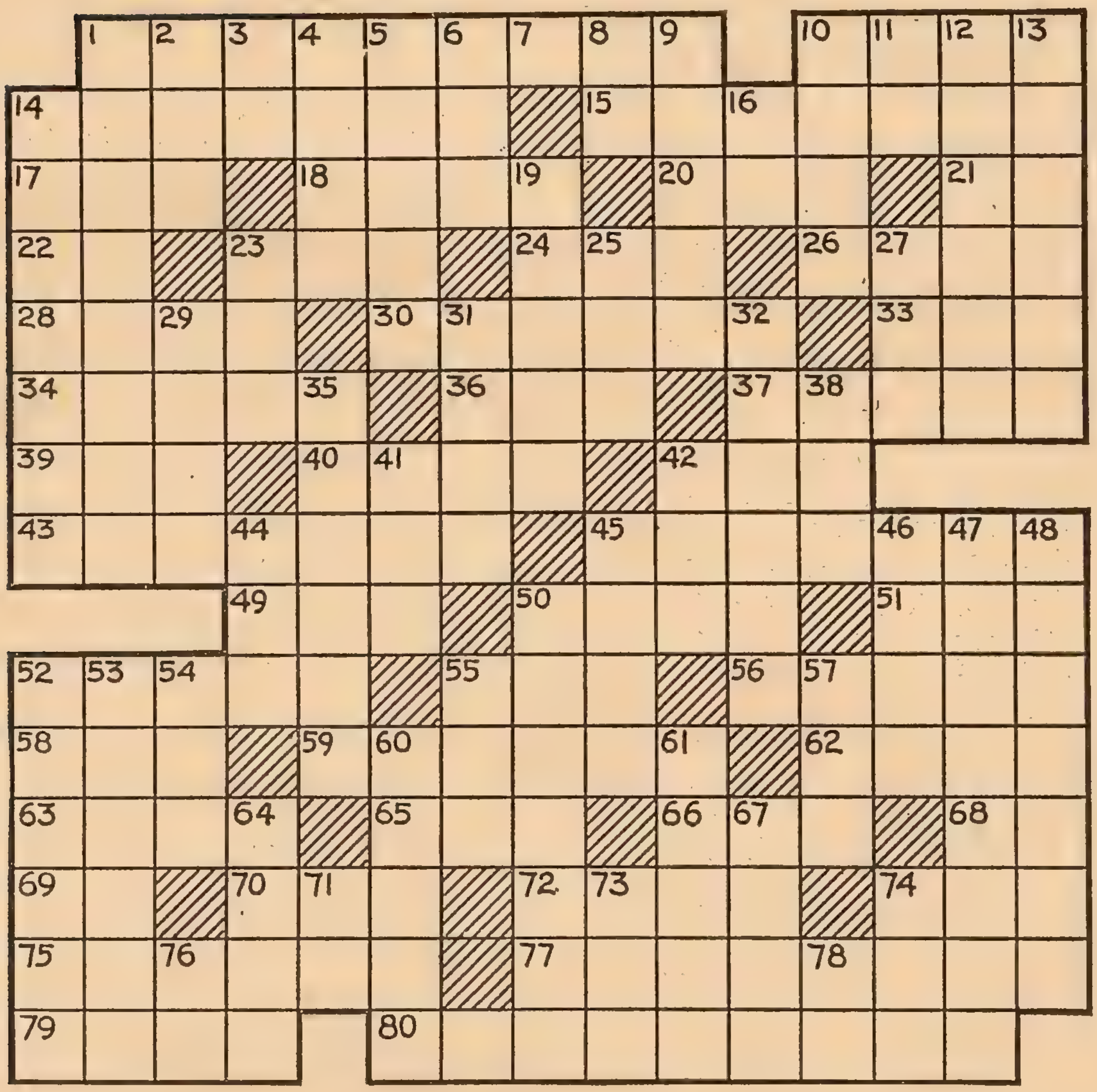
For she had found her place.

THE END

Puzzle #89 3/12/38

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Arkansas tenor (two words)
10 They love to make pigs of themselves
14 What's all the shootin' for?
15 Red and scary, he's not allowed in the Union League Club
17 Ocean gem (abbr.)
18 Bottoms of women's eyes
20 A word of exception
21 Very popular little French article
22 A little great
23 Nose and town paint
24 First name of first gin maker
26 Feminine football
28 Fastest growing garden product
30 Gets along at 60
33 Dead elephant Mahouts Hoover and Landon are trying to ride in different directions at once (abbr.)
34 Gives her the gun
36 Poet's gold and what the poet did
37 Round things aviators often go into and sometimes don't come out of
39 Not youra
40 Love nests
42 It squeaks and is found in comic sections
43 Lace curtains (fem.)
45 Author of the law that bad money drives out good
49 He'd mecca good friend
50 Sock
51 It's a little mixed up, but it's pure rot
52 Roulette with Garbo, Shearer, et al
55 In New England they say they'll this or die
56 What Suthn gals and waters are full of
58 What number man is Hitler?
59 What Mickey Mouse's grampaw was
62 A Caspar Milquetoast highball is this
63 Snows, pineapple-flavored

S	H	O	R	E		P	A	N	E	L		S	C	A	B	S
P	O	L	E	D		A	R	O	M	A		C	U	R	I	E
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R	E	P	E	L		R	A	I	S	E		T	E	N	S	E
I	R	E	N	E		A	D	D	E	R		E	S	S	E	S

Answer to last week's puzzle.

65 Cockeyed Supporters of Shane (abbr.)
66 What cockney gals put their legs into
68 Rude negative
69 Introducing the poor Indian
70 What the English do instead of renting
72 What Italian women do for the blackshirts on Monday
74 The man at Terry's hot corner
75 What the English think a lot of—and think a lot of it too
77 Caponeville-on-the-Pacific
79 What the gov't leaves us in on March 15
80 What the times've made of us all

VERTICAL

1 A state you'll find wild women in
2 Mrs. Johnson again
3 Gravied Ties (abbr.)
4 Guest room at 77 across
5 The Ram on high; big item in the stars overhead
6 Very caustic
7 The end of all
8 What to say in that embarrassing moment
9 Gracie Allen says the subway provides this kind of transit during rush hours
10 Triumphs of the Babe
11 Old Cockers (abbr.)
12 Something you can never get Dobbin into
13 What a rattlesnake does during a snowstorm
14 Regular party bolter
16 Bei mir bist — Shane
19 How apples got their start
23 Fabulous American
25 The man with the side whiskers
27 1438 was long what?
29 Former U. S. Minister to Denmark
31 Little pooches
32 Snow White got this way
35 A gob of tar
38 Gives the old go-ahead to (abbr.)
41 Portugee tin
42 Stingless berp
44 Kind of day obsolete in Scotland
45 Funny how this can turn into a rag overnight (fem.)
46 General Revolutionary War salute as in "Here's —!"
47 Suthn city (pl.)
48 She's over 40 and sleeps with cats (two words)
50 Drone juice that contains a honey of a collection
52 Kind of stewed owl
53 Why not rename this the outgo tax?
54 What she was her born days
55 A saw tooth and very painful fellow (abbr.)
57 Holy terror
60 Eight men of note
61 It's a scream from beginning to end
64 A leg-a-see (fem.)
67 What slightly illiterate New Englanders were taken for a ride in
71 The remark apologetic
73 A bump with dementia praecox
74 How a Scotchman says "or"
76 Phoney Baloney (abbr.)
78 In short, this is The End

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

HOW YOU CAN Attract MEN

OF course you have no men friends if you've let yourself become dull, cross, and nervous. Men like lively, peppy girls—girls with plenty of energy to go places and enjoy life.

Don't let love and romance pass you by. Help build up your pep and you, too, should have gay friends about you.

Here's good advice: start taking that time-proven, reliable Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and note the difference.

This world-famous Compound, made *especially for women* from wholesome herbs and roots, helps Nature tone up your system and thus soothes jumpy nerves and gives you more pep to really enjoy life.

For over 60 years one woman has told another how to go "smiling thru" distress from female functional disorders with Pinkham's Compound. Let it help YOU—get a bottle from your druggist TODAY without fail.

Lydia E. Pinkham's
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Thoughts on Life for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

BY JOHN ERSKINE

Third in a group of challenging articles on the colorful problems of an ex-king and his career

We Americans were interested in the Duke and Duchess of Windsor first of all because they seemed to care for each other, and any love affair which is none of our business is fascinating. We speculated about the temperature of the flame, and which was more consumed by it, and how long it would last.

When these guesses were exhausted we turned our valuable attention to political possibilities. Would the Duke, just because he abdicated, exert an influence upon the British social structure, and so hasten the cycle of change in the whole world? Might he not become a leader, or at least a symbol of a new kind of revolution, liberal rather than radical, bringing justice to the oppressed without leveling down those who enjoyed comfort and had earned it?

This pleasant idea was badly damaged by the fiasco of the Duke's plan to visit us and look into the housing conditions of the poor. It was not merely that the poor learned from the newspapers how many trunks, how many gowns were needed for this philanthropic errand; such details were overshadowed by evidence, significant of the times, that the poor would perhaps resent having their homes looked into. Upon what evil days has philanthropy fallen!

The resentment was not personal. The Duke was classed with the leisurely who, having nothing better to do, dedicate themselves to so-called good works and begin by poking their noses into other people's homes.

At this point, with so much else to think about, we might have dropped the Windsors from our list of conversational problems had we not felt sorry for them in their search after something to do—had we not begun to realize, however dimly, that they are illustrating in a trying glare of public notice the dilemma which halts you and me and countless others in the catastrophic changes of these days.

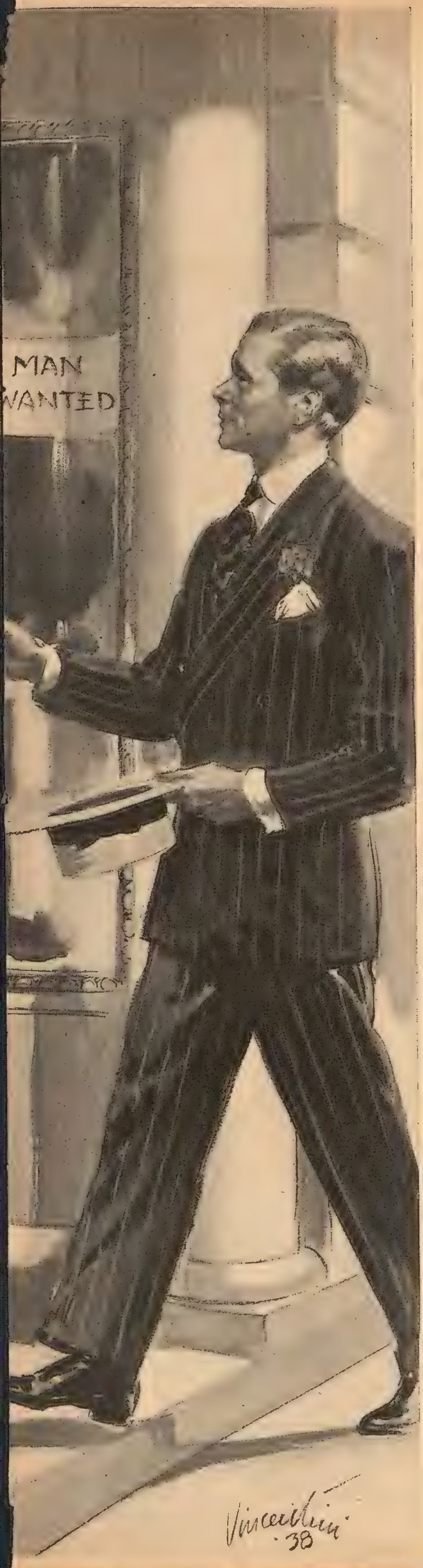
The Duke told us he gave up a throne to be happy with the woman he loved. To his credit, however, he can't be happy without at least the illusion of being useful. As members of the leisure class, he and the Duchess a hundred years ago could have enjoyed peace of mind though they were utterly and conspicuously idle—but not now.

If we ask how they can find happiness, we are putting a general question, not a personal one. We are seeking the way of happiness for all human society. If our motive is thorough, the question will bear not only upon the idle rich, living on investments—that is, on the mortgaged toil of other men—but upon the unproductive of every class, upon the professional politician, upon the officeholder who escapes taxes, upon the labor leader who, quite as much as the capitalist, lives on the laborers.

Imagine what a place the Duke would now occupy in history if he had abdicated, along with his throne, his endowed privileges in the leisure class and had set himself to earning his own living. Every door, even that of the poor, would have been open to him. He would have been labor's champion in fact, and not by the silly definition of propaganda. He would have been the example of all that is sound and the answer to all that is shabby in radical programs. We should have honored him as a modern pioneer—as a man not too spoiled by civilization to touch reality.

When the Duke stepped down from his throne and let us understand his desire for a normal human life, he set us wondering what is the normal life, a question too seldom faced. When it was proposed by his admirers that he should become the leader of some kind of labor party, while continuing to live not by his own labor but on inheritances or subsidies, we began to look about us nearer home and ask ourselves whether a man who lives on the interest of investments can be a member of the family or whether he is only a guest.

So far the important contribution which the Duke has made is probably the unintentional vitalizing of such thoughts as these throughout the world. The common run of men owe to him a quickening of their social philosophy. They still believe, let us hope, in a sensible prudence; they still save, if they can, for old age and



We hope the Duke will visit us, after all, and for a wiser purpose. Let him come over here and get himself a job.

a rainy day; but there is now a twinge of conscience about making old age or a rainy day profitable, and at some one else's expense.

It is honorable to live on one's savings earned by one's own work, but is it equally honorable to live on the interest of those savings, since the interest is earned by the work of others? Are the people who so live entitled to advise the workers, or try to help them, or tell them anything about life? Are they not playing the old trick of eating their cake and having it too? If we possessed nothing, never having worked, should we not be humiliated if the industrious offered us a handout of five thousand dollars a year? Ought we not to be still more embarrassed to accept the handout after we have earned a hundred thousand, which we intend to keep intact?

Many of us do not like these ideas. The Duke may disapprove of them. But we who seek happiness must recognize what is going on in the world in which the happiness is sought. We cannot be happy by shutting our eyes. If the Duke, after his abdication, discovered that he had become a dislocated wanderer, or if he was astonished that his proposed visit to us, as organized and announced, roused antagonism over here, he could study the episode not as a personal affront but as curious evidence that the modern world leans to a doctrine of the Catechism of the English Church.

The doctrine says that one of my duties to my neighbor is "to learn and labor truly to get mine own living."

THE critics of the Duke in his own country might rush to protest that there is more to the doctrine. The Catechism goes on, "and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me." But here we can let the Duke answer for himself. The Catechism evidently contemplates new states of life in the future, and if the Duke, having reached the throne, believed he was called to a private career, most of us will respect his conscience.

A more searching criticism might warn us that the duty to earn our own living follows the obligation not to covet or desire other men's goods, and the whole doctrine of duty to one's neighbor, as set forth in the English prayer books of the sixteenth century, was directed at the poorer classes, who were in danger of envying the rich. Certainly the holiest spirits of those times found little fault with outright slavery.

Yet these old words are quoted here to remind us that doctrines of duty and truth, like all things else, shift their emphasis and take on new meanings with the passage of time. The social duty to make one's contribution, to be self-supporting, was never so generally felt as today, and in an atmosphere of such thinking those who are unproductive, even when they are not molested, cannot, if they are sensitive, be happy.

Unless they have a genius for reality, the unhappiness will lead to no regeneration. They will cling to the conditions which enable them to escape productive work, at the same time deluding themselves and cluttering up the earth with benevolent-sounding activities—societies for improving the lot of the poor, without letting them cease to be poor; societies for relief in depressions, with no plan to prevent more depressions; societies for spreading all kinds of knowledge or information, with no obligation on the spreaders to learn at first hand, by experience.

It is not enough for wealthy young women to take up settlement work, or for idle young men to save their country by going into politics. What is needed is more work, productive work. If any one wishes to be helpful, let him roll up his sleeves. If he won't work, let him stand out of the way of those who will.

WE wouldn't advise the Duke t engage in a craft, unless he is trained for it. We wouldn't necessarily advise the rich settlement workers to try farming or cooking or dressmaking. Let each do what each can, so long as it is productive. Any one who imparts to others a productive skill is productive. A doctor who prevents disease and increases health is productive. So is the engineer and the inventor who give us useful machines, the experts who run them, the scientists who improve the navigation of sea and air or devise better roads. The work of all these, and many others, adds to the world's wealth.

The duty to abdicate the privileges of endowed idleness has often been recognized by individuals, who, with other rewards, won a lasting memory even among those who did not imitate them. We are not all saints, like Francis of Assisi, nor emotional recluses, like Tolstoy. But such men, however various in temper and in attainment, summon even ordinary folk to the same good way—they remind us that unless human nature is hopelessly mean, those who profit from social injustice should be the leaders in reform.

The Duke should not quarrel with his contemporaries if they think he is now facing, as a consequence of his own choice, a challenge which will make a great man of him, or will push him back into the obscurity of those who have no part to play.

We hope he will visit us, after all, and for a wiser purpose. Great Britain, like other lands, is overtaxed to support unproductive enterprises, which means unproductive persons. In this country we need more honest-to-goodness workers. If the Duke wishes to help mankind, if he would become an instrument of light and leading, let him hand back his endowment to those who earn it, and come over here and get himself a job.

THE END

POLICEWOMAN

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Liberty's detective-author gives you another vivid tale—of a girl against the law and a mother's tortured heart

BY SCOTT LITTLETON

MAYBE I'm old-fashioned, but on the whole I don't like policewomen. Still and all, the sisters come in handy when you've got to bring a snappy number of a gun moll from New York to California in a drawing room, for instance. I wouldn't *want* an assignment like that without a policewoman along, and I don't think my wife would want me to want it, either.

So I didn't feel so badly about being sent East for the Morrisey dame—even when they assigned Policewoman Axelson to go along with me. "Battle-Ax," we used to call her, because she kind of looked like her name. We never called her that to her face, of course; after all, you can't call a woman "Battle-Ax" to her face in the same way you can call a guy "Baldy" to his. Like they call me, for instance.

I was really glad when they sent the Ax along with me, because from the police mug of the Morrisey dame, he was a sweetheart. And when a police mug makes a sweetheart out of a gal, she's a sweetheart! Of course she wasn't wanted for anything less than driving a getaway car in the stick-up of the Bank of the Pacific—remember it?—in which two hundred grand had been gotten away with clean, until one of the mob had been picked up and had squawked.

The Ax and I sat across from each other in our Pullman section, heading eastward. I remember looking at her square-jawed, past-middle-aged, spectacled face as she sat there opposite me reading a magazine, and wondering if underneath she might be something different from what she looked like.

"How'd you ever get into police work, Mrs. Axelson?" I asked her.

She looked out of the car window—I remember we were rolling down from the mountains into the desert—and kind of sighed.

"I guess it was because my life got like that once," she said, taking off her glasses and wiping them, while she looked out at the mesquite. "I was married, you see, and my husband left me. Twenty years ago."

I felt like saying I didn't blame him much, but then she might have been different in her early days. She *could* have been. She'd been on the force nineteen years, and was due for retirement in another year, with a pension.

"Yes," she said, "he left me. And took our little girl with him. She was only five years old."

"I never knew you had a daughter," I said. "Where is she now?"

"That's what I would like to know," she said.

"And him?"

"I'd like to know that, too!" she said savagely. "He was a crook. A dirty low-down crook! And the girl worshiped the ground he walked on!"

"A lot of women are like that," I said.

"But to take her right away from me that way, when she was hardly more than a baby!"

"What was his line?" I asked.

"I didn't find out until after he left," she said. "He was what they called a con man, I guess, in those days."

"They still call 'em that," I said. "Didn't you have any trace of him at all?"

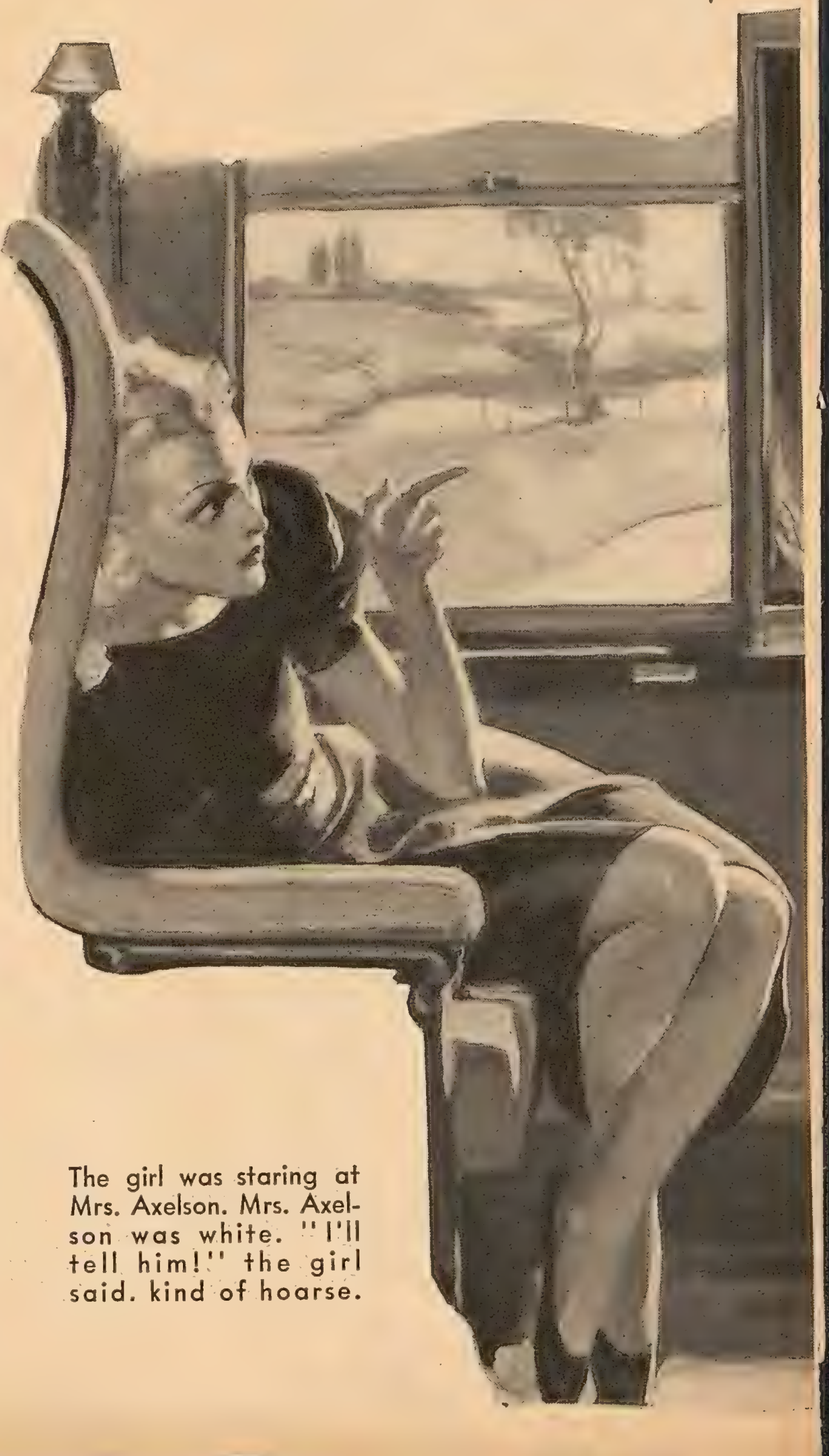
"I put in a year trying to find him. I didn't care about him. I wanted my daughter."

She looked out the window at the desert again. Somehow the hard lines seemed to smooth out of her face.

"You figured police work might give you a lead on them some day?"

"That's right."

"Well, I sure hope it does."



The girl was staring at Mrs. Axelson. Mrs. Axelson was white. "I'll tell him!" the girl said, kind of hoarse.

“ I gave up hope years ago,” she said. “ You can't go on hoping forever.”

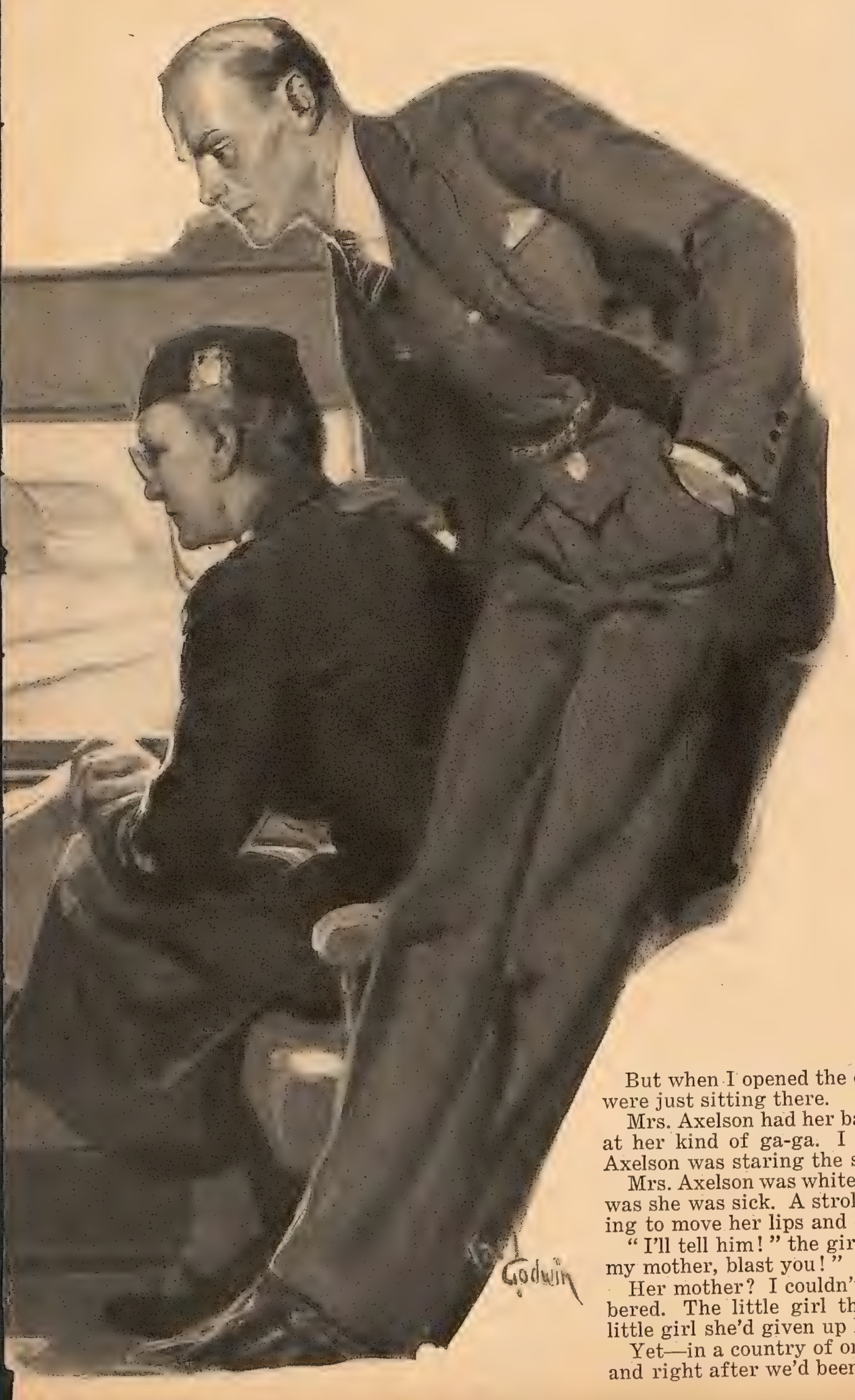
“ I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Axelson,” I said.

“ Thanks,” was all she said, without looking up at me.

Pretty soon I excused myself and went up to the club car to have a smoke.

During our layover between trains in Chicago, I talked her into having a sandwich and a few beers with me.

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL GODWIN



“ I think the so-and-so had her here in C

while,” she said.

“ Mrs. Axelson! ” I said. “ I am surprise

language! ”

“ Never mind my language,” she said, kind o

and it was only her second beer—“ I mean it! ”

“ Did you check Chicago thoroughly? ”

“ Thoroughly. I worked in a laundry here fo

months while I was loo

for her.”

We went on to

York. . . .

The Morrisey girl wasn

fighting extradition, worse luck, or I could have seen something of the town; I'd never been there before. All I could do was go straight to the jail where they were holding her for us, pass them our credentials, and tell them we would leave for the West with her in the morning.

I'm telling you her police mug didn't flatter her a bit. Elaine Morrisey was about as nifty a looking gun moll as I'd ever laid eyes on, and I'm telling you I thanked God for policewomen when I laid eyes on her, too. Bald-headed as I am, if I'd had to take that back to the Coast in a drawing room, alone—

They always gave us drawing rooms, you see, on the *return* trips. And a lower out in the car for the dick, if a policewoman was along. . . .

I got the Ax—I mean Mrs. Axelson—and the Morrisey girl settled in our drawing room, then laid down the law to the girl, like I always do to a prisoner. I remember she was wearing a black tailored dress and had her nails manicured nice—not too red—and just enough make-up on to bring out her smooth blondeness and her dark eyes just right. She was surly, though. And the slippery kind.

I went on up to the club car, and I hadn't been sitting there long when the porter came and said the lady back in the drawing room wanted to see me in a hurry. Good Lord, I remember thinking, the trouble's begun, with three thousand miles more of it ahead of us, maybe! I'd have to put that twist in her place and keep her there!

But when I opened the door, the girl and Mrs. Axelson were just sitting there.

Mrs. Axelson had her back to me. The girl was staring at her kind of ga-ga. I stepped in and saw that Mrs. Axelson was staring the same way back at her.

Mrs. Axelson was white as a sheet, and my first thought was she was sick. A stroke, maybe, because she was trying to move her lips and couldn't seem to—

“ I'll tell him! ” the girl said, kind of hoarse. “ You're my mother, blast you! ”

Her mother? I couldn't get it at first. Then I remembered. The little girl the Ax had told me about—the little girl she'd given up hope of finding. . . .

Yet—in a country of one hundred and thirty million—and right after we'd been talking about it—

No one ever kissed her
GOOD NIGHT

Bad breath is death to romance. And bad breath is frequently caused by constipation. Just as headaches, sleeplessness, weakness can be produced by it, or most skin blemishes aggravated by it!

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After I'd left them alone there in the drawing room, they'd gotten to talking, and the girl had said her maiden name had been Axelson, too. One thing had led to another, until the whole screwy story had come out —how the father had taken her as a kid to Chicago, and here and there with him after that, until he had died when she was about seventeen years old, in Florida. Then on her own . . . doing whatever she could get to do . . . whatever a pretty kid like herself could get to do. Her father had told her her mother was dead and that there was nobody else. Then drifting into bum associations —the old story. Marriage to a crook —a far worse crook than her father. Then a crook herself—living with crooks—a moll—and now this!

BUT I didn't have anything to do with that Pacific job, I tell you!" she said, getting hysterical. "You can't take me in—my mother—you can't take me in—"

"Shut up!" I said to her. "I'm running this!"

"I won't shut up!" she yelled, getting up from her seat. "I didn't pull that Pacific job, and I can prove it! If you let me go, I can get you the guy who can prove I wasn't in on it! You *got* to let me go!"

"Will you shut up?" I said, shoving her back down into her seat hard.

She sat there whimpering and dabbing the mascara out of her eyes with her handkerchief, while I eased into the seat alongside of Mrs. Axelson and took hold of one of the old girl's hands. It was icy cold, I remember.

"It's tough," was all I could think to say to her. "It's awful tough. I know how you must feel—after you'd given up hope—"

"Don't worry about me," she said, kind of slow. "It's her I'm thinking about. I'm her mother."

"I know that, Mrs. Axelson. But—"

"I know what you're going to say—that I'm a police officer, too. That's right. I am."

"I can't take her in alone, Mrs. Axelson."

"You won't have to," she said.

"That's the stuff!" I said. "We're both in a tough spot, and we got to do our best, that's all. And if she can prove she wasn't in on that Pacific job—"

"How can I," the girl started getting hysterical again, "without finding that guy?"

"We'll help you find him," I told her, soothing-like.

"You can't! I got to do it alone! You got to trust me, I tell you!" she screamed at me.

"I wouldn't trust you as far as I could throw a bull by the tail!" I yelled back at her. "You're going back with us—see?—and that's that! All I'm thinking about now is your mother!"

"Yes you are! And a lot she cares about me!"

"Mary . . . please!"

I remember how it burst out of her
mother like it had been choked o
of her. The girl's right name; I gue
she hadn't heard it for years. F
the first time she looked at her moth
—well—like she was her mother. . .
"You remember—that?" the gi
kind of whispered.
"Why shouldn't I, child?" h
mother said. "I gave it to you."
"Do you remember—the nigh
times too?" the girl whispered agai
"You used to put me to bed—"
"Of course I used to put you to bed
And tell you stories—"
I just sat there, wishing I wa
some place else. . . .
"Oh, mom!" the girl kind c
choked. And the next thing she wa
in her mother's arms, crying like
kid and holding on to her like a ki
and getting mascara all over her. . .
I left them pretty much to them
selves after that, outside of keepin
an eye on things—just in case.
When we got to Chicago I debate
with myself whether I ought to orde
Mrs. Axelson to put the cuffs on th
dame during our hour layover ther
Then I decided not to. To make
mother cuff up her own daughte
would be asking a lot.
Everything went swell until we go
out into New Mexico and began to hi
the desert country. I was sitting u
in the club car of that train too whe
the porter came and told me I wa
wanted back in our drawing room.
To my dying day I won't forge
Mrs. Axelson's face when she opene
up that door.
"Mary—" she blurted, "she'
gone!"
"*Gone?*"
"With her suitcase."

THE worst thing that can happe
to an officer is to lose a prisoner lik
that. He can't ever live it down. An
to lose a woman—a frail—
"Why did you do it?" I remembe
yelling at the Ax.
"I didn't! I swear I didn't!"
remember her saying. Then I rushe
for the train conductor.
"Wire back to Albuquerque at th
next place there's a telegraph," h
said. "I'll stop the train for you."
He did that all right, and I wire
back and then wired ahead to m
home office, telling them what ha
happened! He couldn't hold the trai
for me forever, so I had to wait unti
we got to the next telegraph statio
to get an answer. . . .
Albuquerque wired back that ther
was no trace of the girl there, and th
wire I got from my chief at hom
was worse yet. "Return without pris
oner," it said.
I guess I saw kind of red when I go
that wire. I remember how I pushe
the Ax into that drawing room an
closed the door after us.
"Did you give her any money?"
I asked her.
"I didn't give her anything—"
"You're a liar!" I yelled at her
"You know you let her go!"
She got kind of loose in my hands
while I shook her, then tottered ove
and slumped on one of the seats.

"I didn't let her go!" she said. "I know you don't believe me—I'm her mother—but I didn't!"

I put her under arrest, of course, right off, for aiding in the escape of a prisoner; I forget which section of the Penal Code covers it. So there I was, right out of the frying pan into the fire, you might say. With another woman prisoner on my hands, even if she was the Ax!

But you can't treat a woman like that—a woman you've been working with for years—like an ordinary prisoner. In fact I felt kind of funny about it when the time came to tuck the old Ax away for the night.

"You don't have to worry about me," she said, when I started talking about going to bed. "You can trust me." Then all of a sudden she smiled. "Do you know," she said, "I think it's for the best!"

"What do you mean, for the best?"

"That she got away. It'll give her the chance she needs to find that man who can prove she wasn't in on it!"

"So you fell for that, did you?"

"Yes," she said. "I believe her!"

"Good night," I said, going out of the drawing room and, as I closed the door, "Remember—I'm trusting you."

The porter had my lower made up, and I turned into it. . . .

IN the morning I went to the drawing room to see what she wanted for breakfast—

And she wasn't there!

Her suitcase wasn't there, either. Only a note saying she was sorry she had to do it that way, but that she'd lost the girl and was going to find her.

The girl . . . and now the Ax!

The conductor held up the train for me again. Wires back to stops made during the night didn't bring any information. My wire home telling them about the latest thing that had happened didn't bring any answer at all!

I guess half the newspaper boys in town were at the station when I got in with nothing but my suitcase to show for my trip East. . . .

"It'll cost you that promotion you've been after," my chief said. "And, by rights, you ought to be fired!"

But I didn't get fired. After he cooled off, I guess the chief figured he'd have done the same thing if he'd been in my shoes, with the Ax on his hands. He didn't like policewomen any better than I did. And you can imagine how I felt about 'em after that.

We circularized the country, of course—especially the section where the two of them had lammed. But when a couple of months passed without word about either of them, we began to get worried. Never mind the Ax; if we had that girl, we figured, we'd be in clover so far as the Bank of the Pacific job was concerned.

Then one afternoon I got a phone call. And you can guess how I felt when I recognized the Ax's voice, even if she was trying to disguise it.

"Take your whiskers off, Mrs.

"HERE'S TO THE BIG APPLE"

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Baldness is mighty funny—except to Baldy

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Axelson," I said, trying to keep down my excitement. "Where are you?"

She said she wasn't going to tell me, unless I promised her personally that I'd come to the spot alone, without tipping her off. She'd caught up with her daughter, she said, and her daughter had caught up with the man who could clear her of the Pacific job. And with my help, she said, she could put her daughter in the clear.

"You got to give me *your* promise—not a police promise."

"Sure," I said. I'd have promised her anything. . . .

"O. K.," she said. "I'll take a chance on you. You won't regret it."

Then she told me where she was. Right there in town, and would I come over right away—alone?

Maybe I should have told the chief . . . but I went over to her little hide-out pronto. It was an apartment—a tenement apartment—down near the railroad yards, in the Mexican district. When she got through telling me how glad she was to see me and how tired she was, she told me that she and her daughter had been living there for a couple of weeks, only going out nights to get things to eat.

"And when she goes to see that man," she said, kind of triumphant. "She's got him! I knew she was telling me the truth!"

"Got who?" I asked her.

But she wouldn't tell me right off. She explained that she'd tracked down her daughter in Trinidad, Colorado—a better job than we'd been able to do, at that—and that the two of them had gone on from there, after her daughter had sold her on the idea of running the guy down.

With what dough they could pool, she said, they'd gone back to Kansas City, hitchhiking part of the way. There they'd found the guy, or rather, her daughter had found him. Her daughter had never wanted her to contact him personally, she said.

"Why not?"

"I was a cop, Mary said. And she said that I might spoil it—that she wanted to work on him in her own way."

"Did she?"

"I don't know how she did it—or I can guess how she did it," the Ax said, kind of sorrowfully.

"I know," I said. "She's been living like that with 'em; you couldn't help it."

"The main thing was to get him to help her."

"That's right; that was the main thing."

Her daughter had gone on out to the Coast with the guy, she said, with her trailing along a day or so behind. Her daughter, with the guy's dough, she said, had been paying her way.

"So that's how you got by?"

"Yes. He never knew she was paying my way. Didn't even know about me. Doesn't know about me now."

"How do you know that?"

"She says so."

"And all the time she's been trying to get him to clear her?"

"Yes."

"How? If he clears her, he puts himself in Dutch, don't he?"

"That's what's got me worried. She keeps saying he's going to, and that if she can only work on him long enough, he will. I know who he is, and where she goes to see him. It's right here in town."

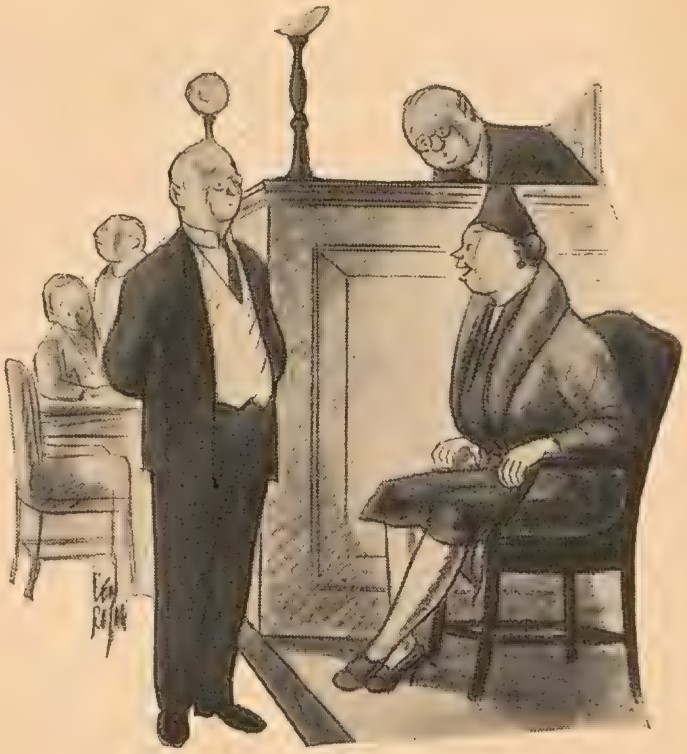
"Where?"

I'll never forget how the old girl took off her glasses and started walking up and down, kind of biting her lips.

"I could tell you," she said.

"Tell me, then."

All of a sudden she stopped walking, put her glasses back on, and looked at me, hard.



"I don't remember all of it, but I'll make it up as we go along."

"You used to think I was a pretty good officer, didn't you?" she asked.

"Of course I did," I lied.

"Well—will you do something for me for old times' sake?" she asked. "I don't care what happens to me—but—"

"But what, Mrs. Axelson?"

"I want to *know*," she said.

"I understand," I said. "Just tell me where he is, and we'll pick him."

"No. I want to *know*, first. Will you do something for me, Baldy?"

Baldy! There it was at last!

"Do what, Ax?" I couldn't help cracking back at her.

She looked at me kind of funny, but her mind was on something a lot more important to her than names. . . .

"Will you make a dictograph setup on him for me?"

Now, that was something. . . .

"Can we?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "That's why I called you."

I should never have agreed to it, but I guess it was because the old girl called me Baldy that way, at last . . . just like one of the guys. The man lived in an apartment house in the other end of town where the set-up, I knew, would be duck soup; I even happened to know the manager of the place. But I should never have agreed to it without an official O. K. You're just sticking your neck out—

Baldy. . . .

I swore one of my pals in on the deal and we made the setup. We made it on an afternoon when the guy was out and when we knew from the Ax that the girl would be visiting him in the evening. With my own dough I rented another apartment in the place for our receiving equipment, and we sneaked the Ax into it so she could hear, along with us. If the chief had known what I was doing, he'd have killed me. It *was* kind of silly, come to think of it. . . .

"Promise me the girl isn't in on this?" I said.

She said the girl wasn't, and that, whichever way it came out, she'd go down to headquarters with us afterward.

"You understand we're going to have to pick the guy, after it's over," I said, "and maybe her, too?"

"I understand," she said, her hand cold as ice on my wrist.

The guy—his name was Marbles Benion, and I'd heard of him—came back to his apartment about seven o'clock that evening, and the girl was with him. I'll never forget the Ax's face as she sat there in the apartment we'd rented with a pair of earphones on, listening. . . .

They sure didn't waste any time getting to the point. It looked like they'd been talking about it on the way up. Benion went on talking to the girl about it as soon as he got his door closed.

"I can't go on putting out dough for her forever," he said.

"I understand how you feel about it, Marbles," the girl came back at him. "But she's my mother."

"She's a copper."

"She *was* a copper. If she goes back, they can throw her in the can for what she did. She did it for me."

"I can't help that. She's [illegible]er," n[illegible]

"But, Marbles—"

"There ain't no buts abou[illegible]ou can't make her go on believing that line."

"She believes every word I tell her, Marbles—I'm telling you she does! And what you put out for her ain't hurting you. If you love me, Marbles—"

I took a look at the Ax's—at Mrs. Axelson's—face. It was like a stone.

"You're telling me she don't believe you were in on the Pacific thing?" we could hear the guy saying.

"I've told you over and over again she don't," we could hear the girl come back at him. "She thinks I'm just after you to get me in the clear."

"How could I get you in the clear, even if I wanted to? You drove the car, didn't you?"

"Yes—but, Marbles, you gotta understand how I feel. Supposing she was your mother?"

"Well, supposing she was? It's me or her, ain't it, baby?"

"All right."

I took another look at Mrs. Axelson; I was almost afraid to look at her. She was slowly taking her earphones off and letting them drop to the floor. . . .

"Grab her!" I called to my pal. I thought she was going to pull a wing-ding. But she wasn't made that way.

"You don't have to grab me," she kind of gasped. "Go down there and grab *them!*"

We'd have done it anyway, of course. . . .

The girl got four years as her share of the loot, and the newspapers played it up big. The Spartan mother, they got to calling the Ax. The mother with such a sense of duty that she'd brought her own daughter back. We even got to calling her the Spartan—not to her face, course. It was a better name than the Ax, at that.

But I *knew.* And my pal, who'd worked the setup with me, knew too. He's a good guy, though, and he won't pop off. Because next year Policewoman Axelson is coming up for her pension. . . .

THE END

DON'T BE A TISSUE FUMBLER!

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1 Pull a double tissue
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2 ...next one pops-up ready for use
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KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES

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$750 IN CASH PRIZES!

WORDS WITHIN WORDS

A GAME EVERY ONE CAN PLAY AND ANY ONE CAN WIN!

YOU STILL CAN CLAIM YOUR SHARE! ENTER FROM THIS PAGE

HERE is another chance to get into the Words Within Words game if you have not already started; and, if your entry is completed up to this point, another interesting step toward the prize awards. If you have not already started a claim to your share of the money, you can get into the game direct from this page. Begin by reading the brief rules carefully. They explain exactly what to do in order to win.

Briefly, the object is to build in horizontal words in the diagram, one word for each letter in the vertical key word at the left, using only letters that appear in the key word and using no letter in a horizontal word more times than it appears in the key word.

Your score is computed by numbering each letter in its own horizontal sequence. Thus, in the space above a letter the first time it appears mark down 1; the next time it appears, place 2 above it; the third time it appears, mark it 3, etc. When you have given each letter in your completed diagram its proper value, add up the total of all the figures to get your total score and enter it on the line provided. Another diagram will be published next week.

THESE SIMPLE RULES TELL YOU HOW TO WIN!

1. This contest will run for five weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated March 19, 1938.
2. Each week a diagram will be printed providing a key word and seven horizontal blank squares for each letter constituting the key word.
3. To compete, insert on each horizontal line a single word of not more than eight nor less than two letters, the letter of the key word in any line to be the first letter of the word you fill in. Each word used must consist entirely of letters appearing in the key word. Any English word found in Funk & Wagnalls' New Unabridged Standard Dictionary, the official reference of this game, may be used, provided no letter appears therein more often than it appears in the key word; i.e., if T appears in the key word three times it may be used not more than three times in any horizontal word.
4. Method of scoring: Each letter in the finished diagram, including the letters of the key word, counts one point the first time it is used and increases in value by one point upon each successive use. In filling in spaces, place letters below and their values above the dotted lines. Thus, above the first letter of the key word put the figure 1. Place 2 above this letter the next time it appears and 3 above it the next time it appears, etc. Your completed diagram will show a score number above each letter of each word. Then add up the total of all numbers in the diagram and enter it on the line provided below.
5. Clip and save all coupons until your set of five is complete at the end of the contest. Upon the final diagram a space will be provided for you to enter the grand total of all the diagrams in your entry. Then send them, together with a fifty-word statement on "The Contest I Like Best, and Why," to WORDS WITHIN WORDS EDITOR, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Mail flat by first-class postage.
6. The entry with the largest grand total accompanied by the clearest, most logical statement will be adjudged the best and will be awarded the First Prize of $300. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded Second Prize, $100; Third Prize, $50; ten prizes, each $10; and forty prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
7. The closing date of this contest is Wednesday, March 30, and entries received after that date will not be considered.
8. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence with any competitor. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If you missed the first three diagrams you can obtain reprints upon written request to the address in Rule 5, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing and handling. Upon each late-entry blank will be reproduced a completely worked-out Words Within Words diagram illustrating how to fill in the horizontal words and compute the score.

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DIAGRAM 4 ***Total*** ....

What Was Wrong with the Lindbergh Case?

THE CRIME-THE CASE—THE CHALLENGE

How Hauptmann died . . . Did he leave behind a trail of still-living mystery?

by Former Governor

HAROLD G. HOFFMAN

of New Jersey

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

FORMER Governor Hoffman told last week of the volunteer attempt by Samuel Liebowitz to get a confession out of Hauptmann. Liebowitz had twice interviewed him and had expressed the opinion that he was guilty. The Governor, who was for any move that might uncover the whole truth, persuaded Lloyd Fisher of Hauptmann's counsel to do as Liebowitz asked: go with Liebowitz and tell Hauptmann he too now believed him guilty. Afterward Fisher told the Governor how Liebowitz had grilled Hauptmann for more than four hours, in vain. Leaving, Liebowitz stated that his opinion as to Hauptmann's guilt remained unchanged.

Meeting on March 30, the New Jersey Court of Pardons denied Hauptmann a commutation to life imprisonment. It was at this meeting that the Governor first saw a copy of the Wendel "confession," which had cropped up. The final two-day postponement of the execution, widely attributed to the Governor, was made by Colonel Kimberling, warden of the State Prison, at the request of the Mercer County Grand Jury that was looking into the Wendel matter.

The former Governor points out that it was his predecessor, Governor A. Harry Moore, who asked Ellis Parker to interest himself in the Lindbergh case. At the same time, in view of Wendel's record and Parker's reasons for suspecting him, Mr. Hoffman holds that Parker made an honest mistake and that, considering how numerous mistakes were, it has been hardly fair to single out his for punishment.

In the afternoon of April 3 Attorney General Wilentz told the Governor he would take no action if the execution were further postponed, but he did not agree that there was warrant for such postponement. This being the case, the Governor was committed. After Wilentz left, he told the waiting reporters: "Hauptmann will die tonight."

PART SEVEN—"I SEE A STAR . ."

ICH bin absolut unschuldig an dem Verbrechen das man mir zur Last legt."

"What did he say?" The Rev. John Gourley, the prison chaplain, turned his eyes from the pasty, greenish-white face of Hauptmann to gaze eagerly at the lips of John Matthiesen, standing by the side of the prisone

"He says," replied the Germa pastor, "that he is absolutely inn cent of the crime that has been la at his door."

In a few minutes five men—tw men of God, two blue-uniforme prison guards, and a man accused a convicted as the murderer of a blo curly-haired child loved by the who world—started in a hideous proce sion through a steel-flanked doorwa that led to a sinister object in th center of New Jersey's death cha ber. The five men walked about sev paces. Only four of them walked bac

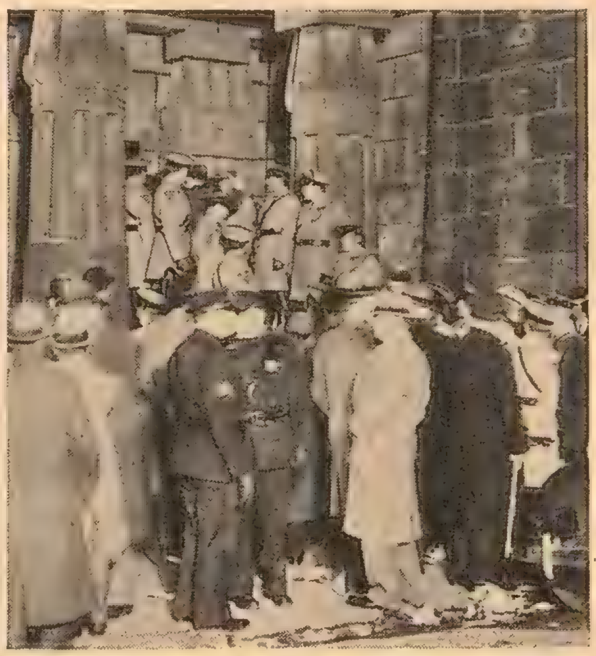
The man who did not walk back ha spent over sixteen months behi prison bars—long months that led to what must have been three la days of almost unbearable ment agony and physical distress. A those last days seemed to reach climax—a peak of human futility a suffering—at just about quarter af eight on the night of April 3. Fro that moment on it seemed that bitte ness left Bruno Richard Hauptma and a peaceful calm descended up him.

I am writing this account

"Get out!" Fisher yelled at them. "Let this poor woman alone!

manner in which Hauptmann met the death meted out to him by the law in the very room where, nearly two years ago, Lloyd Fisher cried as he told me of his last moments with his doomed client. It is the same room from which I departed on the evening of October 16, 1935, to visit Hauptmann; the same room to which I returned to jot down the record of my strange prison interview with the strange man who had been the lone hated figure in a strange case.

Across my desk in this room, but a few minutes ago, I looked into the faces of two men who had been with the fiercely condemned German carpenter many hours during those last days. One of them, Fisher, had squeezed Hauptmann's arm through his cell bars and had said good-by to his client an hour before he was strapped in the lethal chair. A soldier who had often seen death claim other men in France, this fighting young lawyer could not bear to see a man die—a man whom he believed, deeply, intensely, to be innocent of the crime for which he was to pay the penalty.


The witnesses at the entrance to the prison—about to see Hauptmann die.

The other, the Rev. John Matthiesen, the German Lutheran minister who had been the spiritual adviser of Hauptmann, had been at the left side of the convict, reading the Scriptures in his native language, as 2,000 lts of electric current burned the out of him.

hey told me—they can never forget them—their last experiences with Hauptmann.

"When I went to see Hauptmann on March 31, the day first set for the execution by Kimberling," said Fisher, "my client seemed terribly broken up. He had been moved out of cell 9, in which he had pictures of his wife and baby and some fairly comfortable furnishings, into an adjacent cell. Hauptmann wanted to know why this was done. 'I haf been a good prisoner,' he said. 'I haf nefer made anybody any trouble. I nefer haf broken a rule. Vy should dey do dis to me?' He mentioned that Charles Zeid, who was scheduled to die the same night, had not been moved from the cell he had occupied. Pointing to a chair, the lone article of furnishing in his cell, he said, 'Vy should I be pushed around ven dis is my last day to live?' I explained to him that t was one of the prison rules to move a prisoner on the st day, but Hauptmann still seemed to be terribly exed over the occurrence at the time I left."

Fisher continued: "I went back at about three thirty t afternoon, and told him that the Wendel matter was ng considered by the Grand Jury and that I would eturn if there was any news. That night at eight twenty went and told him that a forty-eight-hour stay had been granted by Kimberling. He had in some way sensed it—or had been told already by one of the prison officers—for he did not seem surprised.

"When I went back to see him on the 3d I had a long earnest talk with Richard. He reiterated his innocence; said he had told everything he knew. 'You don't know, Lloyd,' he said, 'vhat I vent through vith three days ago. Efen now I don't know vat to do. If I cry like often I vant to do vhen I think of Annie and Bubi, everybody dey vill say I am guilty. If I fight vith my heart and soul dey vill say I am cold-blooded fellow like von who vould commit such a crime.'"

Lloyd went on: "Each time I left, Richard asked me if I would go to see his wife and tell her he was all right. He asked me especially not to tell her about moving him rom one cell to another. I went to the prison at about even thirty on that last night. They held up a parade f official witnesses to let me pass through the prison ard. When I got to the cell Dr. Gourley, the prison haplain, and Pastors Werner and Matthiesen were there.

"The pastors stepped away from the cell. The usual creen was down and I talked with Hauptmann through he bars. 'I can see by your face, Lloyd, dot it is bad ews. Have you seen the Gofe'nor?' 'Yes, Richard,' I said, 'and his hands are tied. He can't do anything. My God! Isn't there anything you can tell me—anything at all you know? If you can say something maybe I can still stop this thing.' He looked at me as if pained at my implying that he might know something further. 'You know, Lloyd, dere isn't anything I can say. You know me as better as any von down here, Lloyd, and you know I know not'ing about dot crime.' 'Yes, I believe that, Richard,' I said, shaking his hand through the bars. 'I'm going to the warden's office, and I'll wait there.'

"I had walked two or three paces away when he called 'Lloyd' in such a low voice that one of the guards was obliged to call my attention. I walked back and Hauptmann said, 'I vant to say good-by to you again, Lloyd; you haf been very kind to me.' At that time there was certainly no sign of physical or mental breakdown. He talked to me as clearly and as concisely and as intelligently as he had all through the case. For that reason I can't subscribe to the theory of Courtney Ryley Cooper, who says that Hauptmann died in the dressing room or that he was mentally dead when he entered the death chamber. His voice and his actions were as firm as they usually were."

Pastor Matthiesen, too, bore out Fisher's testimony to Hauptmann's courage in the last moments—you can hardly call it bravado in the light of the clergyman's story:

"I arrived at Hauptmann's cell at seven thirty. His head had been shaved. Dr. Gourley and Mr. Werner were there. We took turns reading the Scriptures. I read the Fourteenth Chapter of John. Suddenly Hauptmann turned away from us. He went to the opposite side of his cell, dropped on one knee, and bowed his head. Later some one —I think it was one of the guards—told a story that he cried and fell down to the floor. That is not so. Hauptmann was praying.

"After five or six minutes he got up and came over to us. He was smiling. 'I am happy now,' he said. 'I am at peace with my God and I am not sorry to leave a world that does not understand me.' He spoke to me in German and exacted from me several promises—to assist his wife, to do everything possible to clear his name, and to fight against the taking of life by the law on circumstantial evidence. Then he said, 'You may now open the door.'"

OUTSIDE the cell Hauptmann stood up straight like a soldier. He thanked the guards, and turned and faced the door to the death chamber. As we started to walk he looked up at the skylight in the roof of the death house. 'Look,' he said; 'I see a star.'

"Then he turned to the right as we passed cell 9 where he had spent nearly thirteen months. 'Please,' he said, 'let me look once more at Bubi's picture.' We stopped a moment as he looked at the photograph on the wall of his old cell and then moved on through the door to the death chamber, where all the reporters and witnesses were waiting. Hauptmann was walking between two guards, but they did not touch him. They did not need to. He walked straight to the chair and sat down. He did not tremble; he did not shake. That man was not afraid."

There was a strange glare in the death-chamber lights. Warden Kimberling had ordered the witnesses "frisked" for cameras and had installed special bulbs that would defy photography. There was to be no repetition of the shoetop-camera episode that had shocked public sensibilities in connection with the Ruth Snyder execution. A screen of cloth, waist-high, had been stretched between the witnesses and the electric chair.

"No photographs" is a standing order in the best regulated death chambers. As Governor, I had joined with Colonel Kimberling in the determination that there should be no photographs of executions. Today I am having a little argument with myself. That side of me representing, I suppose, what so many editors have designated as "the Governor's maudlin sentiment," says, "The public must not be shocked. There would be a revulsion of feeling. There must be no photographs."

Then the other side, perhaps a devilishly practical side, summons up an answer: "Why not? If capital punishment is, as it is supposed to be, a deterrent to crimes of violence, why not picture executions in all their hideous and revolting details? Why not cameras—and newsreels—and microphones? Why not let the public see—and hear—these things that they know are being done for them in the name of the law? Why limit them to tame and frequently inaccurate accounts written by gentlemen of the press who so often cannot stand the sight and smell without first benumbing their senses with liquor? Why not give the public the grisly minutiae of our legal killings?"

But there were no photographs as the prison officers, directed by Elliott, tightened the straps around Hauptmann's arms and legs, or as they fastened the mask to hide the distortions of the eyes and mouth.

THE guards stepped back. Pastor Matthiesen, in a clear voice, read now from the Ninetieth Psalm: "And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands—"

The executioner (I believe he prefers to be called an "electrical expert") turned a wheel. There was a sudden creaking of straps. A tiny wisp of smoke. And another.

A doctor stepped forward with his stethoscope. A chest was bared. A few words were mumbled. Guards with busy shaking fingers loosened some straps and carried a limp something into a barren little back room.

With an oath, a newsman shouted, "It's terrible!"

The little door in the other end of the death chamber was opened. There was a mad rush for telephones, telegraph instruments—and fresh air. The public was waiting. The radio was the first to carry the news:

"Bruno Richard Hauptmann is dead."

Sitting in my office in the State House, Governor of the State of New Jersey, I heard that statement—and wondered. I wondered, among many things, just how many people, in any corner of the world, would hear that news and give a sigh of relief—*a sigh that would be an indication of more than mere satisfaction that vengeful society had taken its exacting toll for the murder of Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr.*

At the Stacy Trent Hotel, less than a half mile from the prison, a sobbing woman waited until a knock was heard at the door. Miss Adams, companion-newspaper writer, opened it to admit Fisher's secretary, Laura Apgar, bearing the grim news: "Sorry—it's all over!"

Crying hysterically, Mrs. Hauptmann rushed into the bathroom and locked the door. There had been talk of intended suicide. Excited hands were hammering upon the door when Fisher arrived, accompanied by the German clergymen. One of them, in German, entreated the frantic woman to come out. Finally she emerged, to rush in another room and throw herself on the bed. Now and then she would beat her hands on the wall. Words of comfort had no perceptible effect on the grief-stricken widow of Hauptmann and the mother of "Bubi."

A New York reporter, "Mike" Something-or-Other, a cameraman, and two other reporters who had forced their way into the room tried to get her to talk and to pose for pictures. "Our editors—" they started.

"Get out!" yelled Fisher. "Let this poor woman alone!" Then the young lawyer put his hand on Annie Hauptmann's shoulder, started to talk, and stopped. He turned, took a handkerchief out of his pocket, and softly walked out of the room himself.

Fisher came straight to my rooms at the Hildebrecht. After a brief talk, already related, he left. I went to bed, but didn't sleep.

Sergeant Steve Barnocky, my chauffeur, came in early in the morning with six or seven newspapers. I sat up in bed and glanced at the front page of the New York American. There was a story with Damon Runyon's by-line and the heading:

BRUNO DIES IN CHAIR

The story found its place in the American directly beside another bearing the screaming headline:

VERA STRETZ ACQUITTED IN LOVE SLAYING

All the papers had a lot of information about Hauptmann. Claiming steadfastly that he was "innocent" and, after his last moments in prayer, urging his spiritual advisers to fight against the further taking of human life on circumstantial evidence, he had paid the ultimate penalty demanded by justice.

I read some of the accounts of the execution:

". . . mentally dead when he entered the death chamber."

". . . held up by two prison guards."

". . . didn't talk; perhaps he was too weak to talk."

My mind went back to a prison cell and an October night. A white-faced man was sitting beside me on a gray-blanketed cot. "Lies! Lies! All lies!" he was saying.

Whether or not conscienceless untruth or proven fact had been responsible, the seared body of this man Hauptmann, on that bright morning of April 4, was lying upon a cold slab in the whitewashed room that is a necessary auxiliary of New Jersey's death chamber.

Accompanied by Henry Stolzenberger, an undertaker of the Bronx, a bitter woman, still sobbing, went to claim her dead. To the man Colonel Kimberling handed a letter reading, "Under Chapter 79, Laws of 1906, no religious or other services shall be held over the remains after such execution—"

On the day he entered the prison Hauptmann had told Fisher, "Lloyd, I come in here today a man; maybe some day soon I go out just a piece of clay."

The "piece of clay" was taken to a crematory and was reduced to ashes. Anna Hauptmann, a few days later, went to the Trenton Prison and signed a receipt for a toothbrush, some books, some letters, and some pictures, "the property of inmate No. 17400."

Cell 9 was cleaned and tidied up, awaiting the occupancy of the next man to be thrown into the electric maw of death. No trace was left in that cell of the man who, in the summation of the state before the Flemington jury, was called "an animal lower than the lowest form in the animal kingdom . . . public enemy number one of the world . . . pantherlike . . . coldhearted . . . a fellow with ice water in his veins, not blood . . . vilest snake that ever crept through the grass. . . ."

It was in cell 9 that Hauptmann had bitterly protested to me, "Nefer once haf I injured a human being."

IT was in front of that cell that Hauptmann, walking to the chair, had turned for a last look at the photograph of his baby boy Mannfried. In front of that cell, too, he had turned his eyes upward to the death-house skylight, saying, "I see a star."

Lloyd Fisher told me an interesting story about that skylight, Hauptmann, and a bird. "The skylight," said Fisher, "was in the ceiling of the corridor directly in front of Hauptmann's cell. It is built of heavy glass, in metal frames, forming a sort of compartment that extends above the death-house roof. Level with the ceiling, so that no one may get in or out of the death house through the skylight; in a grating of iron bars, covered with meshed wire.

"One afternoon when I went to see Hauptmann he was visibly agitated. 'Look,' he said, pointing through the bars to the skylight. A sparrow had flown through an opening where the frames were parted to admit a little fresh air. It was fluttering about aimlessly and hopelessly, beating its little wings against the wire and the bars. 'Do somet'ing, Lloyd,' asked Richard; 'a free t'ing like dot should nefer be in dere.' I called one of the guards—I think it was Lou Happ. He got a long pole and we tried to release the bird, without success. During all my talk with Hauptmann the rest of the afternoon his mind and his eyes seemed to be continually upon the imprisoned bird. I never thought of it again until just now, when you mentioned Matthiesen and the incident about the skylight. I wonder if the sparrow got out—or if Hauptmann saw it die."

Fifty-five people—more than twice the number that had ever witnessed an execution in New Jersey—saw Hauptmann die. They jammed the little death chamber, some morbidly curious, some vengeful, some inwardly rebelling—just as others had jammed the little courtroom at Flemington to watch Hauptmann, trapped, beating hopelessly against the legal net that had been woven to hold him.

He had become, as he predicted, "another dead to the Lindbergh case." The list was and is growing: the cruelly murdered baby, Ollie Whateley, Elsie Whateley, Violet Sharpe, Isidor Fisch, Hauptmann, two jurors—and who can tell how many others? Others who may have taken to the grave—or to the crematory—secrets that, told, might have solved the riddle of the case that still challenges the world.

I use that phrase "challenges the world" advisedly.

The police appear to have abandoned the Lindbergh case, a foundling on the doorstep of Time. But that foundling, nurtured at the breast of suspicion and reared in an environment of doubt, is alive, very much alive, today. The electric chair did not become the dead end in the Lindbergh trail. That trail is still being trodden by hundreds—perhaps thousands—of searchers for the complete truth. They are searchers who will never be satisfied with the net of evidence that was strong enough to bring the death penalty to a lone suspect and yet so weak that it could not kill the doubts of the American people.

SOME STARTLING FACTS

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

The increase in American prison population during the last ten years has been 80 per cent. Of this population, more than three quarters were recidivists. That is, they were returners, second offenders, habitual criminals. Is this an argument for parole?

We can boast, if we want to boast about it, that we have the largest homicide rate in the world. Our recent total was 12,000 homicides in one year. Our homicide rate has doubled since 1901.

Our murder rate is some six to forty times that of European countries.

Our burglary, robbery, and arson rates run even higher.

Senator Royal S. Copeland of New York recently stated: "Rackets extort at least twice as much money each year as it takes to run the federal government."

Out of every dollar each of us may manage to earn, we pay 25 cents to the government and 50 cents to criminals, leaving 25 cents to spend on ourselves.

This condition can be corrected as soon as you and all of us take enough interest in public affairs to force our officials to end the alliances between crime, politics, and the police.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T. Tune in at Home or on Your Car Radio.

It is a queer trail, the trail of the Lindbergh case, with many mysterious twists and turns. At times the searchers proceed upon firm ground, in the open light, only to be enveloped shortly in the ominous shadows of the forest of incredulity. There are places along that trail where tiny paths, marked by mysterious footprints, branch off boldly, only to vanish.

There are some who claim that this trail winds way back into the bustling Bronx. There are others who profess to find its origin in exclusive Englewood, perched near the crest of the beautiful Palisades. Wherever the origin of the trail, there is general agreement that the first discernible landmark is to be found in staid old Hunterdon County, New Jersey, where an imposing home of whitewashed fieldstone, of the French-manor type, had been reared, secluded and almost inaccessible, close to the crest of the Sourland Mountains. This home, now a nation's symbol of tragic shattered hope, stood in the center of an estate of five hundred acres. To the south, east, and west, fields that have lain fallow stretch to untenanted buildings. The meadows and pasture land are dotted with thickets and small groves of slim cedars. Behind this home, near the top of old Mount Sorrel and overlooking the Hopewell Valley, extends a stretch of oak, cedar, and pine. The landscape is crisscrossed with trails and wagon roads and dotted with tumble-down shacks.

To this spot, a retreat from the noisy, irrepressible adulation of his fellow men, the American flyer known as "Lucky Lindy" had taken his wife and his twenty-months-old son, Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr.

It could hardly have been said that the Lindberghs were settled in their new home in this wild undulating territory. The furnishing of the new home had hardly been completed; there were yet no curtains or window shades. Although the Lindberghs had been, for several weeks, coming from Englewood to the Sourland Mountain "farm," as Colonel Lindbergh called it, the only continuous occupants for the three or four months had been the butler, Ollie Whateley, and the housekeeper, his wife Elsie. Although these are often referred to as the "experienced English butler and his wife," little care had been exercised in the selection of the Lindbergh domestic help. Ollie, described by Whipple as an "efficient . . . gracious . . . close-lipped . . . gentleman's gentleman . . . in service in the homes of wealthy families in Long Island and Westchester," had been, as a matter of fact, employed only as a jeweler, a munitions worker, and a machinist in England.

After coming to the United States (Ollie said it was in March, 1929; Elsie in March, 1930) the Whateleys had had but sporadic employment. For three months they had worked for J. H. Potter in Mendham, New Jersey, and for seven weeks for a Mr. Grosvenor on Long Island. They had been secured through an employment agency for service in the Lindbergh home at Princeton before taking up the job of maintaining the Hopewell house.

Up to the fateful week-end starting Saturday afternoon February 27, the Lindberghs had never remained at the Hopewell home longer than a period that ended upon a Monday morning. On the 27th Anne Morrow Lindbergh, with the child and a Miss Root, arrived from Englewood in a car driven by Henry Ellerton, one of the Morrow chauffeurs.

The demands upon his parents had deprived the junior Lindbergh of much of their companionship. The child, saluted by the people of the world upon his birth on June 22, 1930, was scarcely a year old when the Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh departed for Washington and the baby boy was taken by his nurse, Betty Gow (who had been engaged upon the recommendation of one of the Morrow domestics; Colonel Lindbergh said, "Mrs. Lindbergh may have looked into her background"), and Mary Beattie, Elizabeth Morrow's maid, to the Morrow summer home at North Haven, Maine. Then the noted couple had made the spectacular trip to the Orient, and it was not until late in October of 1931 that they again saw little Charles.

In the evening of that Saturday in February, 1932, Colonel Lindbergh arrived with his friends Colonel and Mrs. Henry Breckinridge. The baby, it was related to the arrivals, had the beginning of a cold. He had been put to bed, after Mrs. Lindbergh and Elsie had put drops in his little nose, at the usual time, seven o'clock. That night, Mrs. Lindbergh said, "I made frequent trips to the nursery to see if he was covered. Colonel Lindbergh and I went in to see the baby just before we went to bed, around eleven o'clock."

Sunday the cold was developing; the baby was kept in his room nearly all day. In the evening the parents went to the Princeton Junction railroad station to bid good-by to the Breckinridges and Miss Root. They returned to the nursery, and Mrs. Lindbergh, who said the Colonel was with her, gave the baby milk of magnesia, put drops in his nose, and turned out the light.

On Monday morning the Colonel left for New York, but because of the baby's cold the usual custom of returning to Englewood was not followed. That night the Colonel called from New York to say that he was not returning to Hopewell. Mrs. Lindbergh and Elsie attended the baby, and then the mother retired to her room, leaving the door leading to the nursery open. "During the night," she said, "I went in several times to see if the baby was all right."

The next morning Mrs. Lindbergh, tired after a night of broken sleep and with a cold herself, telephoned to Englewood and told Betty Gow to come down. Betty and Henry Ellerton, the chauffeur, arrived at about one thirty o'clock, when the baby was having a nap. That day, too, the baby had been kept in the nursery the greater part of the time. In the afternoon, says Mrs. Lindbergh, "Betty was alone with the baby, and I went for a long walk down the road."

The records tell us that March 1, 1932, was bleak and blustery, with rain which produced a muddy condition of the soil surrounding the house. The rain ceased early in the evening, when a high wind developed.

Colonel Lindbergh had not been expected home. According to the New York Times, he had been scheduled to attend a "widely advertised" dinner at New York University, and he had failed to appear because he "had his dates mixed up."

Apparently, though, Mrs. Lindbergh had been notified of his pending return, for, in a statement given to Lieutenant John J. Sweeney of the Newark Police Department, she says, "I stayed at my desk, listening for Colonel Lindbergh, from about seven thirty to eight twenty-five, looking at my watch all the time." It was just at eight twenty-five that the sound of a horn was heard, followed by the noise of crunching gravel and the whir of a motor. Then, through the garage, as was his custom, the famed aviator entered the house. He greeted his wife and they went upstairs, the Colonel going into the bathroom adjoining the nursery. That night, for some reason, they did not look in at the sleeping baby, but went downstairs for supper.

On that windy night in March, with its strange noises, there were queer happenings in that white home.

From there, at about ten minutes after ten, the English butler made a call to the Hopewell police. That call reported a shocking crime, the news of which, in an unbelievably short time, flashed around the world. That crime, cruel, undoubtedly premeditated with diabolical cunning, marked the beginning of the trail of tragedy, horror, suspicion, and doubt—the trail of the Lindbergh case.

What of the first investigation into this shocking crime? The discrepancies in police reports, the clues pointing to more than one kidnaper? Statements made, only to be reversed at the trial? At all these loopholes Governor Hoffman points an accusing finger next week, and also discloses vital information on the famous Jafsie's entrance into the case from a man who was never called as a witness!

This is just to let you know that

FAITH BALDWIN

America's most popular author, has outdone herself in a throbbing love story of a young hotel hostess, two men, and another girl—and that soon you'll be reading it in Liberty!

SHUNNING "FORMALS" BECAUSE OF—PSORIASIS

No woman cares to attend formals unless properly gowned. And what a heart-break this means to thousands of charming women who cannot wear evening dresses because of psoriasis lesions. But here, **Siroil**, has proved a wonderful blessing. **Siroil removes the crusts and scales of psoriasis** and relieves other of its discomforts. It has brought happiness to women everywhere and has allowed them to enjoy again the festivities previously denied them. **Siroil** is easy to use—is applied externally—and will not stain clothing or bed linen.

SIROIL FOR RELIEVING THE DISCOMFORTS OF PSORIASIS AND DRY ECZEMA

SIROIL ON SALE—AT ALL DRUG STORES

If your druggist cannot supply you write direct to SIROIL LABORATORIES, INC., Detroit, Mich.

Patchy Baldness

DANDRUFF—ITCHING?

Why experiment? Start right—persist with the method that has a wide reputation for results as an aid in combatting these scalp conditions—Glover's Mange Medicine and systematic massage. Use Glover's Medicated Soap for shampoo—cleanses thoroughly and removes the Medicine's piney odor. All Druggists sell Glover's.

Many Barbers are skilled in giving Glover's Mange Medicine Treatments.

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

Advertisers:

Liberty is sold the same way you sell your goods—over the counter in the market places of America. Advertising in Liberty thus parallels sales opportunity.

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITERS

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

WILL YOU SLEEP OR COUGH TONIGHT?

Take modern-formula Piso's - - with its local and internal action. . . .

LOCALLY, Piso's clings to your throat, soothes and relaxes irritated membranes that bring on coughing.

INTERNALLY, Piso's stimulates flow of normal throat secretions - - loosens phlegm. For coughs due to colds, ask your druggist for a bottle of Piso's (pie-so's).

PISO'S 35¢ 60¢

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Ten Doctors—Nine Wrong Diagnoses"

SIDELL, ILL.—In January 22 Liberty in big type are the words Ten Doctors: Nine Wrong Diagnoses—An Amazing Test, proclaiming an article written by Mr. Harlan Harrison. In small print you as editors tip your hat to progressive, honest, hard-working, and faithful doctors. To others you recommend this article!

The case is thus: Mr. Harlan Harrison for the past six months had headaches. He went to ten doctors seeking relief. He said nine doctors made wrong diagnoses and one said he didn't know. Meanwhile he still has the headaches.

Please allow me as a physician to ask Mr. Harlan Harrison ten questions, as he admits he does not know the cause of his headaches, and, Mr. Editor, you may sit in as a consultant with the patient. Attention, please:

1. Did you give any physician a second or third chance to diagnose your case?
2. Did you not assume to pass judgment on all the physicians' examinations, conclusions, and prescriptions?
3. Why did you not string along with the young man who gave you a thorough examination but said he did not know?
4. Doctor No. 10 diagnosed "migraine." Do you know the cause of migraine headache or its cure? A woman may have a baby and know nothing about obstetrics. Likewise one may have a headache and know nothing about the cause.
5. You say you took a Wassermann. Quote: "It was negative. I did not have syphilis." Cannot there be syphilis of the central nervous system with a negative blood Wassermann? Above question is to test your ability to pass on medical findings.
6. As a physician I have had a six-year-old child come to my office and say, "Ma wants some medicine for the headache." May I ask what would you send ma?
7. Do you think it altogether fair to judge ten physicians by one obscure headache?
8. According to your figures, 90 per cent of the physicians are irresponsible. What would you do if you really got sick?
9. Who do you think should know more about disease; the physician or you with the obscure headache?
10. Lastly, Mr. Harlan Harrison, I have an obscure periodic headache, and I cannot find the cause; but will I judge my profession on my headache?—*C. C. Dillon, M. D.*

HOUSTON, TEX.—The gentleman with the migraine (headache) has my deepest sympathy, for he reminds me of my auto. It shimmied and I took it to ten different mechanics with this result:

No. 1: Doors not correct	3 hrs.	$10.
No. 2: Axle out of line	4 hrs.	15.
No. 3: Weak battery	1 day	1.50
No. 4: Grease	1 hr.	3.
No. 5: Piston rings	1 day	20.
No. 6: Brakes	1 hr.	2.50
No. 7: Bendix wrong	2 hrs.	6.00
No. 8: Spark plugs	3 hrs.	6.00
No. 9: Fenders	3 hrs.	9.
No. 10: (honest) The car is worn out; get a new one		
		$73.00

You *can* take a car apart. I never heard of any one taking a head apart. Net result: headache unexplainable, cost $73.—*Dr. William Lapat.*

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—If Mr. Harlan Harrison wants to get a sure-enough headache, let him once get started on the indoor sport of having an "allergy" chased up by the medical profession. The few he came in contact with did not even scratch the surface, and apparently none of them had so far heard of this new ailment. Should he follow this suggestion he will have a much longer article to write the next time.—*E. C. Wells.*

CONCORD, N. C.—As the old saying goes, two heads are better than one, but according to the essence of Mr. Harrison's article, ten heads are no better than none from the medical standpoint. Oh, well, doctors are only human like the majority of their patients, but the curious thing has always been why they are so prone to admit it.

It is true there are gifted and talented doctors who deal with their problems or cases honestly, but it seems the majority of doctors are like the bald-headed hairdresser who scalped his wife to get her hair to make himself a wig. What an outrage!—*Thomas Riley Loggans.*

[Hundreds of letters were received on this Harlan Harrison article from doctors and patients of all varieties. We regret that we cannot find room for their most informative communications. Among others who wrote us were: Walter Henry Kettenbach, D. C., New York, N. Y.; Pearl McInturff, Tulsa, Okla.; C. E. Johnson, M. D., Lineville, Ala.; James L. Kocour, M. D., Cleveland, Ohio; Alexander Joslin, Philadelphia, Pa.; Franklin N. Church, M. D., Salem, N. J.; Robert Epstein, Phg., St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Frederick D. Caldeira, Harlingen, Tex.; Dr. Everet H. Wood, Brooklyn, N. Y.; E. O. Laughlin, M. D., Paris, Ill.; Mrs. William G. Fairbairn, Buffalo, N. Y.; G. Frederick Bechler, Newark, N. J.; N. Gratz Jackson, Bath, Me.; Walter P. Abell, Wollaston, Mass.; Dr. Pierre Maurer, D. C., Davenport, Ia.; Joseph B. Berke, D. D. S., Baltimore, Md.; Wesley K. Harris, D. C., Ph. C., Clarendon, Va.; Dr. Glenn W. Perkins, B. S., O. D., Laramie, Wyo.; Horace Warren, D. D. S., Parsons, Kan.; Thomas F. McFadden, Ph. G., Atlantic City, N. J.; C. E. Kingston, Vancouver, B. C.; J. R. Montgomery, Lafayette, Calif.; R. W. Riis, New York, N. Y.; George C. Kirkpatrick, Toronto, Ont.; O. C. Keener, Optometrist, Kenmore, N. Y.; Lawrence E. Pierson, M. D., Sioux City, Ia.; Dr. Harry Greenstein, Chicago, Ill.; and the Northside Manufacturing Association, Cincinnati, Ohio.]

J. EDGAR HOOVER APPRECIATES ANTHONY ABBOT

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I wanted to drop you this note to let you know that I read Anthony Abbot's article, The Wrong Kind of Glee, which appeared in January 22 Liberty. His expressions of confidence in the FBI are deeply appreciated and it is my hope that we may always merit his confidence.—*J. Edgar Hoover.*

WE ARE POPULAR NEAR THE NORTH POLE

BERGEN, NORWAY.—Maybe you would like to know that your magazine is exceedingly popular even in this place, so near the North Pole? A friend in Texas is sending it, and I must admit I am neglecting some of my duties till I am through with the Liberties.

Most of all I like your excellent drawings. It takes lots of time just looking at them. When we have finished the Liberties at home, my husband, who is a dentist, takes them to his anteroom for his patients to read. And even in this country *it is the first paper to be stolen away.* Fun, isn't it? And *you* not knowing where on earth Norway is located! Or do you?

We are not able to buy Liberty here. Why not?—*Nanny Hiorth Meland.*

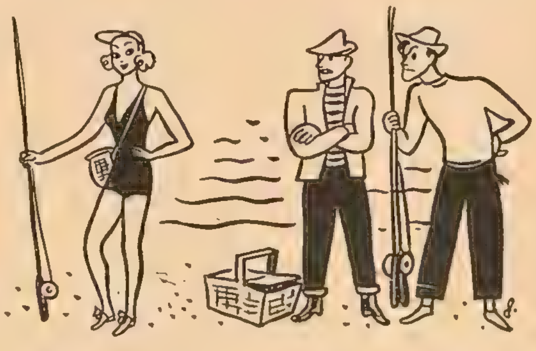
WOULD BAN SCREEN STARS FROM RADIO

NEWARK, OHIO—I agree 100 per cent with Liberal from Tennessee, in January 29 Liberty, as regards this Hollywood stuff, only I would extend it to include also the radio. It's almost impossible to hear a program over the air, especially those backed by the big-moneyed sponsors, that isn't made up of Hollywood stars. Why are they so all-important? Haven't we got equally as good if not better talent that depends on the radio for a livelihood?

These Hollywood "celebrities" have chiseled all the other entertainers out of jobs.—*Another Liberal.*

MADDENED ANGLER TAKES A CHEW

NATCHITOCHES, LA.—Robert G. Harris' cover on January 29 Liberty is enough to madden the sacred angling fraternity of he-men. After glancing at it I was compelled to take a chew and do some cussin' before I could settle down and read Love Hits an Irishman (about Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien).—*Sam Sibley.*



AUTOMATIC DIVORCE

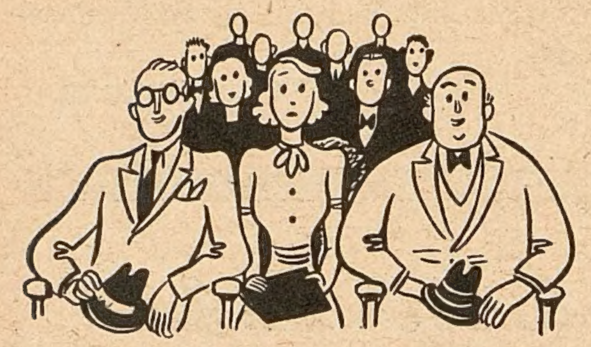
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I hereby suggest for journalistic exploitation in Liberty a theme which for purposes of identification we may call Automatic Divorce by Separation.

The essential point is that, after a couple have lived apart for a certain length of time without formal complaint by either, they may be considered as unmarried. It might even be discussed as a federal law as a much-needed step in the direction of uniformity and the modernization of the present antiquated hodgepodge.

Perhaps the best way to handle it would be to get some big name as author or signatory of a well considered article. —*Ellis O. Jones.*

ONE FOR EMILY POST

FORT CALHOUN, NEB.—I wish to submit the following question: "Who is permitted to use the arms of the seats in a theater?"—*June Krambeck.*



OUST OLELIA, SAYS PATRICIA

BALTIMORE, MD.—Some one told me that Liberty would publish anything, but up until the January 29 issue I was inclined to give it the benefit of the doubt.

What a sardonic "wit" this Olelia Ousterheause is in your Vox Pop of that date!

Liberty should take action on the first part of her last name and oust'er.—*Patricia Lane.*

WHERE SIX-MAN FOOTBALL CAME FROM

SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR, N. Y.—*Re* the six-man game which Mr. Friedman claims was "invented" by a Mr. Eppler in 1934 (January 29 Liberty). From my early recollections of football back in England in the '70s, it was a regular cross-country game played *en masse* by both males and females in no general direction.

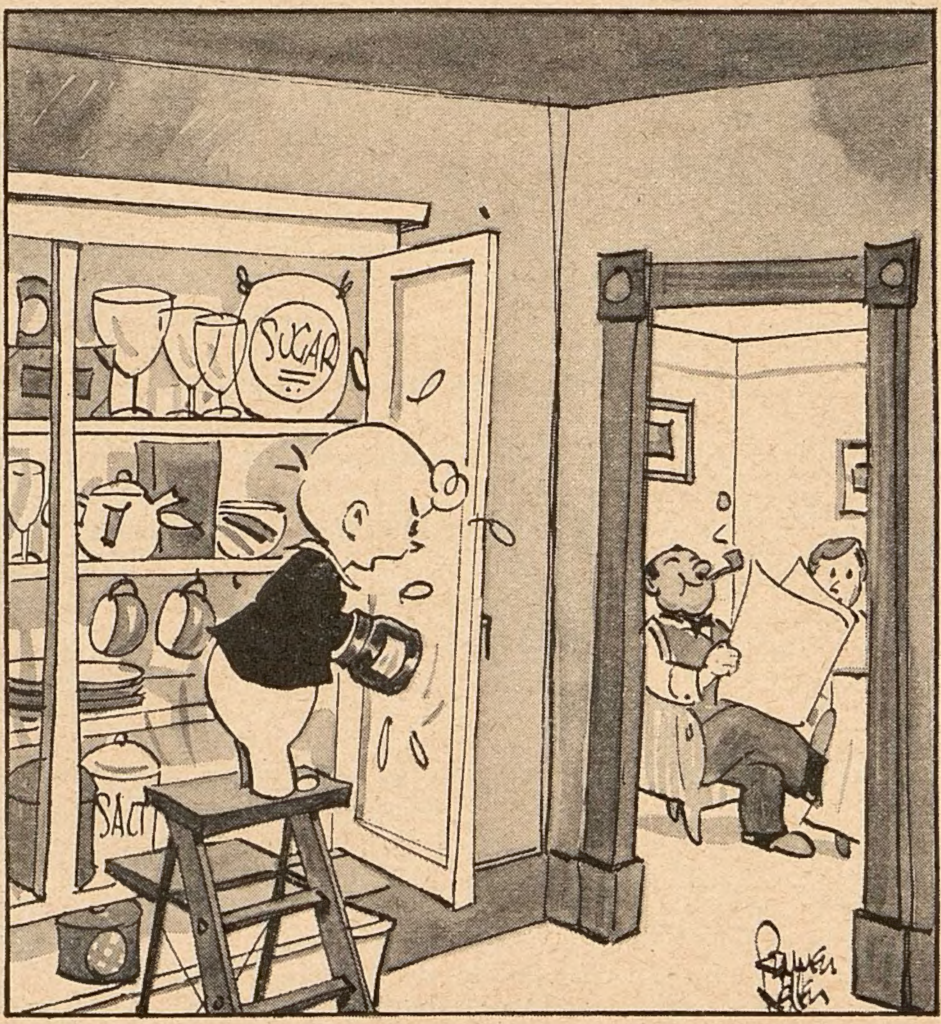
Rugby School was the first to formulate rules for the game of Rugby football. The northern counties in the '80s originated the six-man game of Rugby, playing the six best men from their regular fifteen-men teams, generally from their backfield—a fullback, three quarterbacks, and two halfbacks. The winning team got each a gold medal. Should you doubt my word, I can give you some of these medalists' names.—*Captain John C. Smith.*

AN "AMEN" TO MR. MACFADDEN'S IDEAS

CLARK MILLS, N. Y.—I try to read every one of Mr. Macfadden's editorials. In that for January 22, Business Men Want Fascism, Says Mr. Ickes, Mr. Macfadden says, "An executive likes to manage his own business. He certainly does not want the government to tell him what to do . . . to interfere with his management."

Every one of us who depends upon industry for our living can say an "Amen!" to that statement. It is commonly understood that the executive does not manage his own business today. From the Social Justice Publishing Corporation I find that, "Instead of an industrial system supported by manufacturers, merchants and farmers, we have 16,000 private banks which issue, expand and contract our principal medium of exchange for their selfish purpose, periodically wrecking the industrial and commercial system of the country, throwing millions of men out of work and bringing on a long train of wholesale bankruptcies, poverty, suicide and distress." The business man, industrialist, and working people can demand that our government liquidate this vicious system. Isn't that what government is for?—*Robert Mitchell.*

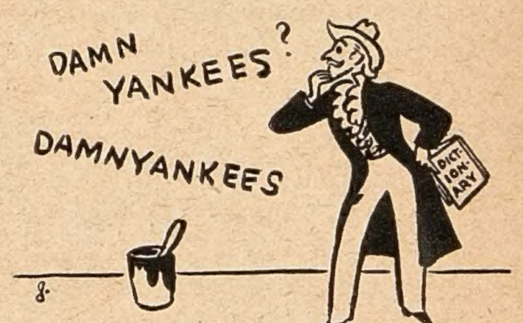
"HARDTACK"



"Hey, who put this jar of glue where the jam's supposed to be?"

DEPENDS ON WHO SAYS IT

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—You fellows seem to know all the answers. Maybe you can answer a question that I have been pondering a long time. The question is: Is damnyankees one or two words?—*Johnny Reb.*



THE VENERABLE GUILD OF SNOW SHOVELERS

SAGINAW, MICH. — These extracts from an editorial in our Saginaw News rang the bell.—*John Oliphant.*

> Those doughty souls who are still members in good standing of the Venerable Guild of Snow Shovelers have reason for self-congratulation this year. They are having an unusual opportunity to demonstrate their prowess. While official tabulations are lacking, it is the informal opinion of many of them that they have already done more shoveling so far this winter than in all of several recent seasons—particularly last year. . . .
>
> Unfortunately the membership of the Guild has fallen off in recent years. Shoveling snow seems to be gradually going out of style, particularly among the proud possessors of corner lots. Where once a confirmed shoveler delighted to have two streets upon which to work out, now he is more likely to ignore both. A decadent age seems to be robbing mankind of the desire to cope with the elements. . . .
>
> A younger generation seems to be springing up that has little love for shoveling and less experience in its technique. Any one who walks more than a block or two nowadays must encounter numerous walks just crying for the attention of a growing boy inspired by the example of a conscientious father. No, snow shoveling as a fine art appears to be definitely on the wane—and what a pity! Maybe there ought to be a law.

HUSBAND SNATCHERS

BEACH, N. D. — Think I've seen most everything cussed and discussed in Liberty except husband snatchers. In my opinion, they are the lowest form of the human race.

Let Elsie Robinson give us an article on this subject.—*Experienced.*

"'S A GOOD OLD WORLD"

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—
The Vox Pop Editor felt great;
His heart was light and glad.
Ten thousand readers gushed, "It's good!"
Ten thousand sneered, "It's bad!"
"It must be tops!" he gently chirped.
"'S a good old world, begad!"
—*E. C. Baird.*

The Question that Rocked the Nation

JUST A YEAR ago last month President Roosevelt in his message to Congress suggested certain changes in our courts. And, in doing so, evoked a storm of controversy. Those changes still form one of the paramount issues before the country. . . . In next week's Liberty the President has permitted advance publication of his own comments on the Court disapproval of some of the New Deal measures. These are further excerpts from the forthcoming publication of his state papers and his comments thereon, to be published in five volumes. Every American, no matter what his political beliefs or affiliations, will want to read The Courts Disapprove and the People Approve, in Liberty next week. . . . TO JUMP from the major to the minor—minor, so to speak—there are five little minors up in Ontario, Canada, that America has taken to its heart. Marguerite Mooers Marshall, back from a visit there, writes a piece on the smart sayings of the Dionne quintuplets. . . . For a long time there has been little news from the young ones. . . . Now Miss Marshall will bring you up to date next week with nursery reports of the solemn wit and owlish mischief of these extraordinary sisters. . . . REMEMBER Music in His Feet and other hilarious tales of last year by Robert Neal Leath? . . . Well, he has far from a fiction story in next week's issue. The title of his article is, for a humorous author, quite unexpected. . . . Labor's Most Vicious Enemy—The Income Tax. . . . Writing from an angle equally unexpected, Leath uses all his gifts of vivid and humorous expression to deal several kinds of blows—some are rapier thrusts and some are Indian-war-club poundings at the follies and inequalities and absurdities of our national income-tax plan. . . . If you pay an income tax, this article will certainly interest you. . . . If you don't pay a tax, it will probably astonish you. . . . ON THE OTHER HAND, humor comes into its own in the merry adventures of Splitbritches. . . . Splitbritches is a little boy who was abandoned in a New York night club. . . . What happened on Fifty-second Street when Splitbritches came to town is the theme of a good short story by Edward Tyndall. . . . IN DIRECT CONTRAST, it is accompanied next week by a stirring nautical tale, The Sea Must Have a Goddess, by that Liberty favorite, Robert E. Pinkerton. . . . THE OTHER NIGHT we read an interesting book by our old friend Frazier Hunt, often a contributor to these pages. . . . Many will remember Spike Hunt's life of the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, which appeared serially here some years ago and subsequently was issued in book form. . . . Now Spike has written his autobiography, full of exciting tales of civil war in Russia, China, India, and Mexico. . . . The story of his own life, One American and His Attempt at Education, is a first-rate writing man's book. . . . WELL, we pause for breath but must at least mention some of the other exciting things next week—Headquarters Old-Timer's report, for instance, on the case of Jim Fisk and Josie Mansfield, one of the most spectacular murders of the feverish '70s. . . . And Elsie Robinson dealing with a particularly vital problem of youth today. . . . Also we must remind you of the new installments of She Woke Up Smiling, Doctors Don't Tell, and Governor Hoffman's explanation of his course in the Lindbergh case. Altogether a rich and varied issue!

* * *

THANKS. Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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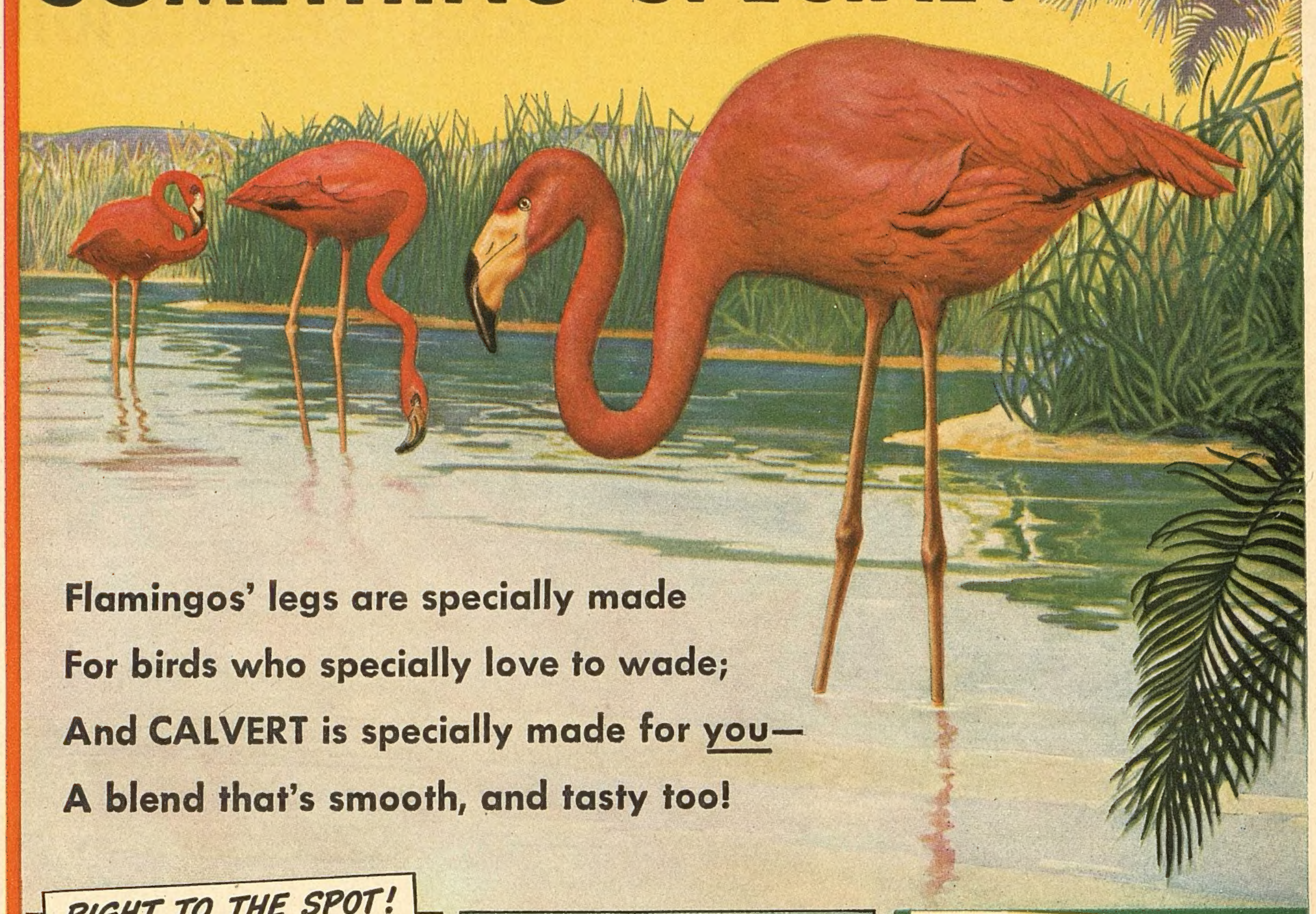
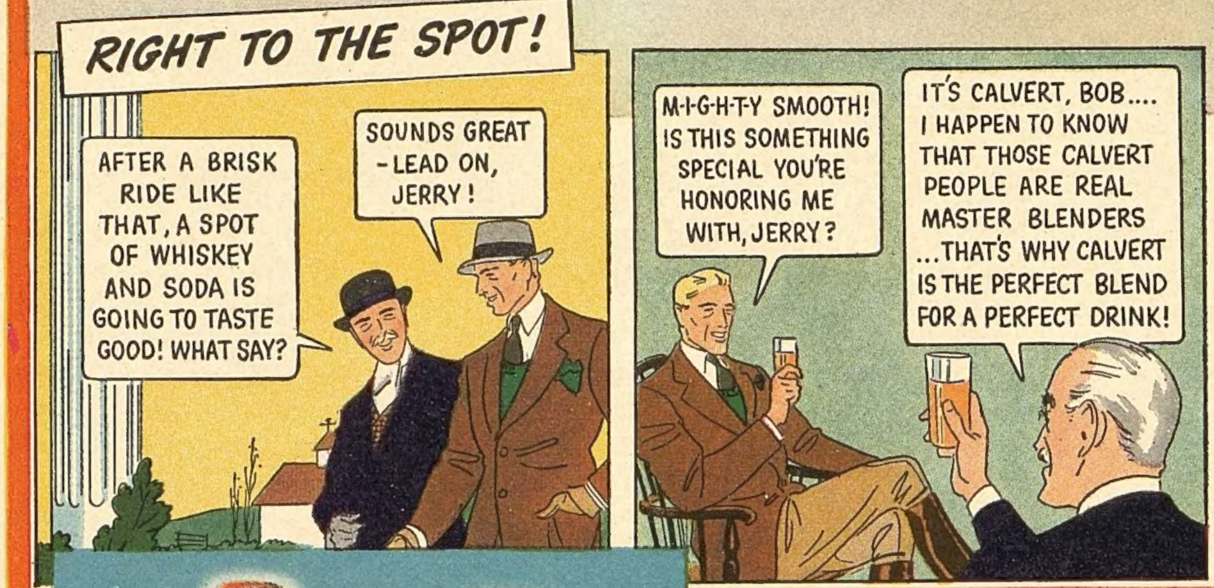
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY DIANA THORNE

SOMETHING SPECIAL!



Flamingos' legs are specially made
For birds who specially love to wade;
And CALVERT is specially made for you—
A blend that's smooth, and tasty too!


RIGHT TO THE SPOT!
AFTER A BRISK RIDE LIKE THAT, A SPOT OF WHISKEY AND SODA IS GOING TO TASTE GOOD! WHAT SAY?
SOUNDS GREAT –LEAD ON, JERRY!
M-I-G-H-T-Y SMOOTH! IS THIS SOMETHING SPECIAL YOU'RE HONORING ME WITH, JERRY?
IT'S CALVERT, BOB.... I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT THOSE CALVERT PEOPLE ARE REAL MASTER BLENDERS ...THAT'S WHY CALVERT IS THE PERFECT BLEND FOR A PERFECT DRINK!

TODAY'S WHISKEY FACT:

In the 12 months ending June 30, 1937, sales of domestic blended whiskies increased 36%, compared with the previous 12 months—while all other domestic whiskies increased an average of *only* 15%. The trend is to the *smooth taste* of such fine blended whiskies as Calvert's "Reserve" and Calvert's "Special."

BUY BETTER WHISKEY

Calvert
Calvert
Calvert's "Reserve" Blended Whiskey
Calvert's "Special" Blended Whiskey

CLEAR HEADS
[CLEAR HEADED BUYERS]
CALL FOR
Calvert
WHISKIES

COPR. 1938 CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., DISTILLERIES: RELAY, MD., AND LOUISVILLE, KY., EXECUTIVE OFFICES: CHRYSLER BLDG., N.Y.C. CALVERT'S "RESERVE" BLENDED WHISKEY—90 PROOF—68% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS... CALVERT'S "SPECIAL" BLENDED WHISKEY—90 PROOF—75% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

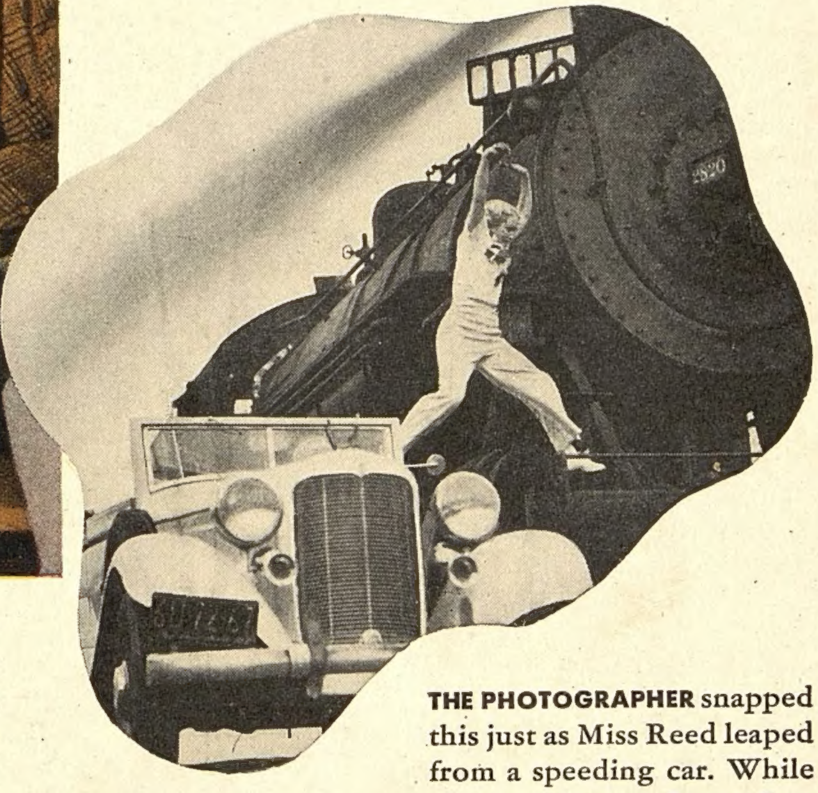
SHE RISKS HER LIFE FOR THE *Movies*

"I've noticed that you are a steady Camel smoker, Miss Reed. Do you have definite reasons for preferring them to other cigarettes?"

"Yes, indeed, I certainly have. They are distinctly different in so many ways. I smoke Camels all through the day, and my nerves don't feel the least bit frayed. And they are so gentle to my throat. After a meal, I enjoy a Camel 'for digestion's sake.' You see—in so many ways, Camels *agree* with me."

MISS IONE REED, DARING MOVIE STUNT GIRL, ANSWERS A QUESTION ABOUT CIGARETTES...

SHE jumps off rushing trains. She changes from speeding car to train and back again. She is the girl stunt star of Hollywood. Laughs at danger—because she knows what she is doing. Is extra careful in her choice of a cigarette, because, as she says—but read below and let her tell her ideas in her own way.



THE PHOTOGRAPHER snapped this just as Miss Reed leaped from a speeding car. While making pictures, Ione often has time for only quick snacks. "Smoking Camels always helps me to enjoy my meal more," she says. You'll find that those finer, more expensive tobaccos in Camels mean much to *your* smoking.

OFTEN MISS REED has to go through the same danger—the same strain—five or six times before the "take" is right. "I know what hard work is," she says. "Many a time I've been thankful for that cheery 'lift' that I get with a Camel."

FOR RECREATION Miss Reed likes cooking...dancing...outdoor sports...and Camels! "On almost every movie lot, I notice that so many of the stars prefer Camels," she says.

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic.

DO PEOPLE APPRECIATE THE
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
IN CAMELS?

CAMEL
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

CAMELS ARE THE
LARGEST-SELLING
CIGARETTE
IN AMERICA

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ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER... *"Camels agree with me!"*